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THE
HOME AFFECTIONS

POURTRAYED BY THE POETS.

SELECTED AND EDITED
BY CHARLES MACKAY.

ILLUSTRATED WITH ONE HUNDRED ENGRAVINGS,
DRAWN BY EMINENT ARTISTS,
AND ENGRAVED BY THE BROTHERS DALZIEL.

LONDON:
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & CO. FARRINGTON STREET.
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ROY WAB
JLBN
VHABU



INTRODUCTION.



THE subject of this Volume is LOVE,—the one great affection of the heart, that binds the human family together, irrespective of age, sex, or condition; that links the child to the parent, and the parent to the child; that glows in the breast of youth, irradiates the countenance of age, and sheds a divine light on the pathway of man's life, from the cradle to the grave. In the Literature of every nation, ancient or modern, whether called by the name of Love or by that of Domestic Affection, this passion plays a prominent part. Whether its examples be drawn from the cottage or the palace, from the forests and wilds of the savage, or from the cities of civilized man, Love is the inner spirit of Romance and Poetry, both of which combine to invest it with every charm of Fancy and Imagination; and either in its joys or its sorrows, its hopes or its fears, its struggles or its triumphs, to exalt it as the one great feeling and incident of life.

To Poetry more especially belongs the duty of celebrating the beauty and the purity of Affection, and of linking together the two great principles of Love to God and Love to Man.

In the poetry of no language have the freshness, and it may be said the holiness, of this sentiment, and the paramount beauty of the Home Affections, been more exquisitely portrayed than in that of England; and the poets of the last sixty or seventy years may be truly said to have surpassed all their predecessors—Shakspeare and Milton alone excepted—in the tenderness and beauty of their illustrations of this great passion, and the multifarious incidents of joy and sorrow which mark its progress. In the less advanced period of literature which intervened between the days of Milton and those of Wordsworth and his great contemporaries, Love was too commonly treated by the rhymers and versifiers, and even by those worthy of the higher name of poets, in a Greek and Roman, and consequently a Heathen spirit. Cupid, Venus, and Hymen were as pertinaciously and unwarrantably introduced, as if Christian readers believed in these names, or could be moved in the most infinitesimal degree by them; and the poetry of Love, or that single exemplification of the feeling which may be best described by the word amatory, became a mere play of the fancy. As it did not spring from the hearts of the writers, it could not touch the hearts of the readers. But as the public taste improved, and new and great poets arose, (as they did so plentifully at the end of the last and beginning of the present century,) these inane compositions fell into well-merited contempt; and Love in its widest and most universal acceptation,—the Love of Home, of Country, and of Kind,—Love in innocent childhood, Love in courtship and youth, Love in matrimony and middle age, and Love on the confines of the tomb,—embracing as these do all possible varieties of human relationship,—found poets worthy to celebrate the name.

From the works of these poets, living or dead, the following volume has been compiled. The selections have been made in one spirit and with one object,—the exaltation of the Domestic Affections, not alone in the one development which is the favourite theme of the romance-writer and the lyrist, but in all its manifestations, both as a passion and as a sentiment, as a pleasure and as a duty.

Every composition which might give offence to the pure-minded, however beautiful in its language and imaginative in its structure, has been rigidly excluded. It will perhaps be discovered that there is a large preponderance of pieces of a mournful character scattered throughout these pages: but “the course of true love never did run smooth;” and there would be little tragedy in life or literature were it not for this all-pervading passion. Love and Sorrow, as has often been said, are near akin; and the Lyre of Affection yields not only its sweetest but its most constantly-recurring tones to the hand of Affliction.

I have not observed any chronological order as regards the authorship of the pieces selected, but have arranged the poems in such a manner as to give the greatest possible unity to the one subject of which the volume is an illustration, beginning with the Love felt by and excited for Childhood, and carrying it onwards, through all its varying phases and fortunes, to Youth, Maturity, and Age. I hope it will be found worthy to be the GIFT-BOOK OF ENGLISH LITERATURE; and that the purity of sentiment which it inculcates and portrays, and the beauty of the pictorial illustrations with which it is adorned, will

recommend it to the most refined and fastidious, as well as to the simple tastes of those who are not critical, provided their hearts be touched and their generous sentiments aroused.

To the living Authors, English and American, and to the various Publishers, proprietors of the copyrights of Authors but recently removed from amongst us, I have to return my best acknowledgments for the permission so liberally given to lay their works under contribution for this volume. In every case, where it was practicable, permission has been asked ; and if there be a few poems inserted without the authority of their authors, it is either in cases where the poem is anonymous, or where it has been impossible to discover the address of the writer or the proprietor of the copyright.

CHARLES MACKAY.

LONDON,
September 14th, 1857.

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THE POWER OF LOVE.

WHILE thus he poured the lengthened tale,
The minstrel's voice began to fail;

THE POWER OF LOVE.

Full slyly smiled the observant page,
And gave the withered hand of age
A goblet crowned with mighty wine,
The blood of Veley's scorched vine.
He raised the silver cup on high,
And while the big drop filled his eye,
Prayed God to bless the Duchess long,
And all who cheered a son of song.
The attending maidens smiled to see
How long, how deep, how zealously
The precious juice the minstrel quaff'd :
And he, emboldened by the draught,
Looked gaily back to them and laughed.
The cordial nectar of the bowl
Swelled his old veins and cheered his soul ;—
A lighter, livelier prelude ran,
Ere thus his tale again began :—
“ And said I that my limbs were old,
And said I that my blood was cold,
And that my kindly fire was fled,
And my poor withered heart was dead,
And that I might not sing of Love ?
How could I to the dearest theme
That ever warmed a minstrel's dream,
So foul, so false a recreant prove ?
How could I name Love's very name,
Nor wake my heart to notes of flame ?
In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed ;
In war, he mounts the warrior's steed ;
In halls in gay attire is seen,
In hamlets dances on the green ;—
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above ;
For Love is heaven, and heaven is Love.”

Walter Scott.



DOMESTIC LOVE.

DOMESTIC Love ! not in proud palace halls
Is often seen thy beauty to abide ;
Thy dwelling is in lowly cottage walls,
That in the thickets of the woodbine hide ;
With hum of bees around, and from the side
Of woody hills some little bubbling spring,
Shining along through banks with harebells dyed ;
And many a bird to warble on the wing,
When Morn her saffron robe o'er heaven and earth doth fling.

AN ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.

O! love of loves!—to thy white hand is given
Of earthly happiness the golden key!
Thine are the joyous hours of winter's even,
When the babes cling around their father's knee;
And thine the voice, that on the midnight sea
Melts the rude mariner with thoughts of home,
Peopling the gloom with all he longs to see.
Spirit! I've built a shrine; and thou hast come,
And on its altar closed—for ever closed thy plume!

George Croly.

AN ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.

How sweet it were, if without feeble fright,
Or dying of the dreadful beauteous sight,
An angel came to us, and we could bear
To see him issue from the silent air
At evening in our room, and bend on ours
His divine eyes, and bring us from his bowers
News of dear friends, and children who have never
Been dead indeed,—as we shall know for ever.
Alas! we think not what we daily see
About our hearths,—angels, that *are* to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air,—
A child, a friend, a wife whose soft heart sings
In unison with ours, breeding its future wings.

Leigh Hunt.



THE DOVES.

REASONING at every step he treads,
Man yet mistakes his way ;
While meaner things, whom instinct leads,
Are rarely known to stray.

THE DOVES.

One silent eve I wander'd late,
And heard the voice of Love ;
The turtle thus address'd her mate,
And sooth'd the list'ning dove :

Our mutual bond of faith and truth
No time shall disengage,
Those blessings of our early youth
Shall cheer our latest age.

While innocence without disguise,
And constancy sincere.
Shall fill the circles of those eyes,
And mine can read them there ;

Those ills that wait on all below,
Shall ne'er be felt by me,
Or gently felt, and only so
As being shared with thee.

When lightnings flash among the trees,
Or kites are hov'ring near,
I fear lest thee alone they seize,
And know no other fear.

'Tis then I feel myself a wife,
And press thy wedded side ;
Resolved an union form'd for life
Death never shall divide.

But oh ! if fickle and unchaste
(Forgive a transient thought),
Thou couldst become unkind at last,
And scorn thy present lot,

SONG.

No need of lightnings from on high,
Or kites with cruel beak.
Denied th' endearments of thine eye,
This widow'd heart would break.

Thus sang the sweet sequester'd bird,
Soft as the passing wind ;
And I recorded what I heard,
A lesson for mankind.

Cowper.

SONG.

For every leaf the loveliest flower
Which beauty sighs for from her bower,
For every star a drop of dew,
For every sun a sky of blue,
For every heart a heart as true !

For every tear by pity shed,
Upon a fellow-sufferer's head,
Oh ! be a crown of glory given ;—
Such crowns as saints to gain have striven,
Such crowns as seraphs wear in heaven.

For all who toil at honest fame,
A proud, a pure, a deathless name—
For all who love, who loving bless,
Be life one long, kind, close caress,
Be life all love, all happiness !

J. P. Bailey.

TRUE LOVE.

TRUE love is but a humble, low-born thing,
And hath its food served up in earthen ware ;
It is a thing to walk with, hand in hand,
Through the every-dayness of this work-day world,
Baring its tender feet to every roughness,
Yet letting not one heart-beat go astray
From Beauty's law of plainness and content ;
A simple, fire-side thing, whose quiet smile
Can warm earth's poorest hovel to a home ;
Which, when our autumn cometh, as it must,
And life in the chill wind shivers bare and leafless,
Shall still be blest with Indian-summer youth
In bleak November, and, with thankful heart,
Smile on its ample stores of garnered fruit,
As full of sunshine to our aged eyes
As when it nursed the blossoms of our spring.
Such is true love, which steals into the heart
With feet as silent as the lightsome dawn
That kisses smooth the rough brows of the dark,
And hath its will through blissful gentleness,—
Not like a rocket, which, with savage glare,
Whirrs suddenly up, then bursts, and leaves the night
Painfully quivering on the dazed eyes ;
A love that gives and takes, that seeth faults,
Not with flaw-seeking eyes like needle points,
But, loving kindly, ever looks them down
With the o'ercoming faith of meek forgiveness ;



A love that shall be new and fresh each hour,
As is the golden mystery of sunset,
Or the sweet coming of the evening star,

TRUE LOVE.

Alike, and yet most unlike, every day,
And seeming ever best and fairest now ;
A love that doth not kneel for what it seeks,
But faces Truth and Beauty as their peer,
Showing its worthiness of noble thoughts
By a clear sense of inward nobleness ;
A love that in its object findeth not
All grace and beauty, and enough to sate
Its thirst of blessing, but, in all of good
Found there, it sees but heaven-granted types
Of good and beauty in the soul of man ;
And traces, in the simplest heart that beats,
A family-likeness to its chosen one,
That claims of it the rights of brotherhood.
For love is blind but with the fleshly eye,
That so its inner sight may be more clear ;
And outward shows of beauty only so
Are needful at the first, as is a hand
To guide and to uphold an infant's steps :
Great spirits need them not : their earnest look
Pierces the body's mask of thin disguise,
And beauty ever is to them revealed,
Behind the unshapeliest, meanest lump of clay,
With arms outstretched and eager face ablaze,
Yearning to be but understood and loved.

J. R. Lowell.

LOVE.

THERE is a fragrant blossom, that maketh glad the garden of the heart ;
Its root lieth deep ; it is delicate, yet lasting, as the lilac crocus of autumn ;
Loveliness and thought are the dews that water it morn and even ;
Memory and absence cherish it, as the balmy breathings of the south.
Its sun is the brightness of affection, and it bloometh in the border of Hope.
Its companions are gentle flowers, and the briar withereth by its side.
I saw it budding in beauty ; I felt the magic of its smile ;
The violet rejoiced beneath it, the rose stooped down and kissed it ;
And I thought some cherub had planted there a truant flower of Eden,
As a bird bringeth foreign seeds, that they may flourish in a kindly soil.
I saw, and asked not its name. I knew no language was so wealthy,
Though every heart of every clime findeth its echo within.

* * * * *

Love,—what a volume in a word, an ocean in a tear,
A seventh heaven in a glance, a whirlwind in a sigh,
The lightning in a touch, a millennium in a moment,
What concentrated joy, or woe, in blest or blighted Love !
For it is that native poetry springing up indigenous to Mind,
The heart's own-country music thrilling all its chords,
The story without an end that angels throng to hear,
The words, the king of words, carved on Jehovah's heart !
Go, call thou snake-eyed malice mercy, call envy honest praise,
Count selfish craft for wisdom, and coward treachery for prudence ;
Do homage for blaspheming unbelief as to bold and free philosophy.
And estimate the recklessness of licence as the right attribute of liberty,—
But with the world, thou friend and scholar, stain not this pure name,
Nor suffer the majesty of Love to be likened to the meanness of desire ;

LOVE.

For Love is no more such, than seraphs' hymns are discord ;
And such is no more Love, than Etna's breath is summer.

Love is a sweet idolatry, enslaving all the soul,
A mighty spiritual force, warring with the dulness of matter,
An angel-mind breathed into a mortal, though fallen, yet how beautiful !
All the devotion of the heart in all its depth and grandeur.
Behold that pale geranium, pent within the cottage-window,
How yearningly it stretcheth to the light its sickly long-stalked leaves ;
How it straineth upward to the sun, coveting his sweet influence ;
How real a living sacrifice to the god of all its worship !
Such is the soul that loveth, and so the rose-tree of affection
Bendeth its every leaf to look on those dear eyes :
Its every gushing petal basketh in their light ;
And all its gladness, all its life, is hanging on their love.

If the love of the heart is blighted, it buddeth not again :
If that pleasant song is forgotten, it is to be learnt no more ;
Yet often will thought look back, and weep over early affection ;
And the dim notes of that pleasant song will be heard as a reproachful spirit,
Moaning in Æolian strains over the desert of the heart,
Where the hot siroccos of the world have wither'd its own oasis.

M. F. Tupper.



THE FOUNTAIN OF EGERIA.

EGERIA ! sweet creation of some heart
Which found no mortal resting-place so fair
As thine ideal breast ; whate'er thou art
Or wert,—a young Aurora of the air,
The nympholepsy of some fond despair ;
Or, it might be, a beauty of the earth,
Who found a more than common votary there,
Too much adoring ; whatsoe'er thy birth,
Thou wert a beautiful thought, and softly bodied forth.

THE FOUNTAIN OF EGERIA.

The mosses of thy fountain still are sprinkled
With thine Elysian water-drops ; the face
Of thy cave-guarded spring, with years unwrinkled,
Reflects the meek-eyed genius of the place,
Whose green, wild margin now no more erase
Art's works ; nor must the delicate waters sleep,
Prison'd in marble ; bubbling from the base
Of the cleft statue, with a gentle leap
The rill runs o'er, and round, fern, flowers, and ivy creep.

Fantastically tangled ; the green hills
Are clothed with early blossoms, through the grass
The quick-eyed lizard rustles, and the bills
Of summer-birds sing welcome as ye pass ;
Flowers fresh in hue, and many in their class,
Implore the pausing step, and with their dyes
Dance in the soft breeze in a fairy mass ;
The sweetness of the violet's deep-blue eyes,
Kissed by the breath of heaven, seems colour'd by its skies.

Here didst thou dwell, in this enchanted cover,
Egeria ! thy all-heavenly bosom beating
For the far footsteps of thy mortal lover ;
The purple Midnight veil'd that mystic meeting
With her most starry canopy, and seating
Thyself by thine adorer, what befell ?
This cave was surely shaped out for the greeting
Of an enamoured Goddess, and the cell
Haunted by holy Love—the earliest oracle !

And didst thou not, thy breast to his replying,
Blend a celestial with a human heart ;
And Love, which dies as it was born, in sighing,
Share with immortal transports ? Could thine art
Make them indeed immortal, and impart
The purity of heaven to earthly joys,

THE FOUNTAIN OF EGERIA.

Expel the venom and not blunt the dart—
The dull satiety which all destroys—
And root from out the soul the deadly weed which cloy?

Alas! our young affections run to waste,
Or water but the desert, whence arise
The weeds of dark luxuriance, tares of haste,
Rank at the core, though tempting to the eyes;
Flowers whose wild odours breathe but agonies,
And trees whose gums are poison; such the plants
Which spring beneath her steps as Passion flies
O'er the world's wilderness, and vainly pants
For some celestial fruit forbidden to our wants.

Oh, Love! no habitant of earth thou art—
An unseen seraph, we believe in thee,
A faith whose martyrs are the broken heart,
But never yet hath seen, nor e'er shall see,
The naked eye, thy form, as it should be;
The mind hath made thee, as it peopled heaven,
Even with its own desiring phantasy,
And to a thought such shape and image given,
As haunts the unquench'd soul parch'd, wearied, wrung, and riven.

Byron.

THE THREE SEASONS OF LOVE.

With laughter swimming in thine eye,
That told youth's heartfelt revelry ;
And motion changeful as the wing
Of swallow waken'd by the spring ;
With accents blithe as voice of May,
Chanting glad Nature's roundelay ;
Circled by joy, like planet bright,
That smiles 'mid wreaths of dewy light,
Thy image such, in former time,
When thou, just entering on thy prime,
And woman's sense in thee combined
Gently with childhood's simplest mind,
First taught'st my sighing soul to move
With hope towards the heaven of love !

Now years have given my Mary's face
A thoughtful and a quiet grace ;
Though happy still, yet chance distress
Hath left a pensive loveliness ;
Fancy hath tamed her fairy gleams,
And thy heart broods o'er home-born dreams !
Thy smiles, slow-kindling now and mild,
Shower blessings on a darling child ;
Thy motion slow, and soft thy tread,
As if round thy hush'd infant's bed !
And when thou speak'st, thy melting tone,
That tells thy heart is all my own,
Sounds sweeter from the lapse of years,
With the wife's love, the mother's fears !

THE THREE SEASONS OF LOVE.

By thy glad youth and tranquil prime
Assured, I smile at hoary time ;
For thou art doom'd in age to know,
The calm that wisdom steals from woe ;
The holy pride of high intent,
The glory of a life well spent.
When, earth's affections nearly o'er,
With Peace behind and Faith before,
Thou render'st up again to God.
Untarnish'd by its frail abode,
Thy lustrous soul ; then harp and hymn,
From bands of sister seraphim,
Asleep will lay thee, till thine eye
Open in Immortality.

John Wilson.

HIDDEN JOYS.

PLEASURES lie thickest, where no pleasures seem ;
There's not a leaf that falls upon the ground
But holds some joy, of silence or of sound,
Some sprite begotten of a summer dream.
The very meanest things are made supreme
With innate ecstasy. No grain of sand
But moves a bright and million-peopled land,
And hath its Eden, and its Eves, I deem.
For Love, though blind himself, a curious eye
Hath lent me, to behold the hearts of things,
And touch'd mine ear with power. Thus far or nigh,
Minute or mighty, fix'd, or free with wings,
Delight from many a nameless covert sly
Peeps sparkling, and in tones familiar sings.

Luman Blanchard.

COUNTRY AND HOME.

THERE is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside ;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night ;
A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth :
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so beautiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air ;
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole ;
For in this land of Heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While in his softened looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend ;
Here woman reigns ; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strew with fresh flowers the narrow way of life !
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel-guard of loves and graces lie ;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet :
Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found ?
Art thou a man ? a patriot ? look around ;
And thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land *thy* country, and that spot *thy* home !

James Montgomery.



THE HAPPY LOT.

BLESS'D is the hearth where daughters gird the fire,
And sons that shall be happier than their sire,
Who sees them crowd around his evening chair,
While love and hope inspire his wordless prayer.

THE HAPPY LOT.

O from their home paternal may they go,
With little to unlearn, though much to know !
Them, may no poison'd tongue, no evil eye,
Curse for the virtues that refuse to die ;
The generous heart, the independent mind,
Till truth, like falsehood, leaves a sting behind !
May temperance crown their feast, and friendship share !
May Pity come, Love's sister spirit, there !
May they shun baseness as they shun the grave !
May they be frugal, pious, humble, brave !
Sweet peace be theirs—the moonlight of the breast—
And occupation, and alternate rest ;
And dear to care and thought the usual walk ;
Theirs be no flower that withers on the stalk,
But roses cropp'd, that shall not bloom in vain ;
And hope's bless'd sun, that sets to rise again.
Be chaste their nuptial bed, their home be sweet,
Their floor resound the tread of little feet ;
Bless'd beyond fear and fate, if bless'd by thee,
And heirs, O Love ! of thine Eternity.

Ebenezer Elliott.



DOMESTIC PEACE.

TELL me, on what holy ground
May Domestic Peace be found ?
Halcyon Daughter of the skies,
Far on fearful wings she flies,
From the pomp of sceptred state,
From the Rebel's noisy hate.
In a cottaged vale she dwells,
Listening to the Sabbath bells !

LOVE.

Still around her steps are seen
Spotless Honour's meeker mien,
Love, the sire of pleasing fears,
Sorrow smiling through her tears,
And, conscious of the past employ,
Memory, bosom-spring of joy.

S. T. Coleridge.

LOVE.

THEY sin who tell us love can die :
With life all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity.
In heaven ambition cannot dwell,
Nor avarice in the vaults of hell :
Earthly these passions, as of earth,
They perish where they have their birth.
But Love is indestructible ;
Its holy flame for ever burneth,
From Heaven it came, to Heaven returneth.
Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived, at times opprest ;
It here is tried and purified,
And hath in heaven its perfect rest.
It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest-time of Love is there.
Oh ! when a mother meets on high
The babe she lost in infancy,
Hath she not then for pains and fears,
The day of woe, the anxious night,
For all her sorrow, all her tears,
An over-payment of delight ?

R. Southey.



MY MOTHER DEAR.

THERE was a place in childhood that I remember well,
And there a voice of sweetest tone bright fairy tales did tell,
And gentle words and fond embrace were giv'n with joy to me,
When I was in that happy place :—upon my Mother's knee.

When fairy tales were ended, "Good night," she softly said,
And kiss'd and laid me down to sleep, within my tiny bed ;
And holy words she taught me there—methinks I yet can see
Her angel eyes, as close I knelt beside my Mother's knee.

BIRTH-DAY VERSES.

In the sickness of my childhood ; the perils of my prime ;
The sorrows of my riper years ; the cares of ev'ry time ;
When doubt and danger weigh'd me down—then pleading all for me,
It was a fervent pray'r to Heaven that bent my Mother's knee.

Samuel Lover.

BIRTH-DAY VERSES.

My birth-day ! Oh, beloved mother !
My heart is with thee o'er the seas.
I did not think to count another
Before I wept upon thy knees—
Before this scroll of absent years
Was blotted with thy streaming tears.

My own I do not care to check :
I weep—albeit here alone—
As if I hung upon thy neck,
As if thy lips were on my own,
As if this full, sad heart of mine,
Were beating closely upon thine.

Four weary years ! How looks she now ?
What light is in those tender eyes ?
What trace of time has touch'd the brow
Whose look is borrow'd of the skies
That listen to her nightly prayer ?
How is she changed since *he* was there

BIRTH-DAY VERSES.

Who sleeps upon her heart alway,
Whose name upon her lips is worn,
For whom the night seems made to pray,
For whom she wakes to pray at morn,
Whose sight is dim, whose heart-strings stir,
Who weeps these tears—to think of her!

I know not if my mother's eyes
Would find me changed in slighter things;
I've wander'd beneath many skies,
And tasted of some bitter springs;
And many leaves, once fair and gay,
From youth's full flower have dropp'd away—
But, as those looser leaves depart,
The lessen'd flower gets near the core,
And, when deserted quite, the heart
Takes closer what was dear of yore,
And yearns to those who lov'd it first—
The sunshine and the dew by which its bud was nursed.

Dear mother! dost thou love me yet?
Am I remember'd in my home?
When those I love for joy are met,
Does some one wish that I would come?
Thou *dost*—I *am* beloved of these!
But, as the schoolboy numbers o'er,
Night after night, the Pleiades,
And finds the stars he found before—
As turns the maiden oft her token—
As counts the miser aye his gold—
So, till life's silver cord is broken,
Would I of thy fond love be told.
My heart is full, mine eyes are wet—
Dear mother! dost thou love thy long-lost wanderer yet?

BIRTH-DAY VERSES.

Oh ! when the hour to meet again
Creeps on—and, speeding o'er the sea,
My heart takes up its lengthen'd chain,
And, link by link, draws nearer thee—
When land is hail'd, and, from the shore,
Comes off the blessed breath of home,
With fragrance from my mother's door
Of flowers forgotten when I come—
When port is gain'd, and slowly now,
The old familiar paths are pass'd,
And, entering—unconscious how—
I gaze upon thy face at last,
And run to thee all faint and weak,
And feel thy tears upon my cheek—
Oh ! if my heart break not with joy,
The light of heaven will fairer seem ;
And I shall grow once more a boy :
And, mother !—'twill be like a dream
That we were parted thus for years ;
And once that we have dried our tears,
How will the days seem long and bright—
To meet thee always with the morn,
And hear thy blessing every night—
Thy “ dearest,” thy “ first-born ! ”
And be no more, as now, in a strange land, forlorn.

N. P. Willis.



THE DYING BOY.

I KNEW a boy, whose infant feet had trod
Upon the blossoms of some seven springs,
And when the eighth came round, and call'd him out
To gambol in the sun, he turn'd away,
And sought his chamber, to lie down and die !
'Twas night—he summon'd his accustom'd friends.
And, on this wise, bestow'd his last bequest.

“Mother, I’m dying now—
There is deep suffocation in my breast,
As if some heavy hand my bosom prest ;
And on my brow

THE DYING BOY.

“ I feel the cold sweat stand ;
My lips grow dry and tremulous, and my breath
Comes feebly up. Oh ! tell me, is this death ?
Mother ! your hand—

“ Here—lay it on my wrist,
And place the other thus, beneath my head,
And say, sweet mother !—say, when I am dead
Shall I be miss’d ?

“ Never beside your knee
Shall I kneel down again at night to pray,
Nor with the morning wake, and sing the lay
You taught to me !

“ Oh, at the time of prayer,
When you look round and see a vacant seat,
You will not wait then for my coming feet—
You’ll miss me there !”

“ Father ! I’m going home !
To the good home you speak of, that blest land,
Where it is one bright summer always, and
Storms do not come.

“ I must be happy then ;
From pain and death you say I shall be free—
That sickness never enters there, and we
Shall meet again !”

“ Brother !—the little spot
I used to call *my* garden, where long hours
We’ve stay’d to watch the budding things and flowers,—
Forget it not !

THE DYING BOY.

“Plant there some box or pine—
Something that lives in winter, and will be
A verdant offering to my memory,
And call it mine!”

“Sister! my young rose-tree,
That all the spring has been my pleasant care,
Just putting forth its leaves so green and fair,
I give to thee.

“And when its roses bloom,
I shall be gone away—my short life done!
But will you not bestow a single one
Upon my tomb?”

“Now, mother! sing the tune
You sang last night.—I’m weary and must sleep!
Who was it call’d my name?—Nay, do not weep,
You’ll all come soon!”

Morning spread over earth her rosy wings,
And that meek sufferer, cold and ivory pale,
Lay on his couch asleep! The gentle air
Came through the open window, freighted with
The savoury odours of the early spring—
He breathed it not!—the laugh of passers-by
Jarr’d like a discord in some mournful tune,
But marred not his slumbers—He was dead!

Anon.

AD MATREM.

IF those dear eyes that watch me now,
With looks that teach my heart content ;
That smile which o'er that placid brow
Spreads with delight in pure consent ;
And that clear voice whose rise and fall
Alternate, in a silver chime ;
If these fair tokens false were all
That told the tale of fleeting Time,
I scarce should mark his swift career ;
So little change hath o'er thee passed,
So much thy Present doth appear,
Like all my Memory holds most dear,
When she recalls thy perfect Past.
Unchanged thou seem'st in mind and frame,
Thy bright smile brightens still the same ;
In thy fair face is nothing strange.
And when from out thy pure lips flow
Thy earnest words with grace, I know
Thy Wisdom hath not suffer'd change.
And so thy Presence, bland and glad,
Wherein no trace of change appears,
Proclaims not that this day will add
A fresh sheaf to thy garner'd years ;
But Time himself proclaims his power,
And will not pass unheeded by ;
At every turn his ruins lie ;—
I track his steps at every door.

AD MATREM.

Or, musing with myself, I find
His signet borne by every thought,
From many a moral blemish wrought
By more of commerce with my kind,
Who am not armed, as thou, in youth,
To bear unhurt the brunt of Life ;
To battle with the foes of Truth,
And issue scarless from the strife.
Not pure as thou to pass unscarred,
Where knaves and fools infest the ways :
By their rank censure unimpaired,
And spotless from their ranker praise.
And thus the slow year circling round,
Mars with no change thy soul serene ;
While I, though changed, alas ! am found
Far other than I should have been ;
And only not at heart unsound,
Because thy love still keeps it green.
Oh ! therefore from that worst decay,
To save me with Love's holiest dew,
Heaven guard thee, dear, and oft renew
Return of this thy natal day ;
And teach me with each rolling year,
That leaves us on a heartless earth,
To love thee, so that Love may bear
Fruits worthier of thy perfect worth.
And so whatever ills betide,
Whatever storms about me lower,
Though broken by the bolts of Pride,
And scorched by Envy's lightning power,
I shall not perish in the blast,
But prosper while thou still art nigh ;
By thy pure love preserved, and by
My guardian Spirit saved at last.

Julian Fane.

THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

I LOVE it, I love it, and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair ?
I've treasured it long as a sainted prize,
I've bedew'd it with tears, and embalm'd it with sighs ;
'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart ;
Not a tie will break, not a link will start.
Would ye learn the spell ? A mother sat there,
And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair.

In childhood's hour I linger'd near
The hallow'd seat with listening ear ;
And gentle words that mother would give
To fit me to die, and teach me to live.
She told me shame would never betide,
With truth for my creed, and God for my guide ;
She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer,
As I knelt beside that old arm-chair.

I sat and watch'd her many a day,
When her eye grew dim, and her locks were grey,
And I almost worshipp'd her when she smiled
And turn'd from her Bible to bless her child.
Years roll'd on, but the last one sped—
My idol was shatter'd, my earth-star fled ;
I learnt how much the heart can bear,
When I saw her die in that old arm-chair.



'Tis past ! 'tis past ! but I gaze on it now
With quivering breath and throbbing brow ;
'Twas there she nursed me, 'twas there she died,
And memory flows with lava tide.
Say it is folly, and deem me weak,
While the scalding drops start down my cheek ;
But I love it, I love it, and cannot tear
My soul from a mother's old arm-chair.

Eliza Cook.

CHILDHOOD.

THE hour arrives, the moment wished and feared,
The child is born, by many a pang endear'd ;
And now the mother's ear has caught his cry.
Oh grant the cherub to her asking eye !
He comes. She clasps him. To her bosom pressed,
He drinks the balm of life, and drops to rest.

Her, by her smile, how soon the stranger knows,
How soon by his the glad discovery shows !
As to her lips she lifts the lovely boy,
What answering looks of sympathy and joy !
He walks, he speaks. In many a broken word
His wants, his wishes, and his griefs are heard ;
And ever, ever to her lap he flies,
When rosy sleep comes on with sweet surprise.
Locked in her arms, his arms across her flung—
That name most dear for ever on his tongue—
As with soft accents round her neck he clings,
And, cheek to cheek, her lulling song she sings ;
How blest to feel the beatings of his heart,
Breathe his sweet breath, and kiss for kiss impart ;
Watch o'er his slumbers, like the brooding dove,
And, if she can, exhaust a Mother's Love !

But soon, a nobler task demands her care,
Apart she joins his little hands in prayer ;
Telling of Him who sees in secret there !
And now the volume on her knee has caught
His wandering eye. Now many a written thought
Never to die, with many a lisping sweet,
His moving, murmuring lips endeavour to repeat.

CHILDHOOD.

Released, he chases the bright butterfly—
Oh he would follow, follow through the sky !
Climbs the gaunt mastiff slumbering in his chain,
And chides and buffets, clinging by the mane.
Then runs, and kneeling by the fountain's side,
Sends his brave ship in triumph down the tide,
A dangerous voyage ; or if now he can,
If now he wear the habit of a man,
Flings off the coat so long his pride and pleasure,
And, like a miser digging for his treasure,
His tiny spade in his own garden plies,
And in green letters sees his name arise !
Where'er he goes, for ever in her sight,
She looks, and looks, and still with new delight.

Ah, who, when fading of itself away,
Would cloud the sunshine of his little day ?
Now is the May of Life careering round,
Joy wings his feet, joy lifts him from the ground ;
Pointing to such, well might Cornelia say,
When the rich casket shone in bright array,
“ These are my jewels ! ” well of such as he
When Jesus spake, well might His language be,
“ Suffer these little ones to come to me.”

Samuel Rogers.

CHURCH BELLS.

“ WAKE me to-night, my mother dear,
That I may hear
The Christmas Bells, so soft and clear,
To high and low glad tidings tell,
How God the Father loved us well,
How God the Eternal Son
Came to undo what we had done,
How God the Paraclete,
Who in the chaste womb framed the Babe so sweet,
In power and glory came, the birth to aid and greet.

“ Wake me, that I the twelvemonth long
May bear the song
About with me in the world's throng ;
That treasured joys of Christmas tide,
May with mine hour of gloom abide ;
The Christmas carol ring
Deep in my heart, when I would sing ;
Each of the twelve good days
Its earnest yield of duteous love and praise,
Ensuring happy months, and hallowing common ways.

“ Wake me again, my mother dear,
That I may hear
The peal of the departing year.
O well I love, the step of Time
Should move to that familiar chime ;



Fair fall the tones that steep
The Old Year in the dews of sleep,
The New guide softly in
With hopes to sweet sad memories akin !
Long may that soothing cadence ear, heart, conscience win."

CHURCH BELLS.

In the dark winter, ere the snow
 Had lost its glow,
This melody we learned ; and lo !
We hear it now in every breeze
That stirs on high the summer trees.
 We pause and look around—
Where may the lone church-tower be found,
 That speaks our tongue so well ?
The dim peal in the torrent seems to dwell,
It greets us from afar in Ocean's measured swell.

Perhaps we sit at home, and dream
 On some high theme,
And forms, that in low embers gleam,
Come to our twilight Fancy's aid ;
Then, wavering as that light and shade,
 The breeze will sigh and wail,
And up and down its plaintive scale
 Range fitfully, and bear
Meet burden to the lowly whispered air,
And ever the sweet bells, that charmed Life's morn, are there.

The pine-logs on the hearth sometimes
 Mimic the chimes,
The while on high the white wreath climbs,
Which seething waters upward fling,
In prison wont to dance and sing,
 All to the same low tune.
But most it loves in bowers of June
 At will to come and go,
Where like a minster roof the arched boughs show,
And court the pensive car of loiterer far below.

Be mine at vesper hour to stray
 Full oft that way ;
And when the dreamy sounds decay,

CHURCH BELLS.

As with the sun the gale dies down,
Then, far away from tower or town,
A true peal let me hear,
In manifold melodious cheer,
Through all the lonely grove
Wafting a fair good-night from His high love,
Who strews our world with signs from His own world above.

So never with regretful eye
Need we descry
Dark mountains in the evening sky,
Nor on those ears with envy think,
Which nightly from the cataract shrink
In heart-ennobling fear,
And in the rushing whirlwind hear,
(When from his Highland cave
He sweeps unchained over the wintry wave)
Ever the same deep chords, such as home fancies crave.

Ever the same, yet ever new,
Changed and yet true,
Like the pure heaven's unfailing blue,
Which varies on from hour to hour,
Yet of the same high Love and Power
Tells alway :—such may seem
Through life, or waking or in dream,
The echoing Bells that gave
Our childhood welcome to the healing wave :
Such the remembered word, so mighty then to save.
Lyra Innocentium.

ORPHANHOOD.

OFt have I watch'd thy trances light,
And longed for once to be
A partner in thy dream's delight,
And smile in sleep with thee ;
To sport again, one little hour,
With the pure gales, that fan thy nursery bower,
And as of old undoubting upward spring,
Feeling the breath of heaven beneath thy joyous wing.

But rather now with thee, dear child,
Fain would I lie awake,
For with no feverish care and wild
May thy clear bosom ache ;
Thy woes go deep, but deeper far
The soothing power of yonder kindly star :
Thy first soft slumber on thy mother's breast
Was never half so sweet as now thy calm unrest.

Thy heart is sad to think upon
Thy mother far away,
Wondering, perchance, now she is gone,
Who best for thee may pray.
In many a waking dream of love
Thou seest her yet upon her knees above :
The vows she breathed beside thee yesternight,
She breathes above thee now, winged with intenser might.

ORPHANHOOD.

Both vespers soft and matins clear
For thee she duly pays,
Now as of old, and there as here ;
Nor yet alone she prays.
Thy vision—(whoso chides, may blame
The instinctive reachings of the altar flame)—
Shows thee above, in yon ethereal air,
A holier Mother, rapt in more prevailing prayer.

'Tis she to whom thy heart took flight
Of old, in joyous hour,
When first a precious sister spright
Came to thy nursery bower,
And thou with earnest tone didst say,
“Mother, let Mary be her name, I pray,
For dearly do I love to think upon
That gracious Mother-maid, nursing her Holy One.”

Then in delight, as now in woe,
Thou to that home didst turn,
Where God, an Infant, dwelt below ;
The thoughts that ache and burn
Nightly within thy bosom, find
A home in Nazareth to their own sweet mind.
More than all music are the soothings dear
Which meet thee at that door, and whisper, Christ is here.
Lyra Innocentium.

HAPPY LOVE.

SINCE the sweet knowledge I possess
That she I love is mine,
All nature throbs with happiness,
And wears a face divine.
The woods seem greener than they were,
The skies are brighter blue ;
The stars shine clearer, and the air
Lets finer sunlight through.
Until I loved, I was a child,
And sported on the sands ;
But now the ocean opens out,
With all its happy lands.

The circles of my sympathy
Extend from earth to heaven,
I strove to pierce a mystery,
And lo ! the clue is given.
The woods, with all their boughs and leaves,
Are preachers of delight,
And wandering clouds in summer eves
Are Edens to my sight.
My confidants and comforters
Are river, hill, and grove,
And sun, and stars, and heaven's blue deep,
And all that live and move.

O friendly hills ! O garrulous woods !
O sympathizing air !
O many-voicèd solitudes !
I know my love is fair.
I know that she is fair and true,
And that from her you've caught



The changeful glories ever new,
That robe you in my thought.
Grief, from the armour of my heart,
Rolls off like rustling rain :
'Tis life to love ; but double life
To be beloved again.

Charles Mackay.

NO JEWELLED BEAUTY.

No jewell'd Beauty is my love ;
Yet in her earnest face
There's such a world of tenderness,
She needs no other grace.
Her smiles and voice around my life
In light and music twine,
And dear, O very dear to me,
Is this sweet Love of mine.

O joy! to know there's one fond heart
Beats ever true to me :
It sets mine leaping like a lyre,
In sweetest melody.
My soul up-springs, a Deity,
To hear her voice divine!
And dear, O very dear to me,
Is this sweet Love of mine.

If ever I have sigh'd for wealth,
'Twas all for her, I trow ;
And if I win Fame's victor-wreath,
I'll twine it on her brow.
There may be forms more beautiful,
And souls of sunnier shine ;
But none, O none, so dear to me,
As this sweet Love of mine.

Gerald Massey.



THE WEE THING.

“Saw ye my wee thing? saw ye my ain thing?
Saw ye my true love down on yon lea?”

THE WEE THING.

Cross'd she the meadow yestreen at the gloaming?
Sought she the burnie where flow'rs the haw-tree?

"Her hair it is lint-white; her skin it is milk-white;
Dark is the blue o' her saft-rolling ee;
Red are her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses;
Where could my wee thing wander frae me?"—

"I saw na your wee thing, I saw na your ain thing,
Nor saw I your true love down on yon lea;
But I met my bonnie thing late in the gloaming,
Down by the burnie where flow'rs the haw-tree.

"Her hair it was lint-white; her skin it was milk-white;
Dark was the blue of her saft-rolling ee;
Red were her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses;
Sweet were the kisses that she gae to me!"—

"It was na my wee thing, it was na my ain thing,
It was na my true love ye met by the tree:
Proud is her leal heart! and modest her nature!
She never loed onie till ance she loed me.

"Her name it is Mary; she's frae Castle-Cary;
Oft has she sat, when a bairn, on my knee:
Fair as your face is, wer't fifty times fairer,
Young braggart, she ne'er would gie kisses to thee!"—

"It was, then, your Mary; she's frae Castle-Cary;
It was, then, your true love I met by the tree:
Proud as her heart is, and modest her nature,
Sweet were the kisses that she gae to me."—

Sair gloom'd his dark brow—blood-red his cheek grew—
Wild flash'd the fire frae his red rolling ee!
"Ye'se rue sair, this morning, your boasts and your scorning:
Defend ye, fause traitor! fu' loudly ye lie."—

THE LETTER.

“Awa wi’ beguiling !” cried the youth, smiling :
Off went the bonnet ; the lint-white locks flee ;
The belted plaid fa’ing, her white bosom showing—
Fair stood the maid wi’ the dark rolling ee !

“Is it my wee thing ? is it mine ain thing ?
Is it my true love here that I see ?—
O Jamie, forgie me ; your heart’s constant to me ;
I’ll never mair wander, dear laddie, frae thee !”

Hector Macneil.

THE LETTER.

THE set sun of my joy again ariseth,
By thy sweet letter is my soul revived,
And as a sudden lamp dark sleep surpriseth,
Thy greeting starts my heart in slumber gyved ;
Thou hast wept o’er the closure of thy page,
And weeping words with weeping tears are blotted—
From the same fount that hath from age to age,
Gush’d with the dew to all fond thoughts allotted ;
Oh ! they do seem the eloquent presage
Of bliss hereafter, sweet though sorrow-spotted !
On “pity,” “love me,” “cherish,” and “forget,”
Have drops down fallen—the sweet words still seem wet.
Thus, thus, on dry tears I moist tears let fall ;—
Would they were on thy cheek, whose rose would tinge them all !

Thomas Wade.



LOVE.

I.

WE met in secret, in the depth of night
When there was none to watch us ; not an eye
Save the lone dweller of the lonely sky
To gaze upon our love and pure delight ;

LOVE.

And in that hour's unbroken solitude,
When the white moon had robed her in its beam,
I've thought some vision of a blessed dream,
Or spirit of the air before me stood,
And held communion with me. In mine ear
Her voice's sweet notes breathed not of the earth,
Her beauty seemed not of a mortal birth;
And in my heart there was an awful fear,
A thrill, like some deep warning from above,
That soothed its passion to a Spirit's love.

II.

SHE stood before me ; the pure lamps of heaven
Lighted her charms, and those soft eyes which turned
On me with dying fondness. My heart burned,
As, tremblingly with hers, my vows were given.
Then softly 'gainst my bosom beat her heart ;
These living arms around her form were thrown,
Binding her heavenly beauty like a zone,
While from her ruby warm lips, just apart
Like bursting roses, sighs of fragrance stole,
And words of music whispering in mine ear
Things pure and holy none but mine should hear ;
For they were accents uttered from the soul,
For which no tongue her innocence reproved,
And breathed for one who loved her and was loved.
Ismael Fitzadam.

TO ONE IN PARADISE.

THOU wert that all to me, love,
For which my soul did pine—
A green isle in the sea, love,
A fountain and a shrine,
All wreathed with fairy fruits and flowers,
And all the flowers were mine.

Ah, dream too bright to last!
Ah, starry Hope! that didst arise
But to be overcast!
A voice from out the Future cries,
“On! on!”—but o’er the Past
(Dim gulf!) my spirit hovering lies,
Mute, motionless, aghast!

For, alas! alas! with me
The light of life is o’er!
“No more—no more—no more—”
(Such language holds the solemn sea
To the sands upon the shore)
Shall bloom the thunder-blasted tree,
Or the stricken eagle soar!

And all my days are trances,
And all my nightly dreams
Are where thy dark eye glances,
And where thy footstep gleams;
In what ethereal dances!

By what eternal streams!

Edgar Allan Poe.



THE HOLLOW OAK.

HOLLOW is the oak beside the sunny waters drooping ;
Thither came, when I was young, happy children trooping ;
Dream I now, or hear I now—far, their mellow whooping ?

Gay below the cowslip bank, see the billow dances,
There I lay, beguiling time—when I lived romances ;
Dropping pebbles in the wave, fancies into fancies ;—

THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

Farther, where the river glides by the wooded cover,
Where the merlin singeth low, with the hawk above her,
Came a foot and shone a smile—woe is me, the lover !

Leaflets on the hollow oak still as greenly quiver,
Musical amid the reeds murmurs on the river ;
But the footstep and the smile !—woe is me for ever !

E. Bulwer Lytton.

THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

I'm sitting on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side,
On a bright May morning long ago,
When first you were my bride.
The corn was springing fresh and green,
And the lark sang loud and high,
And the red was on your lip, Mary,
And the love light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary,
The day's as bright as then ;
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
And the corn is green again.
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
And your warm breath on my cheek,
And I still keep listening for the words
You never more may speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
The village church stands near—
The church where we were wed, Mary,
I see the spire from here.



But the grave-yard lies between, Mary,
And my step might break your rest,
Where I've laid you, darling, down to sleep,
With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
For the poor make no new friends ;
But, oh, they love the better
The few our Father sends.

THE BONNIE ROWAN BUSH.

And you were all I had, Mary,
My blessing and my pride ;
There's nothing left to care for now,
Since my poor Mary died.

I'm bidding you a long farewell,
My Mary kind and true,
But I'll not forget you, darling,
In the land I'm going to.
They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there,
But I'll not forget old Ireland,
Were it fifty times less fair.

Lady Duferin.

THE BONNIE ROWAN BUSH.

THE bonnie rowan bush
In yon lane glen,
Where the burnie clear doth gush
In yon lane glen ;
My head is white and auld,
An' my bluid is thin an' cauld ;
But I lo'e the bonnie rowan bush
In yon lane glen.

My Jeannie first I met
In yon lane glen,
When the grass wi' dew was wet
In yon lane glen ;
The moon was shining sweet,
An' our hearts wi' love did beat,
By the bonnie, bonnie rowan bush
In yon lane glen.



Oh! she promised to be mine
In yon lane glen

CYTHNA.

Her heart she did resign
In yon lane glen ;
An' mony a happy day
Did o'er us pass away,
Beside the bonnie rowan bush
In yon lane glen.

Sax bonnie bairns had we
In yon lane glen—
Lads an' lassies young an' spree,
In yon lane glen ;
An' a blither family
Than ours there cou'dna be,
Beside the bonnie rowan bush
In yon lane glen.

Now my auld wife's gane awa'
Frae yon lane glen,
An' though summer sweet doth fu'
On yon lane glen—
To me its beauty's gane,
For, alake ! I sit alane
Beside the bonnie rowan bush
In yon lane glen.

Robert Nicoll.

CYTHNA.

SHE moved upon this earth, a shape of brightness,
A power, that from its objects scarcely drew
One impulse of her being—in her lightness
Most like some radiant cloud of morning dew,
Which wanders through the waste air's pathless blue
To nourish some far desert ; she did seem
Beside me, gathering beauty as she grew,
Like the bright shade of some immortal dream
Which walks, when tempest sleeps, the wave of life's dark stream.



As mine own shadow was this child to me,
A second self, far dearer and more fair,
Which clothed in undissolving radiancy
All those steep paths which languor and despair
Of human things had made so dark and bare,
But which I trod alone, nor, till bereft
Of friends, and overcome by lonely care,
Knew I what solace for that loss was left,
Though by a bitter wound my trusting heart was cleft.

CYTHNA.

Once she was dear, now she was all I had
To love in human life, this playmate sweet,
This child of twelve years old, so she was made
My sole associate, and her willing feet
Wandered with mine, where earth and ocean meet
Beyond the ærial mountains, whose vast cells
The unreposing billows ever beat.
Through forests wide, and old, and lowing dells,
Where boughs of incense droop over the emerald wells.

And warm and light I felt her clasping hand,
When twined in mine; she followed where I went
Through the lone paths of our immortal land,
It had no waste, but some memorial lent,
Which strung me to my toil—some monument
Vital with mind—then Cythna by my side,
Until the bright and beaming hours were spent,
Would rest with looks entreating to abide
Too earnest, and too sweet ever to be denied.

And soon I could not have refused her—thus
For ever, day and night; we two were ne'er
Parted, but when brief sleep divided us,
And when the pauses of the lulling air
Of noon beside the sea had made a lair
For her soothed senses, in my arms she slept;
And I kept watch over her slumbers there,
While, as the shifting visions over her swept,
Amid her innocent rest by turns she smiled and wept.

Shelley.



THOU HAST SWORN BY THY GOD.

THOU hast sworn by thy God, my Jeanie,
By that pretty white han' o' thine,
And by all the lowing stars in heaven,
That thou wad aye be mine ;

THOU HAST SWORN BY THY GOD.

And I hae sworn by my God, my Jeanie,
And by that kind heart o' thine,
By a' the stars sown thick o'er heaven,
That thou shalt aye be mine.

Then foul fa' the hands that wad loose sic bands,
An' the heart that wad part sic love ;
But there's nae hand can loose my band,
But the finger o' God above.
Though the wee wee cot maun be my bield,
And my claithing e'er so mean,
I wod la me up rich i' the faulds o' luve,
Heaven's armfu' o' my Jean.

Her white arm wad be a pillow for me
Far safter than the down ;
And love wad winnow owre us his kind kind wings,
And sweetly I'd sleep, an' soun'.
Come here to me, thou lass o' my luve,
Come here, and kneel wi' me,
The morn is fu' o' the presence o' my God,
And I canna pray but thee.

The morn-wind is sweet 'mang the beds o' new flowers,
The wee birds sing kindlie an' hie,
Our gude-man leans oure his kale-yard dyke,
And a blythe auld bodie is he.
The Beuk maun be taen when the carle comes hame,
Wi' the holie psalmodie,
And thou maun speak o' me to thy God,
And I will speak o' thee.

Allan Cunningham.

ABSENCE.

WHAT shall I do with all the days and hours
That must be counted ere I see thy face?
How shall I charm the interval that low'rs
Between this time and that sweet time of grace?

Shall I in slumber steep each weary sense,
Weary with longing?—shall I flee away
Into past days, and with some fond pretence
Cheat myself to forget the present day?

Shall love for thee lay on my soul the sin
Of casting from me God's great gift of time?
Shall I these mists of memory lock'd within,
Leave, and forget, life's purposes sublime?

Oh! how, or by what means, may I contrive
To bring the hour that brings thee back more near?
How may I teach my drooping hope to live
Until that blessed time, and thou art here?

I'll tell thee: for thy sake, I will lay hold
Of all good aims, and consecrate to thee,
In worthy deeds, each moment that is told,
While thou, beloved one! art far from me.

For thee, I will arouse my thoughts to try
All heavenward flights, all high and holy strains;
For thy dear sake I will walk patiently
Thro' these long hours, nor call their minutes pains.

I will this dreary blank of absence make
A noble task time, and will therein strive
To follow excellence, and to o'ertake
More good than I have won, since yet I live.

RUTH.

So may this doomed time build up in me
A thousand graces which shall thus be thine;
So may my love and longing hallowed be,
And thy dear thought an influence divine.

Mrs. Butler.

RUTH.

SHE stood breast high amid the corn,
Clasp'd by the golden light of morn,
Like the sweetheart of the sun,
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush
Deeply ripen'd—such a blush,
In the midst of brown was born—
Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell,
Which were blackest none could tell,
But long lashes veil'd a light
That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,
Made her tressy forehead dim :—
Thus she stood amid the stooks,
Praising God with sweetest looks :—

Sure, I said, Heav'n did not mean
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean,
Lay thy sheaf adown and come
Share my harvest and my home.

Thomas Hood.

THE HERMIT.

“TURN, gentle hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way
To where yon taper cheers the vale
With hospitable ray ;

“For here, forlorn and lost, I tread,
With fainting steps and slow—
Where wilds, immeasurably spread,
Seem lengthening as I go.”

“Forbear, my son,” the hermit cries,
“To tempt the dangerous gloom ;
For yonder faithless phantom flies
To lure thee to thy doom.

“Here to the houseless child of want
My door is open still ;
And, though my portion is but scant,
I give it with good will.

“Then turn, to-night, and freely share
Whate’er my cell bestows—
My rushy couch and frugal fare,
My blessing and repose.

“No flocks that range the valley free,
To slaughter I condemn—
Taught by that Power who pities me,
I learn to pity them ;

THE HERMIT.

“ But, from the mountain’s grassy side
A guiltless feast I bring—
A scrip with herbs and fruits supplied,
And water from the spring.

“ Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego ;
All earth-born cares are wrong :
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.”

Soft as the dew from heaven descends,
His gentle accents fell ;
The modest stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far, in a wilderness obscure,
The lonely mansion lay,
A refuge to the neighbouring poor,
And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
Required a master’s care ;
The wicket, opening with a latch,
Received the harmless pair.

And now, when busy crowds retire
To take their evening rest,
The hermit trimm’d his little fire,
And cheer’d his pensive guest ;

And spread his vegetable store,
And gaily press’d, and smiled ;
And, skill’d in legendary lore,
The lingering hours beguiled.

THE HERMIT.

Around, in sympathetic mirth,
Its tricks the kitten tries—
The cricket chirrup on the hearth,
The crackling faggot flies ;

But nothing could a charm impart
To soothe the stranger's woe—
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the hermit spied—
With answering care oppress'd ;
“ And whence, unhappy youth,” he cried,
“ The sorrows of thy breast ?

“ From better habitations spurn'd,
Reluctant dost thou rove ?
Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
Or unregarded love ?

“ Alas ! the joys that Fortune brings
Are trifling, and decay—
And those who prize the paltry things,
More trifling still than they ;

“ And what is Friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep—
A shade that follows Wealth or Fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep ?

“ And Love is still an emptier sound—
The modern fair one's jest ;
On earth unseen, or only found
To warm the turtle's nest.

THE HERMIT.

“ For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush—
And spurn the sex,” he said :
But while he spoke, a rising blush
His love-lorn guest betray’d.

Surprised he sees new beauties rise,
Swift mantling to the view—
Like colours o’er the morning skies,
As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread alarms :
The lovely stranger stands confess’d,
A maid in all her charms.

“ And, ah ! forgive a stranger rude,
A wretch forlorn,” she cried,
“ Whose feet unhallow’d thus intrude
Where heaven and you reside ;

“ But let a maid thy pity share,
Whom love has taught to stray—
Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
Companion of her way.

“ My father lived beside the Tyne—
A wealthy lord was he ;
And all his wealth was mark’d as mine ;
He had but only me.

“ To win me from his tender arms,
Unnumber’d suitors came ;
Who praised me for imputed charms,
And felt or feign’d a flame.



“ Each hour a mercenary crowd
 With richest proffers strove ;
Among the rest young Edwin bow'd—
 But never talk'd of love.

THE HERMIT.

“ In humble, simplest habit clad,
No wealth or power had he ;
Wisdom and worth were all he had—
But these were all to me.

“ And when, beside me in the dale,
He caroll'd lays of love,
His breath lent fragrance to the gale,
And music to the grove.

“ The blossom opening to the day,
The dews of heaven refined,
Could nought of purity display
To emulate his mind.

“ The dew, the blossom on the tree,
With charms inconstant shine ;
Their charms were his ; but, woe to me,
Their constancy was mine.

“ For still I tried each fickle art,
Importunate and vain ;
And while his passion touch'd my heart,
I triumph'd in his pain.

“ Till, quite dejected with my scorn,
He left me to my pride ;
And sought a solitude forlorn,
In secret, where he died.

“ But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
And well my life shall pay ;
I'll seek the solitude he sought,
And stretch me where he lay.

I LOVE THEE! I LOVE THEE!

“ And there, forlorn, despairing, hid—
I'll lay me down and die ;
'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
And so for him will I.”

“ Forbid it, Heaven !” the hermit cried,
And clasp'd her to his breast :
The wondering fair one turn'd to chide --
'Twas Edwin's self that press'd.

“ Turn, Angelina ! ever dear—
My charmer, turn to see
Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin, here,
Restored to Love and thee.

“ Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And every care resign ;
And shall we never, never part,
My life—my all that's mine ?

“ No, never, from this hour to part,
We'll live and love so true ;
The sigh that rends thy constant heart
Shall break thy Edwin's too.”

Goldsmith.

I LOVE THEE! I LOVE THEE!

I LOVE thee ! I love thee !
'Tis all that I can say ;—
It is my vision in the night,
My dreaming in the day ;

THE BOATMAN.

The very echo of my heart,
The blessing when I pray,
I love thee ! I love thee !
Is all that I can say.

I love thee ! I love thee !
Is ever on my tongue ;
In all my proudest poesy,
That chorus still is sung.
It is the verdict of my eyes
Amidst the gay and young ;
I love thee ! I love thee !
A thousand maids among.

I love thee ! I love thee !
Thy bright and hazel glance,
The mellow lute upon those lips
Whose tender tones entrance.
But most, dear heart of hearts, thy proofs,
That still these words enhance ;
I love thee ! I love thee !
Whatever be thy chance.

Thomas Hood.

THE BOATMAN.

THE bridegroom smiled a happy smile,
The bride was sweetly blushing,
And o'er the water's tranquil breast
A sound of bells came gushing.
The bridesmaids laugh'd, or watch'd the light
Upon the ripples quiver ;
But shadows dimm'd the boatman's face
Who row'd them o'er the river.



Slow fell his oars ; his thoughts were sad :

“ ’Tis eighteen years in summer
Since o’er the stream I row’d the bride,
New-born, a fairy comer.

The bells rang gaily, as to-day,
As to the fount they brought her ;
And sire and mother wept for joy,
At christ’ning of their daughter.

“ And now once more across the stream—
May all kind thoughts possess her !—
I row the bride, and bridal guests,
And pray that Heaven may bless her.

CANST THOU FORGET?

The sun shines bright, each heart is light,
The laugh rings loud and merry,
And shouts of welcome from the shore
Come booming o'er the ferry.

“ A third time she must cross the flood,
With Death, our lord and master ;
May I ne'er see that mournful day ! ”—
Row, boatman, row us faster !
Row, boatman, row ; your oars are slow,
Time flies, and Love is pressing,
And you shall earn a double fee,
Besides your lady's blessing.

Charles Mackay.

CANST THOU FORGET?

CANST thou forget, beloved, our first awaking
From out the shadowy calms of doubts and dreams,
To know Love's perfect sunlight round us breaking,
Bathing our beings in its gorgeous gleams—
Canst thou forget ?

A sky of rose and gold was o'er us glowing,
Around us was the morning breath of May ;
Then met our soul-tides, thence together flowing,
Then kissed our thought-waves, mingling on their way :
Canst thou forget ?

Canst thou forget when first thy loving fingers
Laid gently back the locks upon my brow ?
Ah, to my woman's thought that touch still lingers
And softly glides along my forehead now !
Canst thou forget ?



Canst thou forget when every twilight tender,
Mid dews and sweets, beheld our slow steps rove,
And when the nights, which come in starry splendour,
Seemed dim and pallid to our heaven of love?
Canst thou forget?

Canst thou forget the childlike heart-outpouring
Of her whose fond faith knew no faltering fears?
The lashes drooped to veil her eyes' adoring,
Her speaking silence, and her blissful tears?
Canst thou forget?

COME AWA, COME AWA.

Canst thou forget the last most mournful meeting,
The trembling form clasped to thine anguished breast ;
The heart against thine own, now wildly beating,
Now fluttering faint, grief-wrung, and fear-oppress'd—
Canst thou forget ?

Canst thou forget, though all Love's spells be broken,
The wild farewell, which rent our souls apart ?
And that last gift, Affection's holiest token,
The severed tress, which lay upon thy heart—
Canst thou forget ?

Canst thou forget, belov'd one—comes there never
The angels of sweet visions to thy rest ?
Brings she not back the fond hopes fled for ever,
While one lost name thrills through thy sleeping breast ?—
Canst thou forget ?

Grace Greenwood.

COME AWA, COME AWA.

Come awa, come awa,
An' o'er the march wi' me, lassie :
Leave your Southron wooers a',
My winsome bride to be, lassie.
Lands nor gear I proffer you,
Nor gauds to busk ye fine, lassie,
But I've a heart that's leal an' true,
And a' that heart is thine, lassie.

Come awa, come awa,
An' see the kindly North, lassie,
Out o'er the peaks o' Lammerlaw,
An' by the links o' Forth, lassie ;



And when we tread the heather bell
Aboon Demayat lea, lassie,
You'll view the land o' flood and fell—
The noble North Countrie, lassie!

COME AWA, COME AWA.

Come awa, come awa,
An' leave your Southland hame, lassie,
The kirk is near, the ring is here—
An' I'm your Donald Græme, lassie;
Rock and reel, and spinning wheel,
And English cottage trig, lassie,
Haste, leave them a', wi' me to speel
The braes 'yont Stirling brig, lassie.

Come awa, come awa,
I ken your heart is mine, lassie,
And true luve sall make up for a',
For whilk ye might repine, lassie.
Your futher—he has gien consent,
Your step-dame looks na kind, lassie—
Oh, that our foot were on the bent,
An' the Lowlands far behind, lassie!

Come awa, come awa,
Ye'll ne'er hae cause to rue, lassie;
My cot blinks blithe beneath the shaw,
My bonny Avondhu, lassie;
There's birk and slae on ilka brae,
And brakens waving fair, lassie;
And gleaming lochs and mountains grey—
Can aught wi' them compare, lassie?
Come awa, come awa, &c.

Thomas Pringle.



SHE IS NOT FAIR.

SHE is not fair to outward view,
As many maidens be ;
Her loveliness I never knew
Until she smiled on me.
Oh, then I saw her eye was bright,
A well of love, a spring of light.

But now her looks are coy and cold—
To mine they ne'er reply ;
And yet I cease not to behold
The love-light in her eye :
Her very frowns are sweeter far
Than smiles of other maidens are.

Hartley Coleridge.

LOVE RETURNED.

DELICIOUS fantasy! the thought was balm ;
His heart, his eye in sudden rapture swam,
Nature was charm'd to him. He could have talk'd
With every star, that in its glory walk'd.
Hope had put life in all unliving things ;
He hung above the fountain's rippling springs,
And heard them echo joy ; the bud unbranch'd
That his light pressure on the streamlet launch'd,
Bounded in joy ; his deep and burning sigh
Rose through the vine-leaves that gave sweet reply.
A sudden meteor sail'd across the heaven,
He hail'd its sign ; to him, to him 't was given,
Omen of joy, bright promise of bright years.
" Let fear and folly have their ' vale of tears,'
Let him be blest with that unequal'd one ;
Whoe'er she was, she might, she must be won :
Life would roll on, one calm and blossom'd spring ;
Or, if the tempest came, they would but cling
With arms and hearts the closer, till 't was o'er ;
Life a long joy ; and death, a pang, no more."
Out burst in speech the lover's ecstasy.

George Croly.

GENEVIEVE.

MAID of my love, sweet Genevieve !
In Beauty's light you glide along :
Your eye is like the star of eve,
And sweet your voice, as seraph's song.

NEAR THEE.

Yet not your heavenly beauty gives
This heart with passion soft to glow :
Within your soul a voice there lives !
It bids you hear the tale of Woe :
When sinking low the sufferer wan
Beholds no hand outstretched to save,
Fair, as the bosom of the swan
That rises graceful o'er the wave,
I've seen your breast with pity heave,
And therefore love I you, sweet Genevieve !

S. T. Coleridge.

NEAR THEE.

I would be with thee—near thee—ever near thee—
Watching thee ever, as the angels are—
Still seeking with my spirit-power to cheer thee,
And thou to see me, but as some bright star,
Knowing me not, but yet oft-times perceiving
That when thou gazest I still brighter grow,
Beaming and trembling—like some bosom heaving
With all it knows, yet would not have thee know.

I would be with thee—fond, yet silent ever,
Nor break the spell in which my soul is bound ;
Mirror'd within thee as within a river :
A flower upon thy breast, and thou the ground !
That, when I died and unto earth return'd,
Our natures never more might parted be ;
Within thy being all mine own inurn'd—
Life, bloom, and beauty, all absorbed in thee !

Charles Swain.

MY SISTER ELLEN.

SISTER Ellen, I've been dreaming
Of a fair and happy time ;
Gentle thoughts are round me gleaming,
Thoughts of sunny girlhood's prime :
Oh, the light, untutored fancies,
Images so quaint and bold—
Outlines dim of old romances,
Forming childhood's age of gold !
Eternal spring was then above us,
Sunshine cheered our every path ;
None then knew us but to love us—
Winning ways sweet childhood hath.

Thou art little Nelly, looking
Up into my anxious face,
I thy childish caprice brooking,
As thy merry thoughts I trace :
See thy dreamy blue eyes glancing
From thy founts of light and glee,
And thy little feet go dancing
Like the waves upon the sea !
Tossing from thy snowy shoulder
Golden curls with witching grace,
Charming every new beholder
With thine arch, expressive face.

Sister Ellen ! I've been dreaming
Of some lightsome summer eves,
When the harvest-moon was beaming
Softly through the dewy leaves—



How among the flowers we wandered,
Treading light as summer air ;

LOVE BALLAD.

Looking upward, how we pondered
On the dazzling glories there!
We were children then together,
Though I older was in years,
And life's dark and stormy weather
Seemed like April's smiles and tears.

Rebecca S. Nichols.

LOVE BALLAD.

LONELY from my home I come
To cast myself upon your tomb,
And to weep;
Lonely from my lonesome home,
My lonesome home of grief and gloom,
While I keep
Vigil, often all night long,
For your dear dear sake,
Praying many a prayer so wrong,
That my heart would break.

Gladly, O my blighted flower,
Sweet apple of my bosom's tree,
Would I now
Stretch me in your dark death-bower,
Beside your corpse, and lovingly
Kiss your brow.
But we'll meet ere many a day,
Never more to part,
For e'en now I feel the clay
Gathering round my heart.



In my soul doth darkness dwell,
And through its dreary winding caves
Ever flows,—
Ever flows, with moaning swell,
One ebbless flood of many waves,
Which are woes.
Death, love, has me in his lures ;
But that grieves not me,
So my ghost may meet with yours,
On yon moon-loved sea.

When the neighbours near my cot
Believe me sunk in slumber deep,
I arise ;—

LOVE BALLAD.

For, oh, 'tis a weary lot,
This watching eye and wooing sleep,
With hot eyes—
I arise and seek your grave,
And pour forth my tears,
While the winds that nightly rave
Whistle in mine ears.

Often turns my memory back
To that dear evening in the dell,
When we twain,
Sheltered by the sloe-bush black,
Sat, laughed, and talked, while thick sleet fell
And cold rain.
Thanks to God! no guilty leaven
Dashed our childish mirth;
You rejoice for this in heaven,
I, not less, on earth.

Love! the priests feel wroth with me,
To find I shrine your image still
In my breast;
Since you are gone eternally,
And your fair frame lies in the chill
Grave at rest.
But true love outlives the shroud,
Knows nor check nor change,
And beyond Time's world of cloud,
Still must reign and range.

Well may now your kindred mourn
The threats, the wiles, the cruel arts,
They long tried
On the child they left forlorn;
They broke the tenderest heart of hearts,
And she died!—

HERO AND LEANDER.

Curse upon the love of show !
Curse on Pride and Greed !
They would wed you "high,"—and woe !
Here behold their meed !

J. C. Mangan.

HERO AND LEANDER.

CANTO I.

OLD is the tale I tell, and yet as young
And warm with life as ever minstrel sung :
Two lovers fill it,—two fair shapes—two souls
Sweet as the last, for whom the death-bell tolls :
What matters it how long ago, or where
They liv'd, or whether their young locks of hair,
Like English hyacinths, or Greek, were curl'd ?
We hurt the stories of the antique world
By thinking of our school-books, and the wrongs
Done them by pedants and fantastic songs,
Or sculptures, which from Roman "studios" thrown,
Turn back Deucalion's flesh and blood to stone.
Truth is for ever truth, and love is love ;
The bird of Venus is the living dove.
Sweet Hero's eyes, three thousand years ago,
Were made precisely like the best we know,
Look'd the same looks, and spoke no other Greek
Than eyes of honeymoons begun last week.
Alas ! and the dread shock that stunn'd her brow
Strain'd them as wide as any wretch's now.
I never think of poor Leander's fate,
And how he swam, and how his bride sat late,
And watch'd the dreadful dawning of the light,
But as I would of two that died last night.

HERO AND LEANDER.

So might they now have liv'd, and so have died ;
The story's heart, to me, still beats against its side.
Beneath the sun which shines this very hour,
There stood of yore—behold it now—a tow'r,
Half set in trees and leafy luxury,
And through them look'd a window on the sea.
The tow'r is old, but guards a beauteous scene
Of bow'rs, 'twixt purple hills, a gulf of green,
Whose farthest side, from out a lifted grove,
Shows a white temple to the Queen of Love.
Fair is the morn, the soft trees kiss and breathe ;
Calm, blue, and glittering is the sea beneath ;
And by the window a sweet maiden sits,
Gaze with glad thoughts, and watching it by fits ;
For o'er that sea, drawn to her with delight,
Her love, Leander, is to come at night ;
To come, not sailing, or with help of oar,
But with his own warm heart and arms—no more—
A naked bridegroom, bound from shore to shore.

A priestess Hero is, an orphan dove,
Lodg'd in that turret of the Queen of Love ;
A youth Leander, born across the strait,
Whose wealthy kin deny him his sweet mate,
Beset with spies, and dogg'd with daily spite ;
But he has made high compact with delight,
And found a wondrous passage through the weltering night.

So sat she fix'd all day, or now was fain
To rise and move, then sighs, then sits again ;
Then tries some work, forgets it, and thinks on,
Wishing with perfect love the time were gone,
And lost to the green trees with their sweet singers,
Taps on the casement's ledge with idle fingers.

An aged nurse had Hero in the place,
An under priestess of an humbler race,

HERO AND LEANDER.

Who partly serv'd, partly kept watch and ward
Over the rest, but no good love debarr'd.
The temple's faith, though serious, never cross'd
Engagements, miss'd to their exchequer's cost ;
And though this present knot was to remain
Unknown awhile, 'twas bless'd within the fane,
And much good thanks expected in the end
From the dear married daughter, and the wealthy friend.
Poor Hero looked for no such thanks. Her hand,
But to be held in his, would have giv'n sea and land.

The reverend crone accordingly took care
To do her duty to a time so fair,
Saw all things right, secur'd her own small pay,
(Which brought her luxuries to her dying day.)
And finishing a talk, which with surprise
She saw made grave e'en those good-humour'd eyes,
Laid up, tow'rds night, her service on the shelf,
And left her nicer mistress to herself.

Hesper meanwhile, the star with amorous eye,
Shot his fine sparkle from the deep blue sky.
A depth of night succeeded, dark but clear,
Such as presents the hollow starry sphere,
Like a high gulf to heaven ; and all above
Seems waking to a fervid work of love.
A nightingale, in transport, seemed to fling
His warble out, and then sit listening :
And ever and anon, amidst the flush
Of the thick leaves, there ran a breezy gush ;
And then, from dewy myrtles lately bloom'd,
An odour small, in at the window, fumed.

At last, with twinkle o'er a distant tower,
A star appear'd, that was to show the hour.
The virgin saw ; and going to a room
Which held an altar burning with perfume,

HERO AND LEANDER.

Cut off a lock of her dark solid hair,
And laid it, with a little whisper'd prayer,
Before a statue, that of marble bright
Sat smiling downwards o'er the rosy light.
Then at the flame a torch of pine she lit,
And o'er her head anxiously holding it,
Ascended to the roof; and leaning there,
Lifted its light into the darksome air.

The boy beheld,—beheld it from the sea,—
And parted his wet locks, and breath'd with glee,
And rose, in swimming, more triumphantly.

Smooth was the sea that night, the lover strong,
And in the springy waves, he danced along.
He rose, he dipp'd his breast, he aim'd, he cut
With his clear arms, and from before him put
The parting waves, and in and out the air,
His shoulders felt, and trail'd his washing hair;
But when he saw the torch, oh! how he sprung,
And thrust his feet against the waves, and flung
The foam behind, as though he scorn'd the sea,
And parted his wet locks, and breath'd with glee,
And rose, and panted, most triumphantly!

Arriv'd at last, on shallow ground, he saw
The stooping light, as if in haste, withdraw;
Again it issued just above the door
With a white hand, and vanished as before.
Then rising, with a sudden-ceasing sound
Of wateriness, he stood on the firm ground,
And treading up a little slippery bank,
With jutting myrtles mix'd, and verdure dank,
Came to a door ajar,—all hush'd, all blind
With darkness; yet he guess'd who stood behind;
And entering with a turn, the breathless boy
A breathless welcome finds, and words that die for joy.

HERO AND LEANDER.

CANTO II.

Thus pass'd the summer shadows in delight ;
Leander came as surely as the night,
And when the morning woke upon the sea,
It saw him not, for back at home was he.
Sometimes, when it blew fresh, the struggling flare
Seem'd out ; but then he knew his Hero's care,
And that she only wall'd it with her cloak ;
Brighter again from out the dark it broke.
Sometimes the night was almost clear as day,
Wanting no torch ; and then, with easy play,
He dipp'd along beneath the silver moon,
Placidly hearkening to the water's tune.
The people round the country, who from far
Used to behold the light, thought it a star,
Set there, perhaps, by Venus as a wonder,
To mark the favourite maiden who slept under.
Therefore they trod about the grounds by day
Gently ; and fishermen at night, they say,
With reverence kept aloof, cutting their silent way.

But autumn now was over ; and the crane
Began to clang against the coming rain,
And peevish winds ran cutting o'er the sea,
Which oft return'd a face of enmity.
The gentle girl, before he went away,
Would look out sadly toward the cold-eyed day,
And often beg him not to come that night ;
But still he came, and still she bless'd his sight ;
And so, from day to day, he came and went,
Till time had almost made her confident.

One evening, as she sat, twining sweet bay
And myrtle garlands for a holiday,

HERO AND LEANDER.

And watch'd at intervals the dreary sky,
In which the dim sun held a languid eye,
She thought with such a full and quiet sweetness
Of all Leander's love and his completeness,
All that he was, and said, and look'd, and dared,
His form, his step, his noble head full-hair'd,
And how she lov'd him, as a thousand might,
And yet he earn'd her still thus night by night,
That the sharp pleasure mov'd her like a grief,
And tears came dropping with their meek relief.

Meantime the sun had sunk ; the hilly mark,
Across the straits, mix'd with the mightier dark,
And night came on. All noises by degrees
Were hush'd,—the fisher's call, the birds, the trees,
All but the washing of the eternal seas.

Hero look'd out, and trembling, augur'd ill,
The darkness held its breath so very still.
And yet she hoped he might arrive before
The storm began, or not be far from shore ;
And crying, as she stretch'd forth in the air,
“ Bless him ! ” she turn'd, and said a tearful prayer,
And mounted to the tower, and shook the torch's flare.

But he, Leander, almost half across,
Threw his blithe locks behind him with a toss,
And hail'd the light victoriously, secure
Of clasping his kind love, so sweet and sure ;
When suddenly, a blast, as if in wrath,
Sheer from the hills, came headlong on his path ;
Then started off ; and driving round the sea,
Dash'd up the panting waters roaringly.
The youth at once was thrust beneath the main
With blinded eyes, but quickly rose again,
And with a smile at heart, and stouter pride,
Surmounted, like a god, the roaring tide.



But what? The torch gone out! So long too! See,
He thinks it comes! Ah, yes,—'tis she! 'tis she!
Again he springs; and though the winds arise
Fiercer and fiercer, swims with ardent eyes;
And always, though with ruffian waves dash'd hard,
Turns thither with glad groan his stout regard;

HERO AND LEANDER.

And always, though his sense seems wash'd away,
Emerges, fighting tow'ards the cordial ray.

But driven about at last, and drench'd the while,
The noble boy loses that inward smile :
For now, from one black atmosphere, the rain
Sweeps into stubborn mixture with the main ;
And the brute wind, unmuffling all its roar,
Storms ; and the light, gone out, is seen no more.
Then dreadful thoughts of death, of waves heaped on him,
And friends, and parting daylight, rush upon him.
He thinks of prayers to Neptune and his daughters,
And Venus, Hero's queen, sprung from the waters ;
And then of Hero only,—how she fares
And what she'll feel, when the blank morn appears ;
And at that thought he stiffens once again
His limbs, and pants, and strains, and climbs,—in vain.
Fierce draughts he swallows of the wilful wave,
His tossing hands are lax, his blind look grave,
Till the poor youth (and yet no coward he)
Spoke once her name, and yielding wearily,
Wept in the middle of the scornful sea.

I need not tell how Hero, when her light
Would burn no longer, pass'd that dreadful night ;
How she exclaim'd, and wept, and could not sit
One instant in one place ; nor how she lit
The torch a hundred times, and when she found
'Twas all in vain, her gentle head turn'd round
Almost with rage ; and in her fond despair
She tried to call him through the deafening air.

But when he came not,—when from hour to hour
He came not,—though the storm had spent its power,
And when the casement, at the dawn of light,
Began to show a square of ghastly white,

I THINK ON THEE.

She went up to the tower, and straining out
To search the seas, downwards, and round about,
She saw, at last,—she saw her lord indeed
Floating, and wash'd about, like a vile weed ;—
On which such strength of passion and dismay
Seiz'd her, and such an impotence to stay,
That from the turret, like a stricken dove,
With fluttering arms she leap'd, and join'd her drowned love.
Leigh Hunt.

I THINK ON THEE.

I THINK on thee in the night,
When all beside is still,
And the moon comes out, with her pale sad light,
To sit on the lonely hill.
When the stars are all like dreams,
And the breezes all like sighs,
And there comes a voice from the far-off streams,
Like thy spirit's low replies!

I think on thee by day,
'Mid the cold and busy crowd,
When the laughter of the young and gay
Is far too glad and loud.
I hear thy soft sad tone,
And thy young sweet smile I see ;
My heart, my heart, were all alone,
But for its dreams of thee!

I THINK ON THEE.

Of thee who wert so dear,—
And yet I do not weep,
For thine eyes were stained by many a tear
Before they went to sleep ;
And if I haunt the past,
Yet may I not repine,
That thou hast won thy rest at last,
And all the grief is mine.

I think upon thy gain,
Whate'er to me it cost,
And fancy dwells with less of pain
On all that I have lost !
Hope, like the cuckoo's oft-told tale,
Alas ! it wears her wing.
And Love, that, like the nightingale,
Sings only in the Spring !

Thou art my spirit's all,
Just as thou wert in youth,
Still from thy grave no shadows fall
Upon my lonely truth.
A taper yet above thy tomb
Since lost its sweeter rays,
And what is memory through the gloom
Was hope in brighter days.

I am pining for the home
Where sorrow sinks to sleep,
Where the weary and the weepers come,
And they cease to toil and weep ;
They walk about with smiles,
That each should be a tear,
Vain as the Summer's glowing spoils,
Flung o'er an early bier.



Oh ! Hke those fairy things,
Those insects of the East,
That have their beauty in their wings,
And shroud it when at rest ;

WEARIE'S WELL.

That fold their colours of the sky,
When earthward they alight,
And flash their splendour on the eye,
Only to take their flight.

I never knew how dear thou wert,
Till thou wert borne away!
I have it yet about my heart,
Thy beauty of that day!
As if the robe thou wert to wear
Beyond the stars were given,
That I might learn to know it there,
And seek thee out in Heaven.

T. K. Hervey.

WEARIE'S WELL.

IN a saft simmer gloamin',
In yon dowie dell,
It was there we twa first met,
By Wearie's cauld well.
We sat on the broom bank,
And look'd in the burn,
But sidelang we look'd on
Ilk ither in turn.

The corn Craik was chirming
His sad eerie cry,
And the wee stars were dreaming
Their path through the sky ;



The burn babbled freely
Its love to ilk flower,
But we heard and we saw nought
In that blessed hour.

We heard and we saw nought,
Above or around ;
We felt that our luvie lived,
And loathed idle sound.
I gazed on your sweet face
Till tears fill'd my e'e,
And they drapt on your wee loof—
A warld's wealth to me.

Now the winter snaw's fa'ing
On bare holm and lea,
And the cauld wind is strippin'
Ilk leaf aff the tree.

SONG.

But the snaw fa's not faster,
Nor leaf disna part
Sae sune frae the bough, as
Faith fades in your heart.

You've waled out anither
Your bridegroom to be ;
But can his heart luv sae
As mine luvit thee ?
Ye'll get biggings and mailins,
And mony braw claes ;
But they a' winna buy back
The peace o' past days.

Farewell, and for ever,
My first luv and last ;
May thy joys be to come—
Mine live in the past.
In sorrow and sadness
This hour fa's on me ;
But light, as thy luv, may
It fleet over thee !

William Motherwell.

SONG.

I WANDER'D by the brookside,
I wander'd by the mill ;
I could not hear the brook flow,
The noisy wheel was still.
There was no burr of grasshopper,
No chirp of any bird,
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.



I sat beneath the elm-tree,
I watch'd the long, long shade ;
And as it grew still longer,
I did not feel afraid.

I LOVE MY JEAN.

For I listen'd for a footfall,
I listen'd for a word,
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

He came not—no, he came not;
The night came on alone;
The little stars sat one by one,
Each on his golden throne;
The evening air pass'd by my cheek,
The leaves above were stirr'd,
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

Fast silent tears were flowing,
When something stood behind:
A hand was on my shoulder,
I knew its touch was kind;
It drew me nearer—nearer,
We did not speak a word,
But the beating of our own hearts
Was all the sound I heard.

R. Monckton Milnes.

I LOVE MY JEAN.

Of a' the airts¹ the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west,
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best;

¹ "Airts," points of the compass.

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

There wild woods grow, and rivers row,
And monie a hill between ;
By day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair ;
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
I hear her charm the air :
There's not a bonnie flower that springs
By fountain, shaw, or green ;
There's not a bonnie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean.

Robert Burns.

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

A. " BUSK ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride !
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow !
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride,
And think nae mair of the Braes of Yarrow."

B. " Where gat ye that bonnie, bonnie bride ?
Where gat ye that winsome marrow ?"

A. " I gat her where I daurna weel be seen,
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

" Weep not, weep not, my bonnie, bonnie bride,
Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow !
Nor let thy heart lament to leave
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow."

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

B. " Why does she weep, thy bonnie, bonnie bride?
Why does she weep, thy winsome marrow?
And why daur ye nae mair weel be seen,
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow?"

A. " Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun she weep,
Lang maun she weep wi' dule and sorrow,
And lang maun I nae mair weel be seen,
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

" For she has tint her lover, lover dear,
Her lover dear, the cause of sorrow;
And I hae slain the comeliest swain
That e'er pu'd birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

" Why runs thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow, red?
Why on thy braes is the voice of sorrow?
And why yon melancholious weeds,
Hung on the bonnie birks of Yarrow?

" What's yonder floats on the rueful, rueful flude?
What's yonder floats?—Oh, dule and sorrow!
'Tis he, the comely swain I slew
Upon the dulefu' Braes of Yarrow.

" Wash, oh wash his wounds, his wounds, in tears,
His wounds in tears of dule and sorrow;
And wrap his limbs in mourning weeds,
And lay him on the banks of Yarrow.

" Then build, then build, ye sisters, sisters sad,
Ye sisters sad, his tomb wi' sorrow;
And weep around, in waeiful wise,
His hapless fate on the Braes of Yarrow!



“ Curse ye, curse ye, his useless, useless shield,
The arm that wrocht the deed of sorrow,
The fatal spear that pierced his breast,
His comely breast, on the Braes of Yarrow !

“ Did I not warn thee not to, not to, love,
And warn from fight ? But, to my sorrow,
Too rashly bold, a stronger arm thou met'st,
Thou met'st, and fell on the Braes of Yarrow.

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

“ Sweet smells the birk ; green grows, green grows the grass ;
Yellow on Yarrow’s braes the gowan ;
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock ;
Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowen !

“ Flows Yarrow sweet ? as sweet, as sweet, flows Tweed ;
As green its grass ; its gowan as yellow ;
As sweet smells on its braes the birk ;
The apple from its rocks as mellow !

“ Fair was thy love ! fair, fair indeed thy love !
In flowery bands thou didst him fetter ;
Though he was fair, and well-beloved again,
Than I he never loved thee better.

“ Busk ye, then, busk, my bonnie, bonnie bride !
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow !
Busk ye, and lo’e me on the banks of Tweed,
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.”

c. “ How can I busk a bonnie, bonnie bride ?
How can I busk a winsome marrow ?
How can I lo’e him on the banks o’ Tweed,
That slew my love on the Braes o’ Yarrow ?

“ Oh, Yarrow fields, may never, never rain,
Nor dew, thy tender blossoms cover !
For there was basely slain my love,
As though he had not been a lover.

“ The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
His purple vest—’twas my ain sewing ;
Ah, wretched me ! I little, little kenned,
He was, in these, to meet his ruin.

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

“ The boy took out his milk-white, milk-white steed,
Unmindful of my dule and sorrow :
But, ere the to-fa’ of the nicht,
He lay a corpse on the banks of Yarrow !

“ Much I rejoiced, that waefu’, waefu’ day ;
I sang, my voice the woods returning :
But, lang ere nicht, the spear was floun,
That slew my love, and left me mourning.

“ What can my barbarous, barbarous father do,
But with his cruel rage pursue me ?
My lover’s blude is on thy spear—
How canst thou, barbarous man, then, woo me ?

“ My happy sisters may be, may be proud,
With cruel and ungentle scoffing—
May bid me seek, on Yarrow-Braes,
My lover nailed in his coffin.

“ My brother Douglas may upbraid,
And strive, with threat’ning words, to move me ;
My lover’s blude is on thy spear—
How canst thou ever bid me love thee ?

“ Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of love !
With bridal-sheets my body cover !
Unbar, ye bridal-maids, the door !
Let in th’ expected husband-lover !

“ But who the expected husband, husband is ?
His hands, methinks, are bathed in slaughter !
Ah, me ! what ghastly spectre’s yon,
Comes, in his pale shroud, bleeding, after ?

TO LUCY.

“ Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down ;
O lay his cold head on my pillow !
Take off, take off these bridal weeds,
And crown my careful head with willow.

“ Pale though thou art, yet best, yet best beloved,
Oh, could my warmth to life restore thee !
Yet lie all night betwain my breasts,
No youth lay ever there before thee ! ”

“ Pale, pale indeed ; oh lovely, lovely youth,
Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter,
And lie all night betwain my breasts,
No youth shall ever lie there after ! ”

A. “ Return, return, O mournful, mournful bride !
Return, and dry thy useless sorrow !
Thy lover heids nocht of thy sighs ;
He lies a corpse on the Braes of Yarrow.”

William Hamilton of Bangour.

TO LUCY.

THE leaves are rustling mournfully,
The yellow leaves and sere ;
For Winter, with his naked arms
And chilling breath, is here :
The rills, that all the autumn-time
Went singing to the sea,



Are waiting in their icy chains
For Spring to set them free ;
No bird is heard the live-long day
Upon its mates to call,
And coldly and capriciously
The slanting sunbeams fall.

There is a shadow on my heart
I cannot fling aside—
Sweet sister of my soul, with thee
Hope's brightest roses died !

TO LUCY.

I'm thinking of the pleasant hours
That vanished long ago,
When summer was the goldenest,
And all things caught its glow :
I'm thinking where the violets
In fragrant beauty lay,
Of the buttercups and primroses
That blossomed in our way.

I see the willow, and the spring
O'ergrown with purple sedge ;
The lilies and the scarlet pinks
That grew along the hedge ;
The meadow, where the elm-tree threw
Its shadows dark and wide,
And, sister, flowers in beauty grew,
And perish'd side by side :
O'er the accustomed vale and hill
Now Winter's robe is spread,
The beetle and the moth are still,
And all the flowers are dead.

I mourn for thee, sweet sister,
When the wintry hours are here ;
But when the days grow long and bright,
And skies are blue and clear—
Oh ! when the Summer's banquet
Among the flowers is spread,
My spirit is most sorrowful
That thou art with the dead.
We laid thee in thy narrow bed,
When autumn winds were high—
Thy life had taught us how to live,
And then we learned to die.

Alice Carey.

THE INDIAN GIRL'S LAMENT.

AN Indian girl was sitting where
Her lover, slain in battle, slept ;
Her maiden veil, her own black hair,
Came down o'er her eyes that wept ;
And wildly, in her woodland tongue,
This sad and simple lay she sung :—

“ I've pull'd away the shrubs that grew
Too close above thy sleeping head,
And broke the forest boughs that threw
Their shadows o'er thy bed,
That, shining from the sweet south-west,
The sunbeams might rejoice thy rest.

“ It was a weary, weary road
That led thee to the pleasant coast,
Where thou, in his serene abode,
Hast met thy father's ghost ;
Where everlasting autumn lies
On yellow woods and sunny skies.

“ 'Twas I the broider'd moc'sin made,
That shod thee for that distant land ;
'Twas I thy bow and arrow laid
Beside thy still, cold hand—
Thy bow in many a battle bent,
Thy arrows never vainly sent.

THE INDIAN GIRL'S LAMENT.

“ With wampum belts I cross'd thy breast,
And wrapp'd thee in thy bison's hide,
And laid the food that pleased thee best
In plenty by thy side,
And deck'd thee bravely, as became
A warrior of illustrious name.

“ Thou'rt happy now, for thou hast pass'd
The long dark journey of the grave,
And in the land of light, at last,
Hast joined the good and brave—
Amid the flush'd and balmy air,
The bravest and the loveliest there.

“ Yet oft thine own dear Indian maid,
Even there, thy thoughts will earthward stray—
To her who sits where thou wert laid,
And weeps the hours away,
Yet almost can her grief forget
To think that thou dost love her yet.

“ And thou, by one of those still lakes,
That in a shining cluster lie,
On which the south wind scarcely breaks
The image of the sky,
A bower for thee and me hast made
Beneath the many-colour'd shade.

“ And thou dost wait to watch and meet
My spirit sent to join the blest,
And, wondering what detains my feet
From the bright land of rest,
Dost seem, in every sound, to hear
The rustling of my footsteps near.”

W. C. Bryant.

LOVE THOUGHTS.

BECAUSE, from all that round thee move,
Planets of Beauty, Strength and Grace,
I am elected to thy love,
And have my home in thy embrace ;
I wonder all men do not see
The crown that thou hast set on me !

Because, when prostrate at thy feet,
Thou didst emparadise my pain ;
Because thy heart on mine has beat,
Thy head within my hands has lain,
I am transfigured by that sign,
Into a being like to thine.

The mirror from its glossy plain
Receiving still returns the light ;
And being generous of its gain,
Augments the very solar might.
What unreflected light would be,
Is just thy spirit without me.

Thou art the flame whose rising spire
In the dark air sublimely sways ;
And I, the tempest that swift fire
Gathers at first and then obeys ;
All that was thine ere we were wed
Have I by right inherited.

ORIANA.

Is life a stream? Then, from thy hair
One rosebud on the current fell;
And straight it turned to crystal there,
As adamant immovable:
Its steadfast place shall know no more
The sense of after and before.

Is life a plant? The king of years,
To mine nor good nor ill can bring,—
Mine grows no more, no more it fears
Even the brushing of his wing;
With sheathed scythe I see him go,
I have no flowers that *he* can mow.

R. Monckton Milnes.

ORIANA.

My heart is wasted with my woe,
 Oriana;
There is no rest for me below,
 Oriana.
When the long dun wolds are ribb'd with snow,
And loud the Norland whirlwinds blow,
 Oriana,
Alone I wander to and fro,
 Oriana.

Ere the light on dark was growing,
 Oriana,
At midnight the cock was crowing,
 Oriana:

ORIANA.

Winds were blowing, waters flowing,
We heard the steeds to battle going,
Oriana ;
Aloud the hollow bugle blowing,
Oriana.

In the yew-wood black as night,
Oriana,
Ere I rode into the fight,
Oriana,
While blissful tears blinded my sight,
By star-shine and by moonlight,
Oriana,
I to thee my troth did plight,
Oriana.

She stood upon the castle wall,
Oriana :
She watch'd my crest among them all,
Oriana :
She saw me fight, she heard me call,
When forth there stept a foeman tall,
Oriana,
Atween me and the castle wall,
Oriana.

The bitter arrow went aside,
Oriana :
The false, false arrow went aside,
Oriana :
The damned arrow glanced aside,
And pierced thy heart, my love, my bride,
Oriana !
Thy heart, my life, my love, my bride,
Oriana !

ORIANA.

Oh ! narrow, narrow was the space,
Oriana.
Loud, loud rung out the bugle's brays,
Oriana.
Oh ! deathful stabs were dealt apace.
The battle deepen'd in its place,
Oriana ;
But I was down upon my face,
Oriana.

They should have stabb'd me where I lay,
Oriana !
How could I rise and come away,
Oriana ?
How could I look upon the day ?
They should have stabb'd me where I lay,
Oriana—
They should have trod me into clay,
Oriana.

O breaking heart that will not break,
Oriana !
O pale, pale face so sweet and meek,
Oriana !
Thou smilest, but thou dost not speak,
And then the tears run down my cheek,
Oriana :
What wantest thou ? whom dost thou seek,
Oriana ?

I cry aloud : none hear my cries,
Oriana.
Thou comest atween me and the skies,
Oriana.



I feel the tears of blood arise
Up from my heart unto my eyes,
Oriana.

A DEAD ROSE.

Within thy heart my arrow lies,
Oriana.

O cursed hand ! O cursed blow !
Oriana !

O happy thou that liest low,
Oriana !

All night the silence seems to flow
Beside me in my utter woe,
Oriana.

A weary, weary way I go,
Oriana.

When Norland winds pipe down the sea,
Oriana,

I walk, I dare not think of thee,
Oriana.

Thou liest beneath the greenwood tree ;
I dare not die and come to thee,
Oriana.

I hear the roaring of the sea,
Oriana.

Alfred Tennyson.

A DEAD ROSE.

O ROSE ! who dares to name thee ?
No longer roscate now, nor soft, nor sweet ;
But barren, and hard, and dry as stubble-wheat,
Kept seven years in a drawer—thy titles shame thee.



The breeze that used to blow thee
Between the hedge-row thorns, and take away
An odour up the lane, to last all day—
If breathing now—unsweeten'd would forego thee.

The sun that used to smite thee,
And mix his glory in thy gorgeous urn,
Till beam appear'd to bloom and flower to burn—
If shining now—with not a hue would light thee.

LOVE'S LONGINGS.

The dew that used to wet thee,
And, white first, grew incarnadined, because
It lay upon thee where the crimson was—
If dropping now—would darken where it met thee.

The fly that lit upon thee,
To stretch the tendrils of its tiny feet
Along the leaf's pure edges after heat,—
If lighting now—would coldly overrun thee.

The bee that once did suck thee,
And build thy perfumed ambers up his hive,
And swoon in thee for joy, till scarce alive—
If passing now—would blindly overlook thee.

The heart doth recognise thee,
Alone, alone! The heart doth smell thee sweet,
Doth view thee fair, doth judge thee most complete—
Though seeing now those changes that disguise thee.

Yes, and the heart doth owe thee
More love, dead rose! than to such roses bold
As Julia wears at dances, smiling cold!—
Lie still upon this heart, which breaks below thee!
Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

LOVE'S LONGINGS.

To the conqueror his crowning,
First freedom to the slave,
And air unto the drowning
Sunk in the ocean's wave,

LOVE'S LONGINGS.

And succour to the faithful
Who fight their flag above—
Are sweet, but far less grateful
Than were my lady's love.

I know I am not worthy
Of one so young and bright,
And yet I would do for thee
Far more than others might.
I cannot give thee pomp or gold
If thou shouldst be my wife,
But I can give thee love untold,
And truth in death or life.

Methinks that there are passions
Within that heaving breast,
To sever their heartless fashions,
And wed whom thou lovest best.
Methinks thou wouldst be prouder,
As the struggling patriot's bride,
Than if rank thy home should crowd, or
Could riches round thee glide.

Oh! the watcher longs for morning,
And the infant cries for light,
And the saint for heaven's warning,
And the vanquished pray for might.
But their prayers when lowest kneeling,
And their suppliance most true,
Are cold to the appealing
Of this longing heart to you.

Thomas Davis.

GARDEN FANCIES.

HERE's the garden she walked across,
Arm in my arm, such a short while since :
Hark, now I push its wicket, the moss
Hinders the hinges and makes them wince !
She must have reached this shrub ere she turn'd,
As back with that murmur the wicket swung ;
For she laid the poor snail my chance foot spurn'd,
To feed and forget it the leaves among.

Down this side of the gravel-walk
She went while her robe's edge brushed the box :
And here she paused in her gracious talk,
To point me a moth on the milk-white flox.
Roses, ranged in valiant row,
I will never think that she passed you by !
She loves you, noble roses, I know ;
But yonder, sec, where the rock-plants lie !

This flower she stopped at, finger on lip,
Stooped over, in doubt, as settling its claim ;
Till she gave me, with pride to make no slip,
Its soft meandering Spanish name.
What a name ! was it love or praise ?
Speech half-asleep, or song half-awake ?
I must learn Spanish, one of these days,
Only for that slow sweet name's sake.

Roses, if I live and do well,
I may bring her, one of these days,
To fix you fast with as fine a spell,
Fit you each with his Spanish phrase !

GARDEN FANCIES.

But do not detain me now ; for she lingers
There, like sunshine over the ground,
And ever I see her soft white fingers
Searching after the bud she found.

Flower, you Spaniard, look that you grow not,
Stay as you are and be loved for ever !
Bud, if I kiss you, 'tis that you blow not,
Mind, the shut pink mouth opens never !
For while thus it pouts, her fingers wrestle,
Twinkling the audacious leaves between,
Till round they turn and down they nestle—
Is not the dear mark still to be seen ?

Where I find her not, beauties vanish ;
Whither I follow her, beauties flee ;
Is there no method to tell her in Spanish,
June's twice June since she breathed it with me ?
Come, bud, show me the least of her traces,
Treasure my lady's lightest footfall,
Ah, you may flout and turn up your faces—
Roses, you are not so fair, after all !

Robert Browning.

GERTRUDE OF WYOMING.

YET deem not Gertrude sigh'd for foreign joy ;
To soothe a father's couch her only care,
And keep his rev'rend head from all annoy :
For this, methinks, her homeward steps repair,
Soon as the morning wreath had bound her hair ;
While yet the wild deer trod in spangling dew,
While boatman caroll'd to the fresh-blown air,
And woods a horizontal shadow threw,
And early fox appear'd in momentary view.—

At times there was a deep untrodden grot,
Where oft the reading hours sweet Gertrude wore ;
Tradition had not named its lonely spot ;
But here (methinks) might India's sons explore
Their fathers' dust, or lift, perchance, of yore,
Their voice to the Great Spirit :—rocks sublime
'To human art a sportive semblance wore ;
And yellow lichens colour'd all the clime,
Like moonlit battlements, and tow'rs decay'd by time.

But high, in amphitheatre above,
His arms the everlasting aloë threw :
Breath'd but an air of heav'n, and all the grove
As if with instinct living spirit grew,
Rolling its verdant gulfs of every hue ;
And now suspended was the pleasing din,
Now from a murmur faint it swell'd anew,
Like the first note of organ heard within
Cathedral aisles,—ere yet its symphony begin.



It was in this lone valley she would charm
The ling'ring noon, where flow'rs a couch had strown ;
Her cheek reclining, and her snowy arm
On hillock by the palm-tree half o'ergrown :
And aye that volume on her lap is thrown

GERTRUDE OF WYOMING.

Which every heart of human mould endears ;
With Shakespeare's self she speaks and smiles alone,
And no intruding visitation fears,
To shame th' unconscious laugh, or stop her sweetest tears.

For, save her presence, scarce an ear had heard
The stock-dove plaining through its gloom profound,
Or winglet of the fairy humming-bird,
Like atoms of the rainbow, fluttering round ;
Till chance had usher'd to its inmost ground
The stranger guest of many a distant clime ;
He was, to weet, for eastern mountains bound ;
But late th' equator suns his cheek had tann'd,
And California's gales his roving bosom fann'd.

A steed, whose rein hung loosely o'er his arm,
He led dismounted ; ere his leisure pace,
Amid the brown leaves, could her ear alarm,
Close he had come, and worshipp'd for a space
Those downcast features :—she her lovely face
Uplift on one whose lineaments and frame
Were youth and manhood's intermingled grace :
Iberian seem'd his boot—his robe the same,
And well the Spanish plume his lofty looks became.

For Albert's home he sought—her finger fair
Has pointed where the father's mansion stood.
Returning from the copse he soon was there ;
And soon as Gertrude hied from dark green wood ;
Nor joyless, by the converse, understood,
Between the man of age and pilgrim young,
That gay congeniality of mood,
And early liking from acquaintance sprung :
Full fluently conversed their guest in England's tongue.

GERTRUDE OF WYOMING.

And well could he his pilgrimage of taste
Unfold,—and much they loved his fervid strain,—
While he each fair variety retraced
Of climes, and manners, o'er the eastern main :—
Now happy Switzer's hills,—romantic Spain,—
Gay lilled fields of France,—or, more refined,
The soft Ausonia's monumental reign ;
Nor less each rural image he design'd,
Than all the city's pomp and home of human kind.

Anon some wilder portraiture he draws ;
Of Nature's savage glories he would speak,—
The loneliness of earth that overawes,—
Where, resting by some tomb of old Cacique,
The llama-driver on Peruvia's peak,
Nor voice nor living motion marks around ;
But storks that to the boundless forest shriek ;
Or wild-cane arch high flung o'er gulf profound,
That fluctuates when the storms of El Dorado sound.

Pleased with his guest, the good man still would ply
Each earnest question, and his converse court ;
But Gertrude, as she eyed him, knew not why
A strange and troubling wonder stopt her short.
“ In England thou hast been—and, by report,
An orphan's name (quoth Albert) mayst have known :
Sad tale !—when latest fell our frontier fort,—
One innocent—one soldier's child—alone
Was spared, and brought to me, who loved him as my own.

“ Young Henry Waldegrave ! three delightful years
These very walls his infant sports did see ;
But most I loved him when his parting tears
Alternately bedew'd my child and me :

SWEET SPIRIT OF MY LOVE.

His sorest parting, Gertrude, was from thee ;
Nor half its grief his little heart could hold :
By kindred he was sent for o'er the sea—
They tore him from us when but twelve years old,
And scarcely for his loss have I been yet consoled."

His face the wand'rer hid ; but could not hide
A tear, a smile, upon his cheek that dwell ;—
"And speak, mysterious stranger !" Gertrude cried ;
"It is !—it is !—I knew—I knew him well !
'Tis Waldegrave's self, of Waldegrave come to tell !"
A burst of joy the father's lips declare ;
But Gertrude speechless on his bosom fell !
At once his open arms embraced the pair,
Was never group more blest, in this wide world of care.
Thomas Campbell.

SWEET SPIRIT OF MY LOVE.

SWEET Spirit of my love !
Thro' all the world we walk apart :
Thou mayst not in my bosom lie :
I may not press thee to my heart,
Nor see love-thinking light thine eye :
Yet art thou with me. All my life
Orbs out in thy warm beauty's sphere ;
My bravest dreams of thee are rife,
And, colour'd with thy presence, dear.

SWEET SPIRIT OF MY LOVE.

Sweet Spirit of my love !
I know how beautiful thou art,
But never tell the starry thought :
I only whisper to my heart,
"She lights with heaven thy earthliest spot."
And birds that night and day rejoice,
And fragrant winds, give back to me
A music ringing of thy voice,
And surge my heart's love-tide to thee.

Sweet Spirit of my love !
The Spring and Summer bloom-bedight,
That garland Earth with rainbow showers,—
Morn's kissing breath, and eyes of light,
That wake in smiles the winking flowers,
The air with honey'd fragrance fed,
The flashing waters,—soughing tree,—
Noon's golden glory,—sundown red,
Aye warble into songs of thee.

Sweet Spirit of my love !
When Night's soft silence clothes the earth,
And wakes the passionate bird of love ;
And stars laugh out in golden mirth,
And yearning souls divinelier move ;
When God's breath hallows every spot,
And, lapp'd in feeling's luxury,
The heart's break-full of tender thought ;
Then art thou with me, still with me.

Sweet Spirit of my love !
I listen for thy footfall,—feel
Thy look is burning on me, such
As reads my heart : I sometimes reel
And throb, expectant for thy touch !

CUSHLO-MO-CHREE.

For by the voice of woods and brooks,
And flowers with virgin fragrance wet,
And earnest stars with yearning looks,
I know that we shall mingle yet.

Sweet Spirit of my love !
Strange places on me smile, as thou
Hadst pass'd and left thy beauty's tints :
The wild flowers even the secret know,
And light and shade flash mystic hints.
Meseems, like olden gods, thou'lt come
In cloud ; but mine anointed eyes
Shall see the glory burn thro' gloom,
And clasp thee, Sweet ! with large surprise.

Gerald Massey.

CUSHLO-MO-CHREE.¹

By the green banks of Shannon, I wooed thee, dear Mary,
When the sweet birds were singing in summer's gay pride ;
From those green banks I turn now, heart-broken and dreary,
As the sun sets to weep o'er the grave of my bride.
Why the sweet birds around me are singing,
Summer like winter is cheerless to me ;
I heed not if snow falls, or flow'rets are springing,
For my heart's light is darkened—my *Cushlo-mo-chree* !

¹ "Cushlo-mo-chree"—Pulse of my heart.



Oh ! bright shone the morning, when first as my bride, love,
Thy foot like a sunbeam my threshold cross'd o'er ;
And blest on our hearth fell that soft eventide, love,
When first on my bosom thy heart lay, *Asthore !*
Restlessly now, on my lone pillow turning,
Wear the night-watches, still thinking on thee,
And darker than night breaks the light of the morning,
For my aching eyes find thee not, *Cushlo-mo-chree !*

CUSHLO-MO-CHREE.

Oh, my loved one! my lost one! say, why didst thou leave me
To linger on earth with my heart in the grave?
Oh, would thy cold arms, love, might ope to receive me
To my rest 'neath the dark boughs that over thee wave!
Still from our once happy dwelling I roam, love,
Evermore seeking, my own bride, for thee;
Oh, Mary! wherever thou art is my home, love,
And I'll soon lie beside thee, my *Cushlo-mo-chree*!

John Francis Waller, LL.D.

THE SCULPTOR.

Do not die, Phene—I am yours now—you
Are mine now—let Fate reach me how she likes,
If you'll not die—so, never die! Sit here—
My work-room's single seat: I over-lean
This length of hair and lustrous front—they turn
Like an entire flower upward—eyes—lips—last
Your chin—no, last your throat turns—'tis their scent
Pulls down my face upon you! Nay, look ever
This one way till I change, grow you—I could
Change into you, beloved!

You by me,

And I by you—this is your hand in mine—
And side by side we sit:—all's true. Thank God!
I have spoken—speak, you!

—O, my life to come!

My Tydeus must be carved, that's there in clay;
Yet how be carved, with you about the chamber?
Where must I place you? When I think that once



This room-full of rough block-work seemed my heaven
Without you! Shall I ever work again—
Get fairly into my old ways again—
Bid each conception stand while, trait by trait,
My hand transfers its lineaments to stone?
Will my mere fancies live near you, my truth—

THE SCULPTOR.

The live truth—passing and repassing me—
Sitting beside me ?

Now speak !

Only, first,
See, all your letters ! Was't not well contrived ?
Their hiding-place is Psyche's robe ; she keeps
Your letters next her skin : which drops out foremost ?
Ah,—this that swam down like a first moonbeam
Into my world !

Again those eyes complete
Their melancholy survey, sweet and slow,
Of all my room holds ; to return and rest
On me, with pity, yet some wonder too—
As if God bade some spirit plague a world,
And this were the one moment of surprise
And sorrow while she took her station, pausing
O'er what she sees, finds good, and must destroy !
What gaze you at ? Those ? Books, I told you of ;
Let your first word to me rejoice them, too :
This minion, a Coluthus, writ in red
Bistre and azure by Bessarion's scribe—
Read this line . . no, shame—Homer's be the Greek
First breathed me from the lips of my Greek girl !
My Odyssey in coarse black vivid type,
With faded yellow blossoms 'twixt page and page,
To mark great places with due gratitude ;
“ He said, and on Antinous directed
A bitter shaft” . . . a flower blots out the rest !
Again upon your search ? My statues, then !
—Ah ! do not mind that—better that will look
When cast in bronze—an Almain Kaiser, that,
Swart-green and gold, with truncheon based on hip.
This, rather, turn to ! What, unrecognised ?
I thought you would have seen that here you sit
As I imagined you,—Hippolyta,
Naked upon her bright Numidian horse !
Recall you this, then ? “Carve in bold relief”—

THE SCULPTOR.

So you commanded—"Carve, against I come,
A Greek, in Athens, as our fashion was,
Feasting, bay-filleted and thunder-free,
Who rises 'neath the lifted myrtle-branch :
' Praise those who slew Hipparchus,' cry the guests,
' While o'er thy head the singer's myrtle waves,
As erst above our champions' : stand up, all ! ' "
See, I have laboured to express your thought !
Robert Browning.

THE PROUDEST LADY.

THE queen is proud on her throne,
And proud are her maids so fine ;
But the proudest lady that ever was known
Is a little lady of mine.
And oh ! she flouts me, she flouts me,
And spurns, and scorns, and scouts me ;
Though I drop on my knee and sue for grace,
And beg, and beseech, with the saddest face,
Still ever the same she doubts me.

She is seven by the kalendar—
A lily's almost as tall,
But oh ! this little lady's by far
The proudest lady of all.
It's her sport and pleasure to flout me,
To spurn, and scorn, and scout me ;
But ah ! I've a notion it's nought but play,
And that, say what she will and feign what she may,
She can't well do without me !

THE PROUDEST LADY.

When she rides on her nag away,
By park, and road, and river,
In a little hat so jaunty and gay,
Oh! then she's prouder than ever!
And oh! what faces, what faces!
What petulant, pert grimaces!
Why, the very pony prances and winks,
And tosses his head, and plainly thinks
He may ape her airs and graces.

But at times, like a pleasant tune,
A sweeter mood o'ertakes her;
Oh! then she's sunny as skies of June,
And all her pride forsakes her.
Oh! she dances round me so fairly!
Oh! her laugh rings out so rarely!
Oh! she coaxes and nestles, and purrs and pries
In my puzzled face with her two great eyes,
And says, "I love you dearly!"

Oh! the queen is proud on her throne,
And proud are her maids so fine;
But the proudest lady that ever was known
Is this little lady of mine.
Good lack! she flouts me, she flouts me,
And spurns, and scorns, and scouts me;
But ah! I've a notion its nought but play,
And that, say what she will and feign what she may,
She can't well do without me!

T. Westwood.



FAIR INES.

O saw you not fair Ines?
She's gone into the West.

FAIR INES.

To dazzle when the sun is down
And rob the world of rest.
She took our daylight with her,
The smiles that we love best,
With morning blushes on her cheek,
And pearls upon her breast.

Oh, turn again, fair Ines !
Before the fall of night,
For fear the moon should shine alone,
And stars unrivall'd bright.
And blessed will the lover be,
That walks beneath their light,
And breathes the love against thy cheek,
I dare not even write !

Would I had been, fair Ines,
That gallant cavalier,
Who rode so gaily by thy side
And whisper'd thee so near !—
Were there no loving dames at home,
Or no true lovers here,
That he should cross the seas to win
The dearest of the dear ?

I saw thee, lovely Ines,
Descend along the shore,
With a band of noble gentlemen,
And banners waved before,
And gentle youths and maidens gay—
And snowy plumes they wore ;
It would have been a beauteous dream,
—If it had been no more !

Alas, alas fair Ines !
She went away with song,
With music waiting on her steps
And shoutings of the throng.

BARBARA.

And some were sad, and felt no mirth,
But only music's wrong,
In sounds that sang, Farewell, farewell,
To her you've loved so long.

Farewell, farewell, fair Ines,
That vessel never bore
So fair a lady on its decks,
Nor danced so light before.
Alas for pleasure on the sea,
And sorrow on the shore ;
The smile that blest one lover's heart,
Has broken many more !

Thomas Hood.

BARBARA.

On the Sabbath-day,
Through the churchyard old and grey,
Over the crisp and yellow leaves, I held my rustling way ;
And amid the words of mercy, falling on my soul like balms ;
'Mong the gorgeous storms of music—in the mellow organ-calms,
'Mong the upward-streaming prayers, and the rich and solemn psalms,
I stood heedless, Barbara !

My heart was elsewhere
While the organ fill'd the air,
And the priest, with outspread hands, bless'd the people with a prayer ;
But, when rising to go homeward, with a mild and saint-like shine
Gleam'd a face of airy beauty with its heavenly eyes on mine—
Gleam'd and vanish'd in a moment. Oh, the face was like to thine,
Ere you perish'd, Barbara !

BARBARA.

Oh, that pallid face !
Those sweet, earnest eyes of grace !
When last I saw them, dearest, it was in another place ;
You came running forth to meet me with my love-gift on your wrist,
And a cursed river kill'd thee, aided by a murderous mist.
Oh, a purple mark of agony was on the mouth I kiss'd,
When last I saw thee, Barbara !

These dreary years eleven
Have you pined within your heaven,
And is this the only glimpse of earth that in that time was given ?
And have you pass'd unheeded all the fortunes of your race—
Your father's grave, your sister's child, your mother's quiet face—
To gaze on one who worshipp'd not within a kneeling place ?
Are you happy, Barbara ?

'Mong angels, do you think
Of the precious golden link
I bound around your happy arm while sitting on yon brink ?
Or when that night of wit and wine, of laughter and guitars,
Was emptied of its music, and we watch'd, through lattice-bars,
The silent midnight heaven moving o'er us with its stars,
Till the morn broke, Barbara ?

In the years I've changed ;
Wild and far my heart has ranged,
And many sins and errors deep have been on me avenged ;
But to you I have been faithful, whatsoever good I've lack'd :
I loved you, and above my life still hangs that love intact—
Like a mild consoling rainbow, or a savage cataract.
Love has saved me, Barbara !

O Love ! I am unblest ;
With monstrous doubts opprest
Of much that's dark and nether, much that's holiest and best.



Could I but win you for an hour from off that starry shore,
The hunger of my soul were still'd ; for Death has told you more
Than the melancholy world doth know,—things deeper than all lore,
Will you teach me, Barbara ?

In vain, in vain, in vain !
You will never come again.
There droops upon the dreary hills a mournful fringe of rain ;
The gloaming closes slowly round, unblest winds are in the tree,
Round selfish shores for ever moans the hurt and wounded sea :
There is no rest upon the earth, peace is with Death and thee,—
I am weary, Barbara !

Alexander Smith.

DEAREST LOVE! BELIEVE ME.

DEAREST love! believe me,
Though all else depart,
Nought shall e'er deceive thee
In this faithful heart:
Beauty may be blighted,
Youth must pass away,
But the vows we plighted
Ne'er shall know decay.

Tempests may assail us
From affliction's coast,
Fortune's breeze may fail us
When we need it most;
Fairest hopes may perish,
Firmest friends may change;
But the love we cherish
Nothing shall estrange.

Dreams of fame and grandeur
End in bitter tears;
Love grows only fonder
With the lapse of years:
Time, and change, and trouble,
Weaker ties unbind,
But the bands redouble
True affection twined.

Thomas Pringle.



TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

Thou lingering star, with lessening ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usherest in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

Oh, Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget?
Can I forget the hallowed grove
Where by the winding Ayr we met
To live one day of parting love?
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past!
Thy image at our last embrace—
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thickening green;
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twined amorous round the raptured scene.
The flowers sprung wanton to be press'd,
The birds sung love on every spray,
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
And fondly broods, with miser care;
Time but the impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

Robert Burns.



AH, NO! I CANNOT SAY "FAREWELL."

Ah, no! I cannot say "Farewell,"
 'Twould pierce my bosom through ;
And to this heart 'twere death's dread knell,
 To hear thee sigh "Adieu."
Though soul and body both must part,
 Yet ne'er from thee I'll sever,
For more to me than soul thou art,
 And oh! I'll quit thee never.

AH, NO! I CANNOT SAY "FAREWELL."

Whate'er through life may be thy fate,
That fate with thee I'll share,
If prosperous, be moderate,
If adverse, meekly bear;
This bosom shall thy pillow be,
In every change whatever,
And tear for tear I'll shed with thee,
But oh! forsake thee, never.

One home, one hearth, shall ours be still,
And one our daily fare;
One altar, too, where we may kneel,
And breathe our humble prayer;
And one our praise, that shall ascend
To one all-bounteous Giver;
And one our will, our aim, our end,
For oh! we'll sunder never.

And when that solemn hour shall come,
That sees thee breathe thy last,
That hour shall also fix my doom,
And seal my eyelids fast.
One grave shall hold us side by side,
One shroud our clay shall cover;
And one then may we mount and glide,
Through realms of love, for ever.

Alexander Rodger.

FAREWELL.

FAREWELL! if ever fondest prayer
For other's weal availed on high,
Mine will not all be lost in air,
But waft thy name beyond the sky.
'Twere vain to speak—to weep—to sigh—
Oh! more than tears of blood can tell,
When wrung from guilt's expiring eye,
Are in that word, Farewell! Farewell!

These lips are mute, these eyes are dry,
But in my breast, and in my brain,
Awake the pangs that pass not by,
The thought that ne'er shall sleep again;
My soul nor deigns nor dares complain;
Though grief and passion there rebel,
I only know we loved in vain,
I only feel Farewell! Farewell!

Byron.

LOVED ONCE.

I CLASS'D, appraising once,
Earth's lamentable sounds; the "well-a-day,"
The jarring "~~yea~~" and "nay,"
The fall of kisses on unanswering clay,
The sobb'd "farewell," the "welcome" mournfuller;—
But all did leaven the air
With a less bitter leaven of sure despair,
Than these words—"I loved ONCE."

LOVED ONCE.

And who saith, "I loved once?"
Not angels, whose clear eyes love, love foresee,
Love through eternity!
Who, by To Love, do apprehend To Be.
Not God, called Love, his noble crown—name,—casting
A light too broad for blasting!
The Great God, changing not from everlasting,
Saith never, "I loved ONCE."

Oh, ever is "Loved once"
Thy word, thou Victim-Christ, misprized friend?
Thy cross and curse may rend;
But, having loved, Thou lovest to the end!
It is man's saying—man's! Too weak to move
One sphered star above,
Man desecrates the eternal God-word, Love,
With his No More, and ONCE.

How say ye, "We loved once,"
Blasphemers? Is your earth not cold enow,
Mourners, without that snow?
Ah, friends! and would ye wrong each other so?
And could ye say of some, whose love is known,
Whose prayers have met your own,
Whose tears have fallen for you, whose smiles have shone,
Such words, "We loved them ONCE?"

Could ye "We loved her once"
Say calm of *me*, sweet friends, when out of sight?
When hearts of better right
Stand in between me and your happy light?
And when, as flowers kept too long in the shade,
Ye find my colours fade,
And all that is not love in me, decay'd?
Such words, "Ye loved me ONCE!"

LOVED ONCE.

Could ye "We loved her once"
Say cold of me, when further put away
In earth's sepulchral clay?
When mute the lips which deprecate to-day?—
Not so! not then—*least* then! When life is shriven,
And Death's full joy is given;
Of those who sit and love you up in heaven
Say not, "We loved them ONCE."

Say never, ye loved ONCE!
God is too near above, the grave beneath,
And all our moments breathe
Too quick in mysteries of Life and Death
For such a word. The eternities avenge
Affection's light of range—
There comes no change to justify that change,
Whatever comes—Loved ONCE!

And yet that same word "ONCE"
Is humanly acceptive! Kings have said,
Shaking a discrown'd head,
"We ruled once;"—dotards, "We once taught and led;"—
Cripples once danced i' the vines; and bards approved
Were once by scornings, moved;
But Love strikes one hour—LOVE. Those *never* loved
Who dream that they loved ONCE.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

WHEN LOVE WAS STRICKEN.

WHEN Love was stricken with disgust
At the cold world's unnatural sway,
He shook in scorn the golden dust
From his transparent feet away ;

And sought in pilgrim's weeds a spot
For penance fit, lone, dark, and bare :
Where even Hope's wan bloom was not,
He found my heart, and laid him there.

R. Monckton

THE WINDOW.

At my window, late and early,
In the sunshine and the rain,
When the jocund beams of morning
Come to wake me from my napping,
With their golden fingers tapping
At my window-pane :
From my troubled slumbers flitting—
From my dreamings fond and vain,
From the fever intermitting,
Up I start, and take my sitting
At my window-pane.



Through the morning, through the noontide,
Fettered by a diamond chain,
Through the early hours of evening,
When the stars begin to tremble,
As their shining ranks assemble
O'er the azure plain :

THE WINDOW.

When the thousand lamps are blazing,
Through the street and lane—
Mimic stars of man's upraising—
Still I linger, fondly gazing
From my window-pane!

For, amid the crowds slow passing,
Surging like the main,
Like a sunbeam among shadows,
Through the storm-swept cloudy masses,
Sometimes one bright being passes
'Neath my window-pane:
Thus a moment's joy I borrow
From a day of pain.
See, she comes! but, bitter sorrow!
Not until the slow to-morrow
Will she come again.

D. F. McCarthy.

LOVE AND MAY.

With buds and thorns about her brow,
I met her in the woods of May
Bending beneath a loaded bough.
She seemed so young, and was so fair,
A rosy freshness in her air
Spoke morning gliding into day.



Wild as an untamed bird of Spring,
She sported 'mid the forest ways,
Whose blossoms pale did round her cling.
Blithe was she as the banks of June,
Where humming-bees kept sweetest tune ;
The soul of love was in her lays.

LOVE AND MAY.

Her words fell soft upon my ear,
Like dropping dew from leafy spray :
She knew no shame, and felt no fear ;
She told me how her childhood grew—
Her joys how keen, her cares how few :
She smiled, and said her name was May.

May of my heart ! Oh, darling May !
Thy form is with the shows that fleet ;
And I am weak, and worn, and grey !
I see no more the things I loved :
The paths wherein their beauty moved
Do seem to fail beneath my feet.

I marked her for a little space ;
And soon she seemed to heed me not,
But gathered flowers before my face.
Oh, sweet to me her untaught ways !
The love I bore her all my days
Was born of that wild woodland spot.

I never called her bride nor wife,
I watched her bloom a little more,
And then she faded out of life :
She quaffed the wave I might not drink,
And I stood thirsting on the brink !
Oh, hurrying tide !—Oh, dreary shore !

They knew not that my heart was torn ;
They said a fever left me mad,
And I had babbled of a thorn,
A withered May, and scattered bloom,
A well of tears, and wayside tomb—
Alas ! 'twas all the lore I had !

LOVE AND MAY.

And to this day I am not clear ;
My stricken mind doth grope its way,
Like those who walk where woods are sere :
I cannot see to set apart
Two things so crushed into my heart
As May and Love—and Love and May !

Still, shouting 'neath the greenwood tree,
Glad children call upon her name ;
But life and time are changed to me :
The grass is growing where she trod,
Above her head a bladeless sod—
The very earth is not the same.

Oh, heavy years, grow swift and brief !
Death, lay thine hand upon my brow !
I wither as a shrunk-up leaf.
I perished while my days were young :
The thoughts to which my spirit clung
Consumed me, like a sapless bough.

And now, O May ! my vanished May !
Our thorns are gathered one by one,
And all their bloom is borne away.
The corn is reaped, the sheaf is bound,
The gleaner's foot is on the ground,
And pain is past—and life is done !

Eleonora Louisa Hervey.

I ARISE FROM DREAMS OF THEE.

I ARISE from dreams of thee,
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low,
And the stars are shining bright ;
I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Has led me—who knows how !
To thy chamber window, Sweet !

The wandering airs they faint
On the dark, the silent stream—
The champak odours fail,
Like sweet thoughts in a dream.
The nightingale's complaint
It dies upon her heart,
As I must die on thine,
O beloved as thou art !

O lift me from the grass !
I die, I faint, I fail.
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale.
My cheek is cold and white, alas !
My heart beats loud and fast.
Oh ! press it close to thine again,
Where it will break at last.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.



MAIRE BHAN ASTÒR.¹

In a valley far away,
With my *Maire bhan Astòr*,
Short would be the summer day,
Ever loving more and more.
Winter days would all grow long,
With the light her heart would pour,
With her kisses and her song
And her loving *mait go leòr*.

¹ *Maire bhan Astòr*—"Mary my treasure."

MAIRE BHAN ASTÖR.

Fond is *Maire bhan Astör*,
Fair is *Maire bhan Astör*,
Sweet as ripple on the shore
Sings my *Maire bhan Astör*.

Oh! her sire is very proud,
And her mother cold as stone ;
But her brother bravely vowed,
She should be my bride alone ;
For he knew I loved her well,
And he knew she loved me too,
So he sought their pride to quell,
But 't was all in vain to sue.
True is *Maire bhan Astör*,
Tried is *Maire bhan Astör* ;
Had I wings, I'd never soar
From my *Maire bhan Astör*.

There are lands where manly toil
Surely reaps the crop it sows ;
Glorious wood and teeming soil,
Where the broad Missouri flows ;
Through the trees the smoke shall rise,
From our hearth with *mait go leòr*,
There shall shine the happy eyes
Of my *Maire bhan Astör*.
Mild is *Maire bhan Astör*,
Mine is *Maire bhan Astör*,
Saints will watch about the door
Of my *Maire bhan Astör*.

Thomas Davis.

'TIS SAID, THAT SOME HAVE DIED FOR LOVE.

'Tis said, that some have died for love,
And here and there a churchyard grave is found
In the cold north's unhallowed ground,
Because the wretched man himself had slain,
His love was such a grievous pain.
And there is one whom I five years have known ;
He dwells alone
Upon Helvellyn's side.
He loved ;—the pretty Barbara died ;
And thus he makes his moan.
Three years had Barbara in her grave been laid
When thus his moan he made.

“ Oh move, thou cottage, behind that oak !
Or let the aged tree uprooted lie,
That in some other way yon smoke
May mount into the sky !
The clouds pass on, they from the heavens depart,
I look,—the sky is empty space ;
I know not what I trace,
But when I cease to look, my hand is on my heart.

“ Oh, what a weight is in these shades ! ye leaves
That murmur, once so dear, when will it cease ?
Your sound my heart of rest bereaves,
It robs my heart of peace.
Thou thrush, that singest loud, and long, and free,
Into yon row of willows flit,
Upon that alder sit,
Or sing another song, or choose another tree.

'TIS SAID, THAT SOME HAVE DIED FOR LOVE.

“ Roll back, sweet rill ! back to thy mountain-bounds,
And there for ever be thy waters chained !
For thou dost haunt the air with sounds
That cannot be sustained ;
If still beneath that pine-tree's ragged bough,
Headlong yon waterfall must come,
Oh let it then be dumb !
Be anything, sweet rill, but that which thou art now.

“ Thou eglantine, so bright with sunny showers,
Proud as a rainbow spanning half the vale,
Thou one fair shrub, oh ! shed thy flowers,
And stir not in the gale.
For thus to see thee nodding in the air ;
To see thy arch thus stretch and bend,
Thus rise and thus descend,
Disturbs me till the sight is more than I can bear.”

The man who makes this feverish complaint
Is one of giant stature, who could dance ;
Equipped from head to foot in iron mail.
Oh, gentle Love ! if ever thought was thine,
To store up kindred hours for me, thy face
Turn from me, gentle Love ! nor let me walk
Within the sound of Emma's voice, nor know
Such happiness as I have known to-day.

William Wordsworth.



LENORE.

AH, broken is the golden bowl! the spirit flown for ever!
Let the bell toll!—a saintly soul floats on the Stygian river;
And, Guy de Vere, hast *thou* no tear?—weep now or never more!
See! on yon drear and rigid bier low lies thy love, Lenore!
Come! let the burial rite be read—the funeral song be sung!—
An anthem for the queenliest dead that ever died so young—
A dirge for her the doubly dead in that she died so young.

LENORE.

“Wretches! ye loved her for her wealth, and hated her for her pride,
And when she fell in feeble health, ye blessed her—that she died!
How *shall* the ritual, then, be read?—the requiem how be sung
By you—by yours, the evil eye—by yours, the slanderous tongue,
That did to death the innocence that died, and died so young!”

Peccavimus; but rave not thus! and let a Sabbath song
Go up to God so solemnly the dead may feel no wrong!
The sweet Lenore hath “gone before,” with Hope, that flew beside,
Leaving thee wild for the dear child that should have been thy bride—
For her, the fair and *débonnaire*, that now so lowly lies,
The life upon her yellow hair, but not within her eyes—
The life still there upon her hair—the death upon her eyes.

“Avaunt! to-night my heart is light. No dirge will I upraise,
But waft the angel on her flight with a pæan of old days!
Let *no* bell toll!—lest her sweet soul, amid its hallowed mirth,
Should catch the note, as it doth float up from the damnèd Earth!
To friends above, from fiends below, the indignant ghost is riven—
From Hell unto a high estate far up within the Heaven—
From grief and groan, to a golden throne, beside the King of Heaven.”

Edgar Allan Poe.

ENDYMION AND PEONA.

Who whispers him so pantingly and close?
Peona, his sweet sister: of all those,
His friends, the dearest. Hushing signs she made,
And breathed a sister's sorrow to persuade
A yielding up, a cradling on her care.
Her eloquence did breathe away the curse:
She led him, like some midnight spirit nurse

ENDYMION AND PEONA.

Of happy changes in emphatic dreams,
Along a path between two little streams,—
Guarding his forehead, with her round elbow,
From low-grown branches, and his footsteps slow,
From stumbling over stumps and hillocks small ;
Until they came to where these streamlets fall,
With mingled bubbings and a gentle rush,
Into a river, clear, brimful, and flush
With crystal mocking of the trees and sky.
A little shallop, floating there hard by,
Pointed its beak over the fringed bank ;
And soon it lightly dipt, and rose, and sank,
And dipt again, with the young couple's weight,—
Peona guiding, through the water straight,
Towards a bowery island opposite ;
Which, gaining presently, she steered light
Into a shady, fresh, and ripply cove,
Where nested was an arbour, overwove
By many a summer's silent fingering ;
To whose cool bosom she was used to bring
Her playmates, with their needle broidery,
And minstrel memories of times gone by.

So she was gently glad to see him laid
Under her favourite bower's quiet shade,
On her own couch, new made of flower leaves,
Dried carefully on the cooler side of sheaves
When last the sun his autumn tresses shook,
And the tann'd harvesters rich armfuls took.
Soon was he quieted to slumbrous rest :
But, ere it crept upon him, he had prest
Peona's busy hand against his lips,
And still, a-sleeping, held her finger-tips
In tender pressure. And as a willow keeps
A patient watch over the stream that creeps
Windingly by it, so the quiet maid
Held her in peace : so that a whispering blade

ENDYMION AND PEONA.

Of grass, a wailful gnat, a bee bustling
Down in the blue-bells, or a wren light rustling
Among sere leaves and twigs, might all be heard.

O magic sleep ! O comfortable bird,
That broodest o'er the troubled sea of the mind
Till it is hush'd and smooth ! O unconfined
Restraint ! imprison'd liberty ! great key
To golden palaces, strange minstrelsy,
Fountains grotesque, new trees, bespangled caves,
Echoing grottoes, full of tumbling waves
And moonlight ; ay, to all the mazy world
Of silvery enchantment !—Who, upfurl'd
Beneath thy drowsy wing a triple hour,
But renovates and lives ?—Thus, in the bower,
Endymion was calm'd to life again.
Opening his eyelids with a healthier brain,
He said : “ I feel this thine endearing love
All through my bosom : thou art as a dove
Trembling its closed eyes and sleeked wings
About me ; and the pearliest dew not brings
Such morning incense from the fields of May,
As do those brighter drops that twinkling stray
From those kind eyes,—the very home and haunt
Of sisterly affection. Can I want
Aught else, aught nearer heaven, than such tears ?
Yet dry them up, in bidding hence all fears
That, any longer, I will pass my days
Alone and sad. No, I will once more raise
My voice upon the mountain-heights ; once more
Make my horn parley from their foreheads hoar :
Again my trooping hounds their tongues shall loll
Around the breathed boar : again I'll poll
The fair-grown yew-tree, for a chosen bow :
And, when the pleasant sun is getting low,
Again I'll linger in a sloping mead
To hear the speckled thrushes, and see feed

ENDYMION AND PEONA.

Our idle sheep. So be thou cheered, sweet!
And, if thy lute is here, softly entreat
My soul to keep in its resolved course."

Hereat Peona, in their silver source,
Shut her pure sorrow-drops with glad exclaim,
And took a lute, from which there pulsing came
A lively prelude, fashioning the way
In which her voice should wander. 'Twas a lay
More subtle-cadenced, more forest wild
Than Dryope's lone lulling of her child;
And nothing since has floated in the air
So mournful strange.

John Keats.

JEALOUSY.

I HAVE thy love—I know no fear
Of that divine possession;
Yet draw more close, and thou shalt hear
A jealous heart's confession.

I nurse no pang, lest fairer youth
Of loftier hopes should win thee;
There blows no wind to chill the truth,
Whose amaranth blooms within thee.

Unworthier thee if I could grow
(The love that lured thee perish'd),
Thy woman heart could ne'er forego
The earliest dream it cherish'd.

JEALOUSY.

I do not think that doubt and love
Are one—whate'er they tell us ;
Yet—nay—lift *not* thy looks above,
A star can make me jealous.

If thou art mine, all mine at last,
I covet so the treasure,
No glance that thou canst elsewhere cast,
But robs me of a pleasure.

I am so much a miser grown,
That I could wish to hide thee,
Where never breath but mine alone
Could drink delight beside thee.

Then say not, with that soothing air,
I have no rival nigh thee ;
The sunbeam lingering in thy hair—
The breeze that trembles by thee—

The very herb beneath thy feet—
The rose whose odours woo thee—
In all things, rivals he must meet,
Who would be all things to thee !

If sunlight from the dial be
But for one moment banish'd,
Turn to the silenced plate and see
The hours themselves are vanish'd.

In aught that from me lures thine eyes,
My jealousy has trial ;
The lightest cloud across the skies
Has darkness for the dial.

E. Bulwer Lytton.



WHEN LONG UPON THE SCALES OF FATE.

WHEN long upon the scales of fate
The issue of my passion hung,
And on your eyes I laid in wait,
And on your brow, and on your tongue.

WHEN LONG UPON THE SCALES OF FATE.

High-frowning Nature pleased me most :
Strange pleasure was it to discern
Sharp rock and mountains peaked with frost,
Through gorges thick with fir and fern.

The flowerless walk, the vapoury shrouds
Could comfort me ; though, best of all,
I loved the daughter of the clouds,
The wild capricious waterfall.

But now that you and I repose
On one affection's certain store,
Serener charms take place of those,
Plenty and Peace and little more ;

The hill that lends its mother-breast
To patient flocks and gentle kine ;
The vale that spreads its royal vest
Of golden corn and purple vine ;

The streams that bubble out their mirth
In humble nooks, or calmly flow,
The crystal life-blood of our earth,
Are now the dearest sights I know.

R. Monckton Milnes.

TO MY DREAM-LOVE.

WHERE art thou, oh ! my beautiful ? Afar
I seek thee sadly, till the day is done,
And o'er the splendour of the setting sun,
Cold, calm, and silvery floats the evening star :



Where art thou? Ah! where art thou, hid in light
That haunts me, yet still wraps thee from my sight?

TO MY DREAM-LOVE.

Not wholly, ah ! not wholly—still love's eyes
Trace thy dim beauty through the mystic veil,
Like the young moon that glimmers faint and pale,
At noon-tide through the sun-web of the skies :
But ah ! I ope mine arms, and thou art gone,
And only memory knows where thou hast shone.

Night—Night the tender, the compassionate,
Bindeth thee, gem-like, 'mid her raven hair :
I dream, I see, I feel that thou art there—
And stand all weeping at Sleep's golden gate,
Till the leaves open, and the glory streams
Down through my trancèd soul in radiant dreams.

Too short, too short, soon comes the chilly morn,
To shake from love's boughs all their sleep-born bloom,
And wake my heart back to its bitter doom,
Sending me through the land downcast, forlorn,
Whilst thou, my beautiful, art far away,
Bearing the brightness from my joyless day.

I stand and gaze across earth's fairest sea,
And still the flashing of the restless main
Sounds like the clashing of a prisoner's chain,
That binds me, oh ! my beautiful, from thee.
Oh ! sea-bird, flashing past on snow-white wing,
Bear my soul to her in thy wandering !

My heart is weary, gazing o'er the sea—
O'er the long dreary lines that close the sky :
Through solemn sunsets ever mournfully,
Gazing in vain, my beautiful, for thee ;
Hearing the sullen waves for evermore
Dashing around me on the lonely shore.

TO MY DREAM-LOVE.

But tides creep lazily about the sands,
Washing frail land-marks, Lethe-like, away ;
And though their records perish day by day,
Still stand I ever with close-claspèd hands,
Gazing far westward o'er the heaving sea,
Gazing in vain, my beautiful, for thee.

Walter A. Cassels.

A DREAM OF LOVE.

I HAD a dream more pleasant than the truth,
And pliant as 'twas pleasant,—*must* it be
Only a dream? A fancy that hath wreathed
A sunproof arbour round the sweltering brow—
Causing joy-flowers to bloom, and corbie Care
To spread her wings; up-clambering round the heart
As a rosy-faced child with ignorant wiles,
Climbing a grey-beard's knees, doth make him laugh
With its innocuous mirth, although enforced
By plucking his frosted hairs:—can it be nought
But fancy?

This it was. As through the street,
Where drays were jostling and the coachman's lash
Rang o'er the necks of his thin-haunched beasts,
I had on errand of importunate haste
Passed, till in weariness I slackened pace,
To mitigate the unseemly dusty heat,
By lingering within shadow a short while.

A DREAM OF LOVE.

People in long tides passed me, and some looked
An instant vacantly, still hastening on,
Hurrying somewhere with a tedious thrift ;
Unto the mart or workshop, desk or ship,
The church, the tavern, or the mall.
There was obstruction in their eyes, not death,
But an obstruction of the inmost soul :
They lived, yet lived not. Had I spoke to them
What then I felt, they would have thought me mad,
And each in his own sanity rejoiced !

Anon a little boy came sauntering by,
Whistling a merry air, that, arrow-like,
Went through my memory, and a fair dear one
Drew me with gentle hand into the haze
Of dream. A strange transition, yet not strange,
If all the links that brought her image near
Were marked ; nor strange, since memories are involved
Together by the laws of harmonies.

I left the obdurate noise. Through paths of sward,
Where never cloud of dust had fallen, I reached
An opening in a wall of sapling boughs ;
I entered, and within more still and cool
It was, and freshness through the air exhaled
From the green ground. Half dusk it was, for round
And round the branches wove a screen from heaven
Of darkest green and varied leaf, 'neath which
Flies thickly humming danced. Sometimes a bird
Flew quickly through ; and as its wing might brush
The leaves about your head, it seemed to fear
That it had missed its way. Flowers too were there,
Sprinkled about amidst the grass which grows
Hair-like and thin beneath the shade ; blue bells,
Tinkling to the small breeze a bee might cause,
And violets, and poppies red and rough,
In stem. I passed still deeper through the wood

A DREAM OF LOVE.

By this cool path : a wood more kindly cool,
Or harmless of dank poisons or vile beasts
That creep there cannot be, and yet so wild
And uncouth. Bushes of dusk fruit beside
The pathway from the ground, piled up to walls
Of leaves and berries, from which flocked the birds
As I passed on ; or lingered with dyed hands
Plucking them listless, and with profuse waste
Pressing their juice out. Other trees were there,
Blossoming for a later month. And now,
As if from the champaign land afar, came sounds
Of hearty laughter, mellowed by the air,
Until it scarce was audible ; and song,
Like a reaper's song, a very pleasant sound,
Betokening a clear breast, and heard beneath
A clear sky chequered by thick boughs, a sound
Right happy. So I also sang. The sun
Now found an opening through the stems, to fall
Upon my path ; and as I walked, across
The flowers upon my right my shadow passed.
A butterfly with purple-velvet wings,
Invested with two lines of dusky gold
And spotted with red spots, upon these flowers
Was feeding ; and anon as my shadow fell
Upon it, it flew up and went before,
Lighting again until I passed : and so
Continued it. The space more closed and closed
Became, and all between the trees were warped
Vine-twigs, and plants more fair than vines. Beneath
A slow stream likewise glent, and secretly
Fed spreading water-lilies, and long reeds
Heavy with seed, which might have made fair pipes,
Cut nicely by the joints, from whence a leaf
Depended. But I thought not of the task,
Watching my guide's dark wings, until the path
Seemed stayed by dense convolvulus and thorns
(Largely o'ergrown without the pruner's hands)

A DREAM OF LOVE

Of the red-hearted rose. But the dark fly lowered
Its flight till nigh the ground, and passed into
The mass of greenery by an interspace
Which I had seen not: with my hands I raised,
And parted with my head, full lazily,
The luscious screen at this same interspace.
Behold! beneath a peristyle I stand
Of short columnar palms; before me steps
Of thickest grass descend unto a space
Smooth tapestried, with living garlands bound,
And set about with moss-cushioned seats of wood
Cut roughly from the forest, over which
Uptangling richly to the highest trees,
And waving even then into the air,
Flowers rare and unknown, and around a fount
(Of which a marble girl, with green feet through
The water and white head, seemed Nymph) bright heaps
Of lily blooms were strewn. But all these sweets
Were nothing to the influence which came o'er
My being from some unseen power, whose grace
The whole seemed imitative of, whose smile
The light seemed intimating to the flowers,
Whose goodness all around seemed fashioned by.
Half slumbering as I stretched upon the sward,
Mazed by this unknown beauty, and the swarms
Of flies like that which here had guided me
All round, the influence became more dear,
More fixed, and I beheld a lady. Round
Her hand, which held some sweet, the insects thronged,
And lighted on her hair. I did not start
With rapture nor surprise, nor did I deem
Myself unworthy of this gardened love,
This goddess-girl, nor said she aught to me,
But by her eyes, which never looked on me.
I said she was the spirit of my life;
And tho' I had not seen her until now,
I still had known her.



She bent down beside
The sward I pressed ; she leant on the rude seat

A DREAM OF LOVE.

Over me, but I knew not from that hour,
Whether it was myself I gazed upon ;
Or whether I beheld with intense love
And sympathy some higher beings, both
Worthy of each. And she began to sing ;
A language which was song was hers,—she sang.
A fragile lute upon her knees she placed,
And balanced from her neck by a silken cord ;
Her fingers gave it speech, yet touched it not,
But her hands hovered o'er it like two birds
With wings still fluttering to descend,—she played
Soft as the fine tints of a rainbow bound
About an evening shower : her music first
Came on my sense scarce audible, like rain ;
Then, waxing louder, it ascended heaven
With all its colours brightening. My heart
It stilled to sleep, as a sister stills a child
That murmurs not, but smiling upwards on
The watching eye, to rest unconsciously
Sinks pleased. But, changing suddenly, the notes
Began to whirl together as a flight
Of swallows, and then louder still became.
Happy beyond all words, fair spirits seemed
Clamorous and clapping of their hands for joy !
Too happy beyond words, I would have wept
Had I been in the actual world, where tears
Are bred by intense sympathy, but here,
Where sympathy was life, I did not weep.
—Oh lady! thou art beautiful : and now
The dark hair of thy song doth shade its eyes,
The eye-lid of thy music droops : it plains
Slowly and saturated with sweet pain,
Carries my soul into a sphered realm
Of everlasting melancholy. Maid !
Who mournest for thy lover, hear the lay
And be not comforted, but mourn no more
As you have mourned. Youth! whose thirsting love

A DREAM OF LOVE.

Has conjured an ideal from the land
Of Vision, listen with a joyous hope,
And mourn not with the bitterness that thou
Hast mourned.

A louder chord is struck ! let grief at once
Be wept out like a thunder-rain, and pride
Go up triumphant with a purple flush
And warn of trump—the golden crown doth press
The spirit's forehead who hath conquered all !
—Oh lady, thou art wondrous fair and good !
The earth is filled, oh ! filled with gracious things !
Slowly again to life descends thy strain,
An odour as of rose-leaves seems to fall
Upon me, and a pearly light : again
It scales the arc of higher heaven, alas !
Art thou not over me as is a God,
Oh lady ! with thy lute ? and I will faint
Utterly into death : oh intermit
The binding of thy linked power, oh cease,
And let me drink a silence short and deep,
Then die into the Life that thou dost live.

William Bell Scott.

THE SAILOR'S JOURNAL.

'T was post meridian, half-past four,
By signal I from Nancy parted ;
At six she linger'd on the shore,
With uplift hands and broken-hearted.
At seven, while taughtening the forestay,
I saw her faint, or else 'twas fancy ;
At eight we all got under weigh,
And bade a long adieu to Nancy !

THE SAILOR'S JOURNAL.

Night came, and now eight bells had rung,
While careless sailors, ever cheery,
On the mid watch so jovial sung,
With tempers labour cannot weary.
I, little to their mirth inclined,
While tender thoughts rush'd on my fancy,
And my warm sighs increased the wind,
Look'd on the moon, and thought of Nancy !

And now arrived that jovial night
When every true-bred tar carouses ;
When o'er the grog, all hands delight
To toast their sweethearts and their spouses.
Round went the can, the jest, the glee,
While tender wishes fill'd each fancy ;
And when, in turn, it came to me,
I heaved a sigh, and toasted Nancy !

Next morn a storm came on at four,
At six the elements in motion
Plunged me and three poor sailors more
Headlong within the foaming ocean.
Poor wretches ! they soon found their graves ;
For me—it may be only fancy,—
But Love seem'd to forbid the waves
To snatch me from the arms of Nancy !

Scarce the foul hurricane was clear'd,
Scarce winds and waves had ceased to rattle,
When a bold enemy appear'd,
And, dauntless, we prepared for battle.
And now, while some loved friend or wife
Like lightning rushed on every fancy,
To Providence I trusted life,
Put up a prayer, and thought of Nancy !



At last,—’t was in the month of May,—
 The crew, it being lovely weather,
 At three A.M. discover’d day,
 And England’s chalky cliffs together.
 At seven up Channel how we bore,
 While hopes and fears rush’d on my fancy ;
 At twelve I gaily jump’d ashore,
 And to my throbbing heart press’d Nancy !

Charles Dibdin.

EDWARD GRAY.

SWEET Emma Moreland, of yonder town,
Met me walking on yonder way,
“And have you lost your heart?” she said;
“And are you married yet, Edward Gray?”

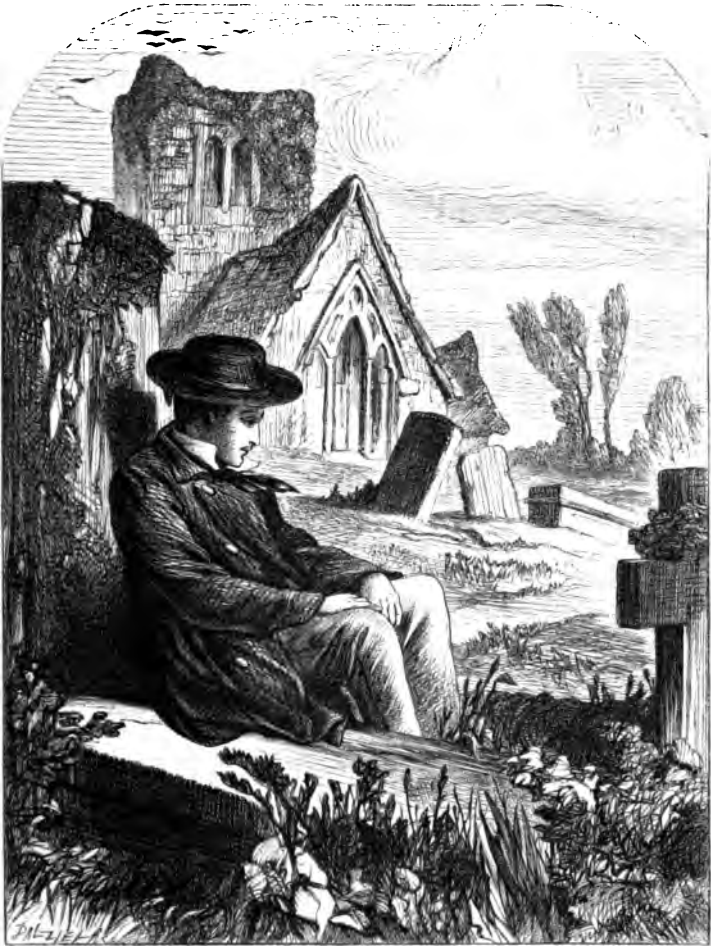
Sweet Emma Moreland spake to me :
Bitterly weeping I turn'd away :
“Sweet Emma Moreland, love no more
Can touch the heart of Edward Gray.

“Ellen Adair she loved me well,
Against her father's and mother's will :
To-day I sat for an hour and wept
By Ellen's grave, on the windy hill.

“Shy she was, and I thought her cold ;
Thought her proud, and fled over the sea ;
Fill'd I was with folly and spite,
When Ellen Adair was dying for me.

“Cruel, cruel the words I said !
Cruelly came they back to-day :
‘You're too slight and fickle,’ I said,
‘To trouble the heart of Edward Gray.’

“There I put my face in the grass —
Whisper'd, ‘Listen to my despair :
I repent me of all I did :
Speak a little, Ellen Adair !’



“Then I took a pencil, and wrote
On the mossy stone, as I lay,
‘Here lies the body of Ellen Adair;
And here the heart of Edward Gray!’

EDWARD GRAY.

“ Love may come, and love may go,
And fly, like a bird, from tree to tree :
But I will love no more, no more,
Till Ellen Adair come back to me.

“ Bitterly wept I over the stone :
Bitterly weeping I turn'd away :
There lies the body of Ellen Adair !
And there the heart of Edward Gray !”
Alfred Tennyson.

LONG TIME AGO.

NEAR the lake where drooped the willow,
Long time ago !
Where the rock threw back the billow,
Brighter than snow ;
Dwelt a maid, beloved and cherished
By high and low ;
But with autumn's leaf she perished,
Long time ago !

Rock, and tree, and flowing water,
Long time ago !
Bird, and bee, and blossom taught her
Love's spell to know !
While to my fond words she listened,
Murmuring low,
Tenderly her dove-eyes glistened,
Long time ago !



Mingled were our hearts for ever,
 Long time ago !
Can I now forget her ? Never !
 No, lost one, no !
To her grave these tears are given,
 Ever to flow ;
She's the star I missed from heaven,
 Long time ago !

G. P. Morris.

BONNIE LADY ANN.

THERE'S kames o' honey 'tween my luve's lips,
An' gowd amang her hair ;
Her breasts are lapt in a holie veil,
Nae mortal een keek there.
What lips dare kiss, or what hand dare touch,
Or what arm o' luve dare span
The honey lips, the creamy loof,
Or the waist o' Lady Ann ?

She kisses the lips o' her bonnie red rose,
Wat wi' the blobs o' dew ;
But nae gentle lip nor simple lip
Maun touch her Ladie mou' ;
But a broidered belt wi' a buckle o' gowd
Her jimpy waist maun span ;
O she's an armfu' fit for heaven,
My bonnie Lady Ann !

Her bower casement is latticed wi' flowers,
Tied up wi' silver thread,
An' comely she sits in the midst,
Men's longing een to feed.
She waves the ringlets frae her cheeks,
Wi' her milky milky han',
An' her cheeks seem touched wi' the finger o' God ;
My bonnie Lady Ann !



The morning cloud is tassell'd wi' gowd,
Like my luve's broider'd cap,
An' on the mantle which my luve wears
Are monie a gowden drap.
Her bonnie ee bree's a holie arch,
Cast by no earthly han',
An' the breath o' God's atween the lips
O' my bonnie Lady Ann !

BONNIE LADY ANN.

I am her father's gardener lad,
And poor poor is my fa' ;
My auld mither gets my wee wee fee,
Wi' fatherless bairnies twa.
My Lady comes, my Lady goes
Wi' a fu' an' kindly han' ;
O the blessing o' God maun mix wi' my luv,
An' fa' on Lady Ann !

Allan Cunningham.

SONG.

I NEVER knew how dear thou wert,
Till I was on the silent sea ;
And then my lone and musing heart
Sent back its passionate thoughts to thee.
When the wind slept on ocean's breast,
And the moon smiled above the deep,
I longed thus o'er thy spirit's rest,
A vigil like yon moon to keep.

When the gales rose, and, tempest-tossed,
Our struggling ship was sore beset,
Our topsails rent, our bearing lost,
And fear in every spirit met—
Oh ! then, amid the midnight storm,
Peace on my soul thy memory shed :
The floating image of thy form
Made strong my heart amid its dread.



Yes! on the dark and troubled sea,
I strove my spirit's depths to know,
And found its deep, deep love for thee,
Fathomless as the gulfs below.
The waters bore me on my way—
Yet, oh! more swift than rushing streams,
To thee flew back, from day to day,
My clinging love—my burning dreams.

Catherine Warfield.

BERTHA.

Two days the Lady gazed toward the west,
The way that he had gone ; and when the third
From its high noon sloped to a rosy close,
Upon the western margin of the isle,
Feeding her petted swans, by tossing bread
Among the clumps of water-lilies white,
She stood. The fond Day pressed against her face ;
His am'rous, airy fingers with her robe
Fluttered and played, and trembling, touched her throat,
And toying with her ringlets, could have died
Upon her sweet lips and her happy cheeks !
With a long rippling sigh she turned away,
And wished the sun was underneath the hills.
Anon she sang ; and ignorant Solitude,
Astonished at the marvel of her voice,
Stood tranced and mute as savage at the door
Of rich cathedral when the organ rolls,
And all the answering choirs awake at once.
Then she sat down and thought upon her love ;
Fed on the various wonders of his face,
To make his absence rich. "'Tis but three days
Since he went from me in his light canoe,
And all the world went with him, and to-night
He will be back again. Oh, when he comes,
And when my head is laid upon his breast,
And in the pauses of the sweetest storm
Of kisses that e'er beat upon a face,
I'll tell him how I've pined, and sighed, and wept,
And thought of those sweet days and nights that flew

BERTHA.

O'er us unheeded as a string of swans,
That wavers down the sky toward the sea,—
And he will chide me into blissful tears,
Then kiss the tears away." Quick leapt she up,
"He comes! he comes!" She laughed, and clapt her hands.
A light canoe came dancing o'er the lake,
And he within it gave a cry of joy.
She sent an answer back that drew him on.
The swans are scared,—the lilies rippled—now
Her happy face is hidden in his breast,
And words are lost in joy. "My Bertha! let
Me see myself again in those dear orbs.
Have you been lonely, love?" She raised her head,
"You surely will not leave me so again!
I'll grow as pale's the moon, and my praised cheeks
Will be as wet as April's, if you do."
As when the moon hath sleeked the blissful sea,
A light wind wrinkles it and passes off,
So ran a transient trouble o'er his face.
"My Bertha! we must leave this isle to-night.
Thy shining face is blanked! We will return
Ere thrice the day, like a great bird of light,
Flees 'cross the dark, and hides it with his wings."
"Ah, wherefore?" "Listen; I will tell you why.

"I stood afar upon the grassy hills;
I saw the country with its golden slopes,
And woods, and streams, run down to meet the sea.
I saw the basking ocean skinned with light.
I saw the surf upon the distant sands
Silent and white as snow. Above my head
A lark was singing, 'neath a sunny cloud,
Around the playing winds. As I went down
There seemed a special wonder on the shore:
Low murmuring crowds around a temple stood;
There was a wildered music on the air,
Which came and went, yet ever nearer grew,

BERTHA.

When, lo! a train came upward from the sea
With snowy garments, and with reverend steps ;
Full in their front a silver cross they bore,
And this sweet hymn they strewed along the winds.

“ ‘Blest be this sunny morning, sweet and fair !
Blest be the people of this pleasant land !
Ye unseen larks that sing a mile in air,
Ye waving forests, waving green and grand,
Ye waves, that dance upon the flashing strand,
Ye children golden-haired ! we bring, we bring
A gospel hallowing.’
Then one stood forth and spoke against the gods ;
He called them ‘cruel gods,’ and then he said,
‘We have a Father, One who dwells serene,
’Bove thunder and the stars, whose eye is mild,
And ever open as the summer sky ;
Who cares for everything on earth alike,
Who hears the plovers crying in the wind,
The happy linnets singing in the broom,
Whose smile is sunshine.’ When the old man ceased,
Forth from the murmuring crowd there stepped a youth
As bright-haired as a star, and cried aloud,
‘Friends ! I’ve grown up among the wilds, and found
Each outward form is but a window whence
Terror or Beauty looks. Beauty I’ve seen
In the sweet eyes of flowers, along the streams,
And in the cold and crystal wells that sleep .
Far in the murmur of the summer woods ;
Terror in fire and thunder, in the worn
And haggard faces of the winter clouds,
In shuddering winds ; and oft on moonless nights
I’ve heard it in the white and wailing fringe
That runs along the coast from end to end.
The mountains brooded on some wondrous thought
Which they would ne’er reveal. I seemed to stand
Outside of all things ; my desire to know

BERTHA.

Grew wild and eager as a starving wolf.
To gain the secret of the awful world,
I knelt before the gods, and then held up
My heart to them in the pure arms of prayer—
They gave no answer, or had none to give.
Friends! I will test these sour and sullen gods:
If they are weak, 'tis well,—we then may list
Unto the strangers; but if my affront
Draw angry fire, I shall be slain by gods,
And Death may have no secrets. A spear! a steed!
A steed was brought by trembling hands; he sprang
And dashed towards the temple with a cry.
A shudder ran through all the pallid crowds.
I saw him enter, and my sight grew dim,
And on a long-suspended breath I stood,
Till one might count a hundred beats of heart:
Then he rode slowly forth, and, wondrous strange!
Although an awful gleam lay on his face,
His charger's limbs were drenched with terror-sweat.
Amid the anxious silence loud he cried,
'Gods, marvellously meek! why, any child
May pluck them by the beard, spit in their face,
Or smite them on the mouth; they can do nought,
But sit like poor old foolish men, and moan.
I flung my spear!—' Here, as a singing rill
Is in the mighty noise of ocean drowned,
His voice was swallowed in the shout that rose
And touched the heavens, ran along the hills;
Thence came on after-silence, strange and dim.

"A voice rose 'mong the strangers, like a lark,
And warbled out its joy, then died away.
And the old man that spoke before went on,
And, oh! the gentle music of his voice
Stirred through my heart-strings like a wind through reeds.
He said, 'It was God's hand that shaped the world
And laid it in the sunbeams:' and that 'God

BERTHA.

With His great presence fills the universe.
That could we dwell, like Night, among the stars,
Or plunge with whales in the unsounded sea,
He still would be around us with His care.'
And also, 'That, as flowers come back in Spring,
We would live after Death.' I heard no more.
I thought of thee in this delightful isle,
Pure as a prayer, and wished that I had wings
To tell you swiftly, that the death we feared
Was but a grey eve 'tween two shining days ;
That we would love for ever! Then I thought
Our home might be in that transparent star
Which we have often watched from off this verge.
Stand in the dying sunset, large and clear—
The humming world awoke me from my dream.
I saw the old gods tumbled on the grass
Like uncouth stones ; they threw the temple wide,
And Summer, with her bright and happy face,
Looked in upon its gloom, and pensive grew.
The while among the tumult of the crowds,
Divinest hymns the white-robed strangers sang.
I wearied for thee, Bertha! and I came.
Wilt go and hear these strangers?" She turn'd on him
A look of love—a look that richly crowned
A moment heavenly rich, and murmured "Yes."
He kiss'd her proudly, while a giddy tear,
Wild with its happiness, ran down her cheek,
And perished in the dew. They took their seats,
And as the paddles struck, grey-pinioned Time
Flew through the gates of sunset into Night,
And held through stars to gain the coasts of Morn.

Alexander Smith.



MARY.

THE heath this night must be my bed,
The bracken curtain for my head,
My lullaby the warder's tread,
 Far, far from love and thee, Mary.
To-morrow eve, more stilly laid,
My couch may be my bloody plaid,
My vesper song thy wail, sweet maid ;
 It will not waken me, Mary !

MARY.

I may not, dare not, fancy now
The grief that clouds thy lovely brow ;
I dare not think upon thy vow
 And all it promised me, Mary.
No fond regret must Norman know ;
When bursts Clan-Alpine on the foe,
His heart must be like bended bow,
 His foot like arrow free, Mary !

A time will come when feeling fraught
For if I fall in battle fought,
Thy hapless lover's dying thought
 Shall be a thought on thee, Mary ;
And if returned from conquered foes,
How blithely will the evening close,
How sweet the linnet sing repose
 To my young bride and me, Mary !
Sir Walter Scott.

TO EVA.

Oh fair and stately maid, whose eye
Was kindled in the upper sky !
At the same torch that lighted mine,
For so I must interpret still,
Thy sweet dominion o'er my will ;
A sympathy divine.

Ah ! let me blameless gaze upon
Features that seem in heart my own ;
Nor fear those watchful sentinels,
Which charm, the more their glance forbids ;
Chaste glowing underneath their lids,
With fire that draws while it repels.



Thine eyes still shone for me, though far
I lonely roved the land or sea ;
As I behold yon evening star,
Which yet beholds not me.
This morn I climbed the misty hill,
And roamed the pastures through ;
How danced thy form before my path,
Amidst the deep-eyed dew !

R. W. Emerson.

GOOD NIGHT IN THE PORCH.

SISTER! they say that drowning men in one wild moment can recall
Their whole life long, and feel again the pain—the bliss—that throng'd it all:—
Last night those phantoms of the Past again came crowding o'er me fast.

Near morning, when the lamp was low, against the wall they seem'd to flit;
And, as the wavering light would glow or fall, they came and went with it.
The ghost of boyhood seem'd to gaze down the dark verge of vanisht days.

Once more the garden where she walk'd on summer eves to tend her flowers,
Once more the lawn where first we talk'd of future years in twilight hours,
Arose; once more she seem'd to pass before me in the waving grass

To that old terrace; her bright hair about her warm neck all undone,
And waving on the balmy air, with tinges of the dying sun.
Just one star kindling in the west: just one bird singing near its nest.

So lovely, so beloved! Oh, fair as though that sun had never set
Which staid upon her golden hair, in dreams I seem to see her yet!
To see her in that old green place—the same husht, smiling, cruel face!

A little older, love, than you are now; and I was then a boy;
And wild and wayward-hearted too; to her my passion was a toy,
Soon broken! ah, a foolish thing—a butterfly with crumpled wing!

Her hair, too, was like yours—as bright, but with a warmer golden tinge:
Her eyes—a somewhat deeper light, and dream'd below a longer fringe:
And still that strange grave smile she had, stays in my heart and keeps it sad!

There's no one knows it, truest friend, but you: for I have never breathed
To other ears the frozen end of those spring garlands Hope once wreath'd;
And death will come before again I breathe that name untouch'd by pain.



rom little things—a star, a flower—that touch'd us with the self-same thought,
y passion deepened hour by hour, until to that fierce heat 't was wrought,
hich, shrivelling over every nerve, crumbled the outworks of reserve !

told her then, in that wild time, the love I knew she long had seen ;
ie accusing pain that burn'd like crime, yet left me nobler than I had been ;
hat matter with what words I woo'd her ? She said I had misunderstood her.

GOOD NIGHT IN THE PORCH.

And something more—small matter what! of friendship something—sister's love—
She said that I was young—knew not my own heart—as the years would prove—
She wish'd me happy—she conceived an interest in me—and believed

I should grow up to something great—and soon forget her—soon forget
This fancy—and congratulate my life she had released it, yet—
With more such words—a lie! a lie! She broke my heart, and flung it by!

A life's libation lifted up, from her proud lip she dash'd untasted :
There trampled lay love's costly cup, and in the dust the wine was wasted.
She knew I could not pour such wine again at any other shrine.

Then I remember a numb mood : mad murmurings of the words she said ;
A slow shame smouldering through my blood ; that surged and sung within
my head :

And drunken sunlights reeling thro' the leaves : above, the burnisht blue.

Hot on my eyes—a blazing shield : a noise among the waterfalls :
A free crow up the brown corn-field floating at will : faint shepherd-calls :
And reapers reaping in the shocks of gold : and girls with purple frocks :

All which the more confused my brain : and nothing could I realize
But the great fact of my own pain : I saw the fields : I heard the cries :
The crow's shade dwindled up the hill : the world went on : my heart stood still.

I thought I held in my hot hand my life crusht up : I could have tost
The crumpled riddle from me, and laugh'd loud to think what I had lost.
A bitter strength was in my mind : like Samson, when she scorned him blind,

And casting reckless arms about the props of life to hug them down—
A madman with his eyes put out. But all my anger was my own.
I spared the worm upon my walk : I left the white rose on its stalk.

All's over long since. Was it strange that I was mad with grief and shame!
And I would cross the seas, and change my ancient home, my father's name!
In the wild hope, if that might be, to change my own identity!

Owen Meredith.



A LOVE VIGIL.

COME into the garden, Maud,
 For the black bat, night, has flown ;
 Come into the garden, Maud,
 I am here at the gate alone ;
 And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
 And the musk of the roses blown.

For a breeze of morning moves,
 And the planet of love is on high,
 Beginning to faint in the light that she loves
 On a bed of daffodil sky,
 To faint in the light of the sun she loves,
 To faint in his light, and die.

A LOVE VIGIL.

All night have the roses heard
The flute, violin, bassoon ;
All night has the casement jessamine stirr'd
To the dancers dancing in tune ;
Till a silence fell with the waking bird,
And a hush with the setting moon.

I said to the lily, "There is but one
With whom she has heart to be gay.
When will the dancers leave her alone ?
She is weary of dance and play."
Now half to the setting moon are gone,
And half to the rising day ;
Low on the sand and loud on the stone
The last wheel echoes away.

I said to the rose, "The brief night goes
In babble, and revel, and wine ;
O young lord-lover, what sighs are those,
For one that will never be thine ?
But mine, but mine," so I swear to the rose,
"For ever and ever, mine."

And the soul of the rose went into my blood,
As the music clash'd in the hall ;
And long by the garden lake I stood,
For I heard your rivulet fall ;
From the lake to the meadow, and on to the wood,
Our wood, that is dearer than all ;

From the meadow your walks have left so sweet,
That whenever a March-wind sighs,
He sets the jewel-print of your feet
In violets blue as your eyes,
To the woody hollows in which we meet,
And the valleys of Paradise.

A LOVE VIGIL.

The slender acacia would not shake
One long milk-bloom on the tree ;
The white lake-blossom fell into the lake,
As the pimpernel dozed on the lea ;
But the rose was awake all night for your sake,
Knowing your promise to me ;
The lilies and roses were all awake,
They sigh'd for the dawn and thee.

Queen rose of the rosebud-garden of girls,
Come hither, the dances are done,
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
Queen lily and rose in one ;
Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls,
To the flowers, and be their sun.

There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion-flower at the gate ;
She is coming, my dove, my dear ;
She is coming, my life, my fate ;
The red rose cries, " She is near, she is near ; "
And the white rose weeps, " She is late ; "
The larkspur listens, " I hear, I hear ; "
And the lily whispers, " I wait."

She is coming, my own, my sweet ;
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthy bed ;
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead ;
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red.

Alfred Tennyson.

SHE'S GONE TO DWELL IN HEAVEN.

SHE's gone to dwell in heaven, my lassie,
She's gone to dwell in heaven :
Ye're owre pure, quo' the voice o' God,
For dwelling out o' heaven !

O what'll she do in heaven, my lassie ?
O what'll she do in heaven ?
She'll mix her ain thoughts wi' angels' sangs,
An' make them mair meet for heaven.

She was beloved by a', my lassie,
She was beloved by a' ;
But an angel fell in love wi' her,
An' took her frae us a'.

Low there thou lies, my lassie,
Low there thou lies ;
A bonnier form ne'er went to the yird,
Nor frae it will arise !

Fu' soon I'll follow thee, my lassie,
Fu' soon I'll follow thee ;
Thou left me nought to covet ahin',
But took gudeness' sel' wi' thee.

I looked on thy death-cold face, my lassie,
I looked on thy death-cold face ;
Thou seemed a lily new cut i' the bud,
An' fuding in its place.

SHE'S GONE TO DWELL IN HEAVEN.

I looked on thy death-shut eye, my lassie,
I looked on thy death-shut eye ;
An' a lovelier light in the brow of heaven
Fell time shall ne'er destroy.

Thy lips were ruddy and calm, my lassie,
Thy lips were ruddy and calm ;
But gone was the holy breath o' heaven
To sing the evening psalm.

There's naught but dust now mine, lassie,
There's naught but dust now mine ;
My saul's wi' thee i' the cauld grave,
An' why should I stay behin' ?

Allan Cunningham.

A SCENE ON THE RHINE.

THE castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks which bear the vine,
And hills all rich with blossom'd trees,
And fields which promise corn and wine ;
And scatter'd cities crowning these,
Whose far white walls along them shine,
Have strew'd a scene, which I should see
With double joy wert *thou* with me !

A SCENE ON THE RHINE.

And peasant girls, with deep blue eyes,
And hands which offer early flowers,
Walk smiling o'er this paradise ;
Above, the frequent feudal towers
Through green leaves lift their walls of grey,
And many a rock which steeply lours,
And noble arch in proud decay,
Look o'er this vale of vintage-bowers ;
But one thing want these banks of Rhine,—
Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine !

I send the lilies given to me ;
Though long before thy hand they touch
I know that they must wither'd be,
But yet reject them not as such ;
For I have cherish'd them as dear,
Because they yet may meet thine eye,
And guide thy soul to mine even here,
When thou behold'st them drooping nigh,
And know'st them gather'd by the Rhine,
And offer'd from my heart to thine !

The river nobly foams and flows,
The charm of this enchanted ground,
And all its thousand turns disclose
Some fresher beauty varying round ;
The haughtiest breast its wish might bound
Through life to dwell delighted here ;
Nor could on earth a spot be found
To nature and to me so dear,
Could thy dear eyes in following mine
Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine !

Byron.



GILBERT AND AMETHYSTA.

“O SUN! awakener of care,
Withhold thy dawning light;
O Moon! the lover's planet fair,
Prolong the hours of night!”
Thus prays the passion-stricken boy,
Extravagant and fond:
The maid as loving, but more coy,
Would willingly respond,—
“How fast the moments fade away!
Oh, how unwelcome is the day!”

GILBERT AND AMETHYSTA.

But lest her speech might seem too bold,
She leaves the loving thought untold.

At length, upon a flowery bank,
O'ercanopied by leafy arches,
Form'd by the intertwining boughs
Of fragrant chestnut-trees and larches,
They sit ; the nightingale the while
Singing, as if from every feather
In all its frame it pour'd the notes ;
And thus the pair discourse together :

“ Old stories tell that men are fickle,
False and fickle every one,
And that love by guile untainted
Never dwelt beneath the sun.
Great in sorrow, strong in danger,
Must his pure affection prove,
Who would hope to win for ever
Maiden's passion, woman's love.”

“ O Amethysta, best beloved !
Since first thine eyes upon me shone,
My soul has had no other joy
Than love of thee, and thee alone :
No other passion shall it own ;
And be the doubt for ever far !
Thee at my side, whate'er betide,
In vain the envious world shall war ;
I'll love thee still,
Through good, through ill,
My light, my life, my guiding star !”

“ And couldst thou, Gilbert, for my sake
Endure the freezing looks of scorn ?
If slander's tongue should do me wrong,
And pride should call me lowly-born,

GILBERT AND AMETHYSTA.

Wouldst thou, as now, repeat thy vow,
Nor prove for vanity forsworn?"

"Ah, never! Envy may defame,
And men may censure if they will;
Thy virtue shall disprove their blame,
And Gilbert will adore thee still.
No rancorous tongue shall work thee ill;
And pride itself, O maiden mine,
Shall bow to worth so high as thine;
And envy with a sigh confess
Thy least of charms—thy loveliness."

"And couldst thou (oh, forgive the fear—
Fond as a woman's fear should be!)—
Couldst thou endure, not scorn alone,
But scorn and poverty for me?
Couldst thou, for Amethysta's sake,
Renounce the honours, thine by birth,—
The wealth, the titles, and the power,
And all that men most prize on earth;
And dwell in our secluded cot,
By all thy former friends forgot,
And never chide me, or repine
That I consented to be thine?"

"No, Amethysta! poor the heart
That veers as fortune's currents blow;
And mine shall be a nobler part—
My true affection shall not know
Change or decrease, or ever cease
To prize thee best of all below.
Love, like the beacon on the sea
That warns the tempest-beaten bark,
Still shines, if true, like mine for thee,
The brightest when the sky is dark!"

GILBERT AND AMETHYSTA.

Thus as they speak his fingers play
Amid her soft luxuriant tresses,
Their cheeks with mutual blushes burn,
Their tender eyes exchange caresses.
So gentle is the night of May,
So much the lovers have to say,
They never heed the flight of time ;
And it is far towards the hour
When sounds the matin chime,
Ere from their sheltering forest bower,
And bank with early flowers bestrewn,
They rise, and think they rise too soon.
And see the modest eastern sky
Blushing because the morn draws nigh,
And hear the woods and welkin ringing
With the sweet song the lark is singing.

“ Oh, light the touch of Time has been,
And flowers his hand has carried,
Or thus all night in forests green
Our feet would not have tarried.
We have outwatch'd the moon, my love,
And all the stars but one :
There is no need that we should part
For rising of the sun.
The air so full of odours sweet,
The breeze-encircled hill,
The music of the early birds,
And thy sweet looks and sweeter words,
Invite to linger still.”
The maid looked up into his face
With eyes, he thought, that dimm'd the day,
And the reply upon her lips
Melted in happy smiles away.

Charles Mackay.

CAROLINE.

PART I.

I'LL bid the hyacinth to blow,
I'll teach my grotto green to be :
And sing my true love, all below
The holly bower and myrtle tree.

There all his wild-wood sweets to bring,
The sweet South wind shall wander by,
And with the music of his wing
Delight my rustling canopy.

Come to my close and clustering bower.
Thou spirit of a milder clime,
Fresh with the dews of fruit and flower,
Of mountain heath, and moory thyme.

With all thy rural echoes come,
Sweet comrade of the rosy day,
Wafting the wild bee's gentle hum,
Or cuckoo's plaintive roundelay.

Where'er thy morning breath has play'd,
Whatever isles of ocean fann'd,
Come to my blossom-woven shade,
Thou wandering wind of fairy-land.

For sure from some enchanted isle,
Where Heaven and Love their Sabbath hold,
Where pure and happy spirits smile,
Of beauty's fairest, brightest mould :

CAROLINE.

From some green Eden of the deep,
Where Pleasure's sigh alone is heaved,
Where tears of rapture lovers weep,
Endear'd, undoubting, undeceived :

From some sweet paradise afar,
Thy music wanders, distant, lost—
Where Nature lights her leading star,
And love is never, never cross'd.

Oh gentle gale of Eden bowers,
If back thy rosy feet should roam,
To revel with the cloudless Hours
In Nature's more propitious home,

Name to thy loved Elysian groves,
That o'er enchanted spirits twine,
A fairer form than cherub loves,
And let the name be CAROLINE.

PART II.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

Gem of the crimson-colour'd even,
Companion of retiring day,
Why at the closing gates of heaven,
Beloved star, dost thou delay ?

So fair thy pensile beauty burns,
When soft the tear of twilight flows ;
So due thy plighted love returns,
To chambers brighter than the rose :

CAROLINE.

To Peace, to Pleasure, and to Love,
So kind a star thou seem'st to be,
Sure some enamour'd orb above
Descends and burns to meet with thee.

Thine is the breathing, blushing hour,
When all unheavenly passions fly,
Chased by the soul-subduing power
Of Love's delicious witchery.

O! sacred to the fall of day,
Queen of propitious stars, appear,
And early rise, and long delay,
When Caroline herself is here!

Shine on her chosen green resort,
Whose trees the sunward summit crown,
And wanton flowers, that well may court
An angel's feet to tread them down.

Shine on her sweetly-scented road,
Thou star of evening's purple dome,
That lead'st the nightingale abroad,
And guid'st the pilgrim to his home.

Shine where my charmer's sweeter breath
Embalms the soft exhaling dew,
Where dying winds a sigh bequeath
To kiss the cheek of rosy hue;

Where, winnow'd by the gentle air,
Her silken tresses darkly flow,
And fall upon her brow so fair,
Like shadows on the mountain snow.

CAROLINE.

Thus, ever thus, at day's decline,
In converse sweet, to wander far,
O bring with thee my Caroline,
And thou shalt be my ruling star!

Thomas Campbell.

LOVE'S APOLOGY.

I.

HE meets, by heavenly chance express,
The destined maid: some hidden hand
Unveils to him that loveliness
Which others cannot understand.
No songs of love, no summer dreams
Did ere his longing fancy fire
With vision like to this: she seems
In all things better than desire.
His merits in her presence grow,
To match the promise in her eyes;
And round her happy footsteps blow
The authentic airs of Paradise.
For love of her he cannot sleep;
Her beauty haunts him all the night;
It melts his heart, it makes him weep
With wonder, worship, and delight.
O paradox of love! he longs,—
Most humbled when he most aspires,—
To suffer scorn and cruel wrongs
From her he honours and desires.
Her graces make him rich, and ask
No guerdon; this imperial style
Affronts him; he disdains to bask
The pensioner of her priceless smile.



He prays for some hard thing to do,
Some work of fame and labour immense,
To stretch the languid bulk and thew
Of Love's fresh-born magnipotence.
No smallest boon were bought too dear,
Tho' barter'd for his love-sick life ;
Yet trusts he, with undaunted cheer,
To vanquish heaven, and call her wife.
He notes how Queens of sweetness still
Neglect their crowns, and stoop to mate ;
How, self-consign'd with lavish will,
They ask but love proportionate ;
How swift pursuit by small degrees,
Love's tactic, works like miracle ;

LOVE'S APOLOGY.

How valour, clothed in courtesies,
Brings down the haughtiest citadel;
And therefore, though he merits not
To kiss the braid upon her skirt,
His hope, discouraged ne'er a jot,
Outsoars all possible desert:
Resistance only makes him gay;
The fiercer fight, the fairer she;
In vain her distance says him nay;
Hope, desperate grown, feigns certainty.
Ah, whither shall a maiden flee,
When a bold youth so swift pursues,
And siege of tenderest courtesy,
With hope perseverant, still renews?
Ah, wherefore flee? Her simple breast
Thanks him who finds her fair and good;
She loves her fears, veil'd joys arrest
The foolish terrors of her blood;
By secret sweet degrees her heart,
Vanquish'd, takes warmth from his desire;
She makes it more, with bashful art,
And basks at Love's late dreaded fire.
O, might he, when by doubts aggrieved,
Behold his tokens next her breast,
At all his words and sighs, perceived
Against its blithe obtrusion press'd!
But soon his victory he divines:
He tells her what his feelings are;
And, lo! her love, unveiling, shines
As steady as a tropic star.

II.

Most rare is still most noble found,
Most noble, still most incomplete:
Sad law, which leaves King Love uncrown'd
In this obscure terrestrial seat!

LOVE'S APOLOGY.

His heavenly splendour magnifies
The least admixture of Earth's mould,
Cheapens himself in his own eyes,
And makes the foolish mocker bold.
O zealous good, O virtuous glee,
Religious, and without alloy,
O privilege high, which none but he
Who chastely merits can enjoy ;
O Love, thou art that fabled Sun
Which all the world with bounty loads,
Without respect of realms, save one,
And gilds with double lustre Rhodes !
O heathen gross conceit, to blind
The eyes of Love, that subtly see,
And him call captive and confined,
Whom Love makes excellently free !
With bale more sweet than others' bliss,
And bliss more wise than others' bale,
The secrets of the world are his,
And freedom without let or pale.
If Fate his dear ambition mar,
And load his breast with hopeless pain,
And seem to blot out sun and star,
Love, lost or won, is Wisdom's gain :
For, looking backward through his tears,
With vision of maturer scope,
He smiles as one dead joy appears
The platform of some better hope ;
Confessing that the sharpest smart
Which human patience may endure,
Pays light for that which leaves the heart
More generous, dignified, and pure.

Coventry Patmore.

THE EVE OF THE WEDDING.

PART I.

SHE sits upon her little bed,
And muses by the musing moon :
Ere this to-morrow she'll be wed !
Ere this ? Ere this ? How strangely soon !
An obvious blank of ignorance
Lies full across her forward way,
And shadows, cast from unknown chance,
Make strange and dim the coming day.
She must not muse too much ! Vague fear
O'rfilms her apprehensive eye ;
And she may swoon, with no one near,
And haply so, unmarried, die.
Her faithless dread she now discards ;
And now remorseful memory flings
Its glory round the last regards
Of home and old accustom'd things.

Her father's voice, her mother's eyes,
Accuse her treason : all in vain
She thinks herself a wife, and tries
To comprehend the greater gain :
Her unknown fortune nothing cheers
Her loving heart's familiar loss,
And torrents of repentant tears
Their hot and smarting threshold cross.
When first within her bosom Love
Took birth, and beat his blissful wings,

THE EVE OF THE WEDDING.

It seem'd to lift her mind above
All care for other earthly things ;
But, oh ! too lightly did she vow
To leave for aye her happy nest ;
And dreadful is the thought that now
Assaults her weak and shaken breast.
Ah ! should her lover's love abate ;
And should she, miserable, lose
All dear regards of maiden state,
Dissolved by time and marriage dues.
Once more, forebodings vague alloy
Her golden hope with nameless blame :
But dread, she trusts, will turn to joy,
Like sombre smoke to sudden flame.
With instinct of her ignorance,
The simple virgin's veiled guide,
She casts to Love the reins of chance,
Nor recks what henceforth shall betide ;
And, so determined, she collects
Her scatter'd senses, much abused
By fear, that monstrously reflects
God's order'd future all confused.
And now to rest ! At day's first gleam
They'll come to wake her to her pride,
And weary looks would ill beseem
Her lover's decorated Bride.

PART II.

I.

She murmur'd, as I rose to go,
" Oh, Felix, do you love me ? " " Sweet,
Why do you ask ? " " I scarcely know."
" Adieu, then, till at church we meet."

THE EVE OF THE WEDDING.

II.

And was it no vain fantasy
That lifted me from earth with pride?
Should I to-morrow verily
Be Bridegroom, and Honoria Bride?
Was I, in simple truth, henceforth
To live the sole and supreme lord
Of her whose smile for loftiest worth
Were all too bountiful reward?
To live with her I worshipp'd, chain'd
By chains not dissolubly wrought?
Oh, bliss past all belief, it pain'd
And strain'd the narrow house of thought.
Patience and hope had parted truce,
And all my thoughts and feelings were
Like blinding mists driven up profuse
Before the day's resplendent car.
Incredible life's promise seem'd,
Or, credible, for life too great;
Love his own deity blasphemed,
And doff'd at last his heavenly state.
What force, if man were placed so high,
To further insolence set bars,
And kept the chaste moon in the sky,
And bade him not tread out the stars!

III.

Vague discontents awaken'd, fed
By wealth exceeding hope or aim,
And fears, like Salamanders, bred
In Love's so long unfaltering flame:
Ah, what if time should make us twain,
Or course of custom let us run,
With undistinguish'd heart and brain,
Like neighbouring dew-drops into one?

THE EVE OF THE WEDDING.

Or what if love were blind ? Then she,
This maid, who now appear'd most rare,
When time had taught my heart to see,
Might prove less worshipfully fair.
If not, then I, found little worth,
Might drop ridiculously down
From love's heroic height to earth,
And cast my sceptre and my crown.

IV.

In the still dark the stable-clock
Struck, only twice, and, far away,
With answering cheer the crying cock
Rebuked the long, long lingering day.

V.

What, should I thus neglect my pledge
To keep love's stately honour bright,
And, knowing haste is sacrilege
In heaven, at last deny the right ?
I told myself how Jacob paid
The patient price of Rachel, then
What reverent grace Tobias said
To Sarah's innocent "Amen."
'Twas all in vain : true will was storm'd
By lawless hope and lawless fear,
And fire-mists of a world unform'd
Hid from my soul the azure clear.

VI.

But Heav'n, who often grants us nought,
Till, weary, we have ceased to ask,

THE EVE OF THE WEDDING.

Absolved me now from restless thought,
And put aside the cloudy mask :
The self-forgetting heart of love,
That seeks to give, not gain, delight,
Like morning bade the mists remove,
And so once more I breathed aright ;
And I rehearsed my marriage vow,
And swore her welfare to prefer
To all things, and for aye, as now,
To live, not for myself, but her.
Forth, from the glittering spirit's peace
And gaiety ineffable,
Stream'd to the heart delight and ease,
As from an overflowing well ;
And, orderly deriving thence
Its pleasure perfect and allow'd,
Bright as the spirit shone the sense,
As with the sun a fleecy cloud.
If now to part with her could make
Her pleasure greater, sorrow less,
I for my epitaph would take
"To serve seem'd more than to possess."
For well I saw, in vision sweet
Which dazzled with bright dew mine eyes,
That love and joy draw vital heat
From altar-fires of sacrifice.

VII.

The daylight up the sky now crept,
And birds were garrulous in the grove,
And on my marriage morn I slept
A soft sleep, undisturb'd by love.

Coventry Patmore.

THE CUSTOM OF DUNMOW.

"WHAT seek ye here, my children dear?
Why kneel ye down thus lowly
Upon the stones, beneath the porch
Of this our convent holy?"
The Prior old the pair bespoke
In faltering speech, and slowly.

Their modest garb would seem proclaim
The pair of low degree;
But though in cloth of frieze arrayed,
A stately youth was he:
While she, who knelt down by his side,
Was beautiful to see.

"A twelvemonth and a day have fled
Since first we were united;
And from that hour," the young man said,
"No change our hopes has blighted.
Fond faith with fonder faith we've paid,
And love with love requited.

"True to each other have we been;
No dearer object seeing,
Than each has in the other found;
In everything agreeing.
And every look, and word, and deed
That breed dissension fleeing.

THE CUSTOM OF DUNMOW.

" All this we swear, and take in proof
Our Lady of Dunmow !
For she, who sits with saints above,
Well knows that it is so.
Attest our vow, thou reverend man,
And bless us, ere we go !"

The Prior old stretch'd forth his hands :
" Heaven prosper you !" quo' he ;
" O'er such as you, right gladly we
Say ' Benedicite ! ' "
On this, the kneeling pair uprose—
Uprose full joyfully.

Just then pass'd by the convent cook,
And moved the young man's glee ;
On his broad back a mighty Flitch
Of Bacon brown bore he.
So heavy was the load, I wis,
It scarce mote carried be.

" Take ye that Flitch," the Prior cried,
" Take it, fond pair, and go :
Fidelity like yours deserves
The boon I now bestow.
Go, feast your friends, and think upon
The Convent of Dunmow."

" Good Prior," then the youth replied,
" Thy gift to us is dear,
Not for its worth, but that it shows
Thou deem'st our love sincere.
And, in return, broad lands I give—
Broad lands thy Convent near ;
Which shall to thee and thine produce
A thousand marks a year !



“ But this condition I annex,
Or else the grant's forsaken ;

THE CUSTOM OF DUNMOW.

That whensoe'er a pair shall come,
And take the oath we've taken,
They shall from thee and thine receive
A goodly Flich of Bacon.

"And thus from out a simple chance
A usage good shall grow ;
And our example of true love
Be held up evermo' ;
While all who win the prize shall bless
The Custom of Dunmow."

"Who art thou, son?" the Prior cried ;
His tones with wonder falter—
"Thou shouldst not jest with reverend men,
Nor with their feelings palter."
"I jest not, Prior, for know in me
Sir Reginald Fitzwalter.

"I now throw off my humble garb,
As I what I am, confest ;
The wealthiest I of wealthy men,
Since with this treasure blest."
And as he spoke, Fitzwalter clasp'd
His lady to his breast.

"In peasant guise my love I won,
Nor knew she whom she wedded ;
In peasant cot our truth we tried,
And no disunion dreaded.
Twelve months' assurance proves our faith
On firmest base is steadied."

Joy reign'd within those convent walls
When the glad news was known ;
Joy reign'd within Fitzwalter's halls
When there his bride was shown.

THE CUSTOM OF DUNMOW.

No lady in the land such sweet
Simplicity could own ;
A natural grace had she, that all
Art's graces far outshone ;
Beauty and worth for want of birth
Abundantly atone.

What need of more ? That loving pair
Lived long and truly so ;
Nor ever disunited were ;
For one death laid them low !
And hence arose that custom old—
The Custom of Dunmow.

W. H. Ainsworth.

THE MOTHER.

Lo ! at the couch where infant beauty sleeps,
Her silent watch the mournful mother keeps ;
She, while the lovely babe unconscious lies,
Smiles on her slumbering child with pensive eyes,
And weaves a song of melancholy joy—
“Sleep, image of thy father, sleep, my boy :
No lingering hour of sorrow shall be thine ;
No sigh that rends thy father's heart and mine ;
Bright as his manly sire the son shall be
In form and soul ; but ah ! more blest than he !

THE MOTHER.

Thy fame, thy worth, thy filial love, at last,
Shall soothe this aching heart for all the past—
With many a smile my solitude repay,
And chase the world's ungenerous scorn away.

“ And say, when summon'd from the world and thee,
I lay my head beneath the willow-tree,
Wilt thou, sweet mourner! at my stone appear,
And soothe my parted spirit lingering near?
Oh, wilt thou come, at evening hour, to shed
The tears of memory o'er my narrow bed;
With aching temples on thy hand reclined,
Muse on the last farewell I leave behind,
Breathe a deep sigh to winds that murmur low,
And think on all my love, and all my woe?”

So speaks affection, ere the infant eye
Can look regard, or brighten in reply.
But when the cherub lip hath learnt to claim
A mother's ear by that endearing name;
Soon as the playful innocent can prove
A tear of pity, or a smile of love,
Or cots his murmuring task beneath her care,
Or lisps, with holy look, his evening prayer,
Or gazing, mutely pensive, sits to hear
The mournful ballad warbled in his ear;
How fondly looks admiring Hope the while,
At every artless tear, and every smile!
How glows the joyous parent to descry
A guileless bosom, true to sympathy!

Thomas Campbell.



OUR FIRST-BORN.

O HAPPY husband! happy wife!
The rarest blessing Heaven drops down,
The sweetest blossom in Spring's crown,
Starts in the furrows of your life!

God! what a towering height ye win,
Who cry, "Lo, my beloved child!"
And, life on life sublimely piled,
Ye touch the heavens and peep within!

OUR FIRST-BORN.

Look how a star of glory swims
Down aching silences of space,
Flushing the darkness till its face
With beating heart of light o'erbrims !

So brightening came Babe Christabel,
To touch the earth with fresh romance,
And light a mother's countenance
With looking on her miracle.

With hands so flower-like, soft, and fair,
She caught at life, with words as sweet
As first spring violets, and feet
As faery-light as feet of air.

The father, down in Toil's murky mine,
Turns to his wealthy world above,
Its radiance, and its home of love ;
And lights his life like sun-struck wine.

The mother moves with queenlier tread :
Proud swell the globes of ripe delight
Above her heart, so warm and white,
A pillow for the baby-head !

Their natures deepen, well-like, clear,
Till God's eternal stars are seen,
For ever shining and serene,
By eyes anointed Beauty's seer.

A sense of glory all things took,—
The red rose-heart of Dawn would blow,
And Sundown's sumptuous pictures show
Babe-cherubs wearing their babe's look !

OUR FIRST-BORN.

And round their peerless one they clung,
Like bees about a flower's wine-cup ;
New thoughts and feelings blossom'd up,
And hearts for very fulness sung

Of what their budding babe shall grow,
When the maid crimsons into wife,
And crowns the summit of some life,
Like Phosphor, with morn on its brow !

And they should bless her for a bride,
Who, like a splendid saint alit
In some heart's seventh heaven, should sit,
As now in theirs, all glorified !

But O ! 'twas all too white a brow
To flush with passion that doth fire
With Hymen's torch its own death-pyre,—
So pure her heart was beating now !

And thus they built their castles brave
In faery lands of gorgeous cloud ;
They never saw a little white shroud,
Nor guess'd how flowers may mask the grave.

Gerald Massey.

I THINK OF THEE.

I think of thee—I think of thee,
And all that thou hast borne for me ;
In hours of gloom, or heartless glee,
I think of thee—I think of thee !

When fiercest rage the storms of Fate,
And all around is desolate ;
I pour on life's tempestuous sea
The oil of peace—with thoughts of thee !

When Fortune frowns and hopes deceive me,
And summer-friends in sorrow leave me ;
A Timon, from the world I flee—
My wreck of wealth—sweet dreams of thee !

Or if I join the careless crowd,
Where laughter peals and mirth grows loud !
Even in my hours of revelry,
I turn to thee—I turn to thee !

I think of thee—I think and sigh
O'er blighted years, and bliss gone by ;
And mourn the stern, severe decree,
That spared me only thoughts of thee !

In Youth's gay spring, 'mid Pleasure's bowers,
Where all is sunshine, mirth, and flowers,
We met ;—I bent the adoring knee,
And told a tender tale to thee !



'T was summer's eve—the heavens above.
Earth—ocean—air—were full of love :
Nature around kept jubilee
When first I breathed that tale to thee !

The crystal clouds that hung on high
Were blue as thy delicious eye,—
The stirless shore, and sleeping sea,
Seem'd emblems of repose and thee !

I spoke of hope—I spoke of fear ;—
Thy answer was a blush and tear :—
But this was eloquence to me,
And more than I had ask'd of thee !

I THINK OF THEE.

I look'd into thy dewy eye,
And echoed thy half-stifled sigh ;
I clasp'd thy hand—and vow'd to be
The soul of love and truth to thee !

The scene and hour have pass'd—yet still
Remains a deep-impassion'd thrill ;
A sunset glow on memory,
That kindles at each thought of thee !

We loved—how wildly and how well,
'T were worse than idle now to tell :
From love and life alike thou'rt free,
And I am left to think of thee !

Though years—long years have darkly sped,
Since thou wert number'd with the dead.
In fancy oft thy form I see ;
In dreams, at least, I'm still with thee !

Thy beauty, helplessness, and youth ;
Thy hapless fate, untiring truth ;
Are spells that often touch the key
Of sweet, harmonious thoughts of thee !

The bitter frown of friends estranged,
The chilling straits of fortunes changed ;
All this—and more—thou'st borne for me—
Then how can I be false to thee ?

I never will :—I'll think of thee
Till fades the power of memory ;
In weal or woe—in gloom or glee—
I'll think of thee—I'll think of thee !

Alaric A. Watts.

THE FIRST SMILE.

TEARS from the birth the doom must be
Of the sin-born—but wait awhile,
Young mother, and thine eye shall see
The dawning of the first soft smile.

It comes in slumber, gently steals
O'er the fair cheek, as light on dew ;
Some inward joy that smile reveals ;
Sit by, and muse ; such dreams are true.

Closed eyelids, limbs supine, and breath
So still, you scarce can calm the doubt
If life can be so like to death—
'Tis life, but all of earth shut out.

'Tis perfect peace ; yet all the while
O'er marble brow, and dimpled chin
Mantles and glows that radiant smile,
Noting the spirit stirred within.

Oh dim to this the flashing ray,
Though dear as life to mother's heart,
From waking smiles, that later play ;
In these earth claims the larger part.

'Tis childish sport, or frolic mirth,
Or the fond mother's blameless guile,
Or glittering toy,—some gaud of earth,
That stirs him to that merry smile.

THE FIRST SMILE.

Or if in pensive wise it creep,
With gradual light and soberer grace,
Yet shades of earthly sorrow sleep,
Still sleep upon his beauteous face.

But did the smile disclose a dream
Of bliss that had been his before ?
Was it from heaven's deep sea a gleam
Not faded quite on earth's dim shore ?

Or told some Angel from above,
Of glories to be his at last,
The sunset, crowning hours of love—
His labours done—his perils past ?

Or, thought of trial for her breast,
Did the mild spirits whisper then,
“ From the Baptismal Font, O blest,
Thou shalt be ours, dear child, again ?

“ Thou shalt be ours, and heaven be thine,
Thy victory without peril given ;
Sent a brief while on earth to shine,
And then to shine a light in heaven.

‘ And her that folds thee now so warm,
And haply thinks ’t were death to part,
Her shall a holier love inform,
A clearer faith enlarge her heart.”

Blest smile !—so let me live my day,
That when my latest sun shall set,
That smile, reviving once, may play,
And gild my dying features yet :

THE FIRST SMILE.

That smile to cheer the mourners round
With hope of human sins forgiven ;
Token of earthly ties unbound,
Of heart intent on opening heaven.

Lyra Innocentium.

THE FIRST-BORN.

NEVER did music sink into my soul
So "silver-sweet," as when thy first weak wail
On my rapt ear in doubtful murmurs stole,
Thou child of love and promise!—What a tale
Of hopes and fears, of gladness and of gloom,
Hung on that slender filament of sound !
Life's guileless pleasures, and its griefs profound,
Seemed mingling in thy horoscope of doom.
Thy bark is launched, and lifted is thy sail
Upon the weltering billows of the world ;
But oh ! may winds far gentler than have hurled
My struggling vessel on, for thee prevail ;—
Or, if thy voyage must be rough, mayst thou
Soon 'scape the storm and be—as blest as I am now !
Alaric A. Watts.

THE MAYING.

FAIR May unveils her ruddy cheek,
And decks her brow with daisies,
And scatters blossoms as she goes
Through fields and forest mazes.
The fragrant hawthorn, white with bloom,
Fills all the uplands airy :
The grass is dry, the sky is clear—
Let's go a-Maying, Mary !

I dearly love, in days like this,
When birds make music o'er us,
To roam with thee through wildwood paths,
And listen to the chorus ;
To help thee over crags and stiles,
And take thy hand in leaping,
And out and in to see thy face
Through leaves and branches peeping.

Ten years have pass'd since first I saw
Thy fresh and budding beauty ;
And love has ripen'd with the years,
And link'd itself with duty.
In life's young Spring I swore to thee
A truth that should not vary ;
And now, in Summer of my days,
I love thee better, Mary !

Time lays his finger light on thee ;
Thy cheeks are red as peaches ;
Thine eyes are bright as first they glow'd
To hear my youthful speeches.



Thine eldest boy is nine years old,
Thy youngest babe two summers ;
And thou art blooming like a girl,
'Mid all the little comers.

THE MAYING.

Bring all the four into the woods—
We'll set them gathering posies
Of harebells blue and pimpernels,
Instead of garden roses.
Beneath the trees we'll have one day
Of frolicsome employment ;
And birds shall sing and winds shall blow,
To help us to enjoyment.

Leave house affairs to shift awhile—
Leave work, and care, and sorrow ;
We'll be the merrier to-day,
And happier to-morrow.
I would not greatly care for life,
If Fate and Toil contrary,
Could not afford me now and then
A holiday with Mary.

And Fate is kind to those who strive
To make existence pleasant,
With harmless joys and simple tastes,
And kindness ever present.
We'll not complain ; so come away,
And when we want a treasure,
We'll use these May-day memories
To buy forgotten pleasure.

Charles Mackay.



A THOUGHT OVER A CRADLE.

I SADDEN when thou smilest to my smile,
Child of my love ! I tremble to believe
That o'er the mirror of that eye of blue,
The shadow of my heart will always pass ;—

A THOUGHT OVER A CRADLE.

A heart that, from its struggle with the world,
Comes nightly to thy guarded cradle home,
And, careless of the staining dust it brings,
Asks for its idol! Strange, that flowers of earth
Are visited by every air that stirs,
And drink in sweetness only, while the child
That shuts within its breast a bloom for heaven,
May take a blemish from the breath of love,
And bear the blight for ever.

I have wept
With gladness at the gift of this fair child!
My life is bound up in her. But, O God!
Thou know'st how heavily my heart at times
Bears its sweet burthen; and if Thou hast given
To nurture such as mine this spotless flower,
To bring it unpolluted unto Thee,
Take thou its love, I pray Thee! Give it light—
Though, following the sun, it turns from me!—
But, by the chord thus wrung, and by the light
Shining about her, draw me to my child!
And link us close, O God, when near to heaven!

N. P. Willis.

THE LOST LITTLE ONE.

WE miss her footfall on the floor,
Amidst the nursery din,
Her tip-tap at our bedroom door,
Her bright face peeping in.

And when to Heaven's high court above
Ascends our social prayer,
Though there are voices that we love,
One sweet voice is not there.



And dreary seem the hours, and lone,
That drag themselves along,
Now from our board her smile is gone,
And from our hearth her song.

THE LOST LITTLE ONE.

We miss that farewell laugh of hers,
With its light joyous sound,
And the kiss between the balusters,
When good-night time comes round.

And empty is her little bed,
And on her pillow there
Must never rest that cherub head
With its soft silken hair.

But often as we wake and weep,
Our midnight thoughts will roam,
To visit her cold, dreamless sleep,
In her last narrow home.

Then, then it is Faith's tear-dimm'd eyes
See through ethereal space,
Amidst the angel-crowded skies,
That dear, that well-known face.

With beckoning hand she seems to say,
"Though, all her sufferings o'er,
Your little one is borne away
To this celestial shore,

Doubt not she longs to welcome you
To her glad, bright abode,
There happy endless ages through
To live with her and God."

Anonymous.



DIRGE FOR A YOUNG GIRL.

UNDERNEATH the sod low lying,
Dark and drear,
Sleepeth one who left, in dying,
Sorrow here.

Yes! they're ever bending o'er her
Eyes that weep,
Forms that to the cold grave bore her
Vigils keep.

DIRGE FOR A YOUNG GIRL.

When the summer moon is shining,
Soft and fair,
Friends she loved, in tears are twining
Chaplets there.

Rest in peace, thou gentle spirit,
Throned above !
Souls like thine with God inherit
Life and love !

James T. Fields.

“NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE.”

How mournful seems, in broken dreams,
The memory of the day,
When icy Death hath seal'd the breath
Of some dear form of clay.

When pale, unmoved, the face we loved,
The face we thought so fair,
And the hand lies cold, whose fervent hold
Once charm'd away despair.

Oh, what could heal the grief we feel
For hopes that come no more,
Had we ne'er heard the Scripture word,
“Not lost, but gone before.”

“NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE.”

Oh sadly yet with vain regret
The widow'd heart must yearn ;
And mothers weep their babes asleep
In the sunlight's vain return.

The brother's heart shall rue to part
From the one through childhood known ;
And the orphan's tears lament for years
A friend and father gone.

For death and life, with ceaseless strife,
Beat wild on this world's shore,
And all our calm is in that balm,
“Not lost, but gone before.”

Oh ! world wherein nor death, nor sin,
Nor weary warfare dwells ;
Their blessed home we parted from
With sobs and sad farewells.

Where eyes awake, for whose dear sake
Our own with tears grow dim,
And faint accords of dying words
Are changed for heaven's sweet hymn ;

Oh ! there at last, life's trials past,
We'll meet our loved once more,
Whose feet have trod the path to God—
“Not lost, but gone before.”

Hon. Mrs. Norton.

THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

BUT are ye sure the news is true?
And are ye sure he's weel?
Is this a time to think o' wark?—
Ye jades, fling by your wheel!
For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck at a';
There's nae luck about the house,
When our gudeman's awa'.

Is this a time to think o' wark,
When Colin's at the door?
Rax down my cloak—I'll to the quay,
And see him come ashore.

Rise up, and make a clean fireside,
Put on the mickle pot;
Gie little Kate her cotton gown,
And Jock his Sunday coat.

Mak' a' their shoon as black as sloes,
Their stockings white as snaw;
It's a' to pleasure our gudeman—
He likes to see them braw.

There are twa hens into the crib
Hae fed this month or mair;
Mak' haste and thraw their necks about,
That Colin weel may fare.



My Turkey slippers I'll put on,
My stockings pearl-blue—
It's a' to pleasure our gudeman,
For he's baith leal and true.

THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

Sae sweet his voice, sae smooth his tongue,
His breath's like cauler air ;
His very foot has music in't,
As he comes up the stair.

And will I see his face again ?
And will I hear him speak ?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,
In troth I'm like to greet.

There's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck at a' ;
There's nae luck about the house,
When our gudeman's awa'.

William Julius Mickle.

THE HAPPY HUSBAND.

Oft, oft methinks, the while with thee
I breathe, as from the heart, thy dear
And dedicated name, I hear
A promise and a mystery,
A pledge of more than passing life,
Yea, in that very name of wife !

A pulse of love, that ne'er can sleep !
A feeling that upbraids the heart
With happiness beyond desert,
That gladness half requests to weep !
Nor bless I not the keener sense
And unalarming turbulence

THE HAPPY HUSBAND

Of transient joys, that ask no sting
From jealous fears, or coy denying ;
But born beneath love's brooding wing,
And into tenderness soon dying,
Wheel out their giddy moment, then
Resign the soul to love again.

A more precipitated vein
Of notes, that eddy in the flow
Of smoothest song, they come, they go,
And leave their sweeter under-strain
Its own sweet self—a love of thee
That seems, yet cannot greater be !

S. T. Coleridge.

NONE REMEMBER THEE.

NONE remember thee ! thou whose heart
Pour'd love on all around ;
Thy name no anguish can impart—
Tis a forgotten sound.
Thy old companions pass me by
With a cold bright smile, and a vacant eye,
And none remember thee
Save me !

None remember thee ! thou wert not
Beauteous as some things are ;
My glory beam'd upon thy lot,
My pale and quiet star !

NONE REMEMBER THEE.

Like a winter bud that too soon hath burst,
Thy cheek was fading from the first—
And none remember thee
Save me !

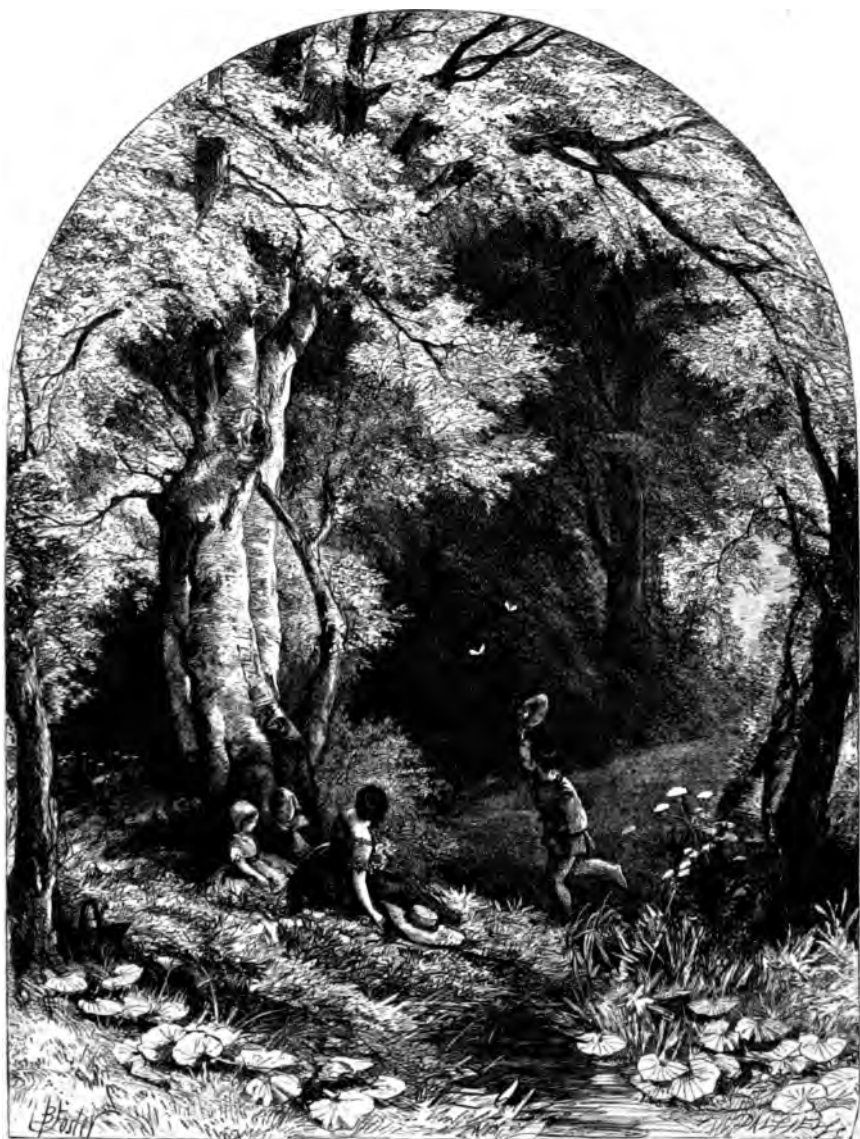
None remember thee ! they could spy
Nought when they gazed on thee,
But thy soul's deep love in thy quiet eye—
It hath pass'd from their memory.
The gifts of genius were not thine,
Proudly before the world to shine—
And none remember thee
Save me !

None remember thee now thou'rt gone !
Or they could not choose but weep,
When they thought of thee, my gentle one,
In thy long and lonely sleep.
Fain would I murmur thy name, and tell
How fondly together we used to dwell—
But none remember thee
Save me !

Hon. Mrs. Norton.

THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

THEY grew in beauty side by side,
They filled one home with glee,
Their graves are severed far and wide,
By mount, and stream, and sea.



The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow,

THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

She had each folded flower in sight—
Where are those dreamers now?

One midst the forests of the West,
By a dark stream, is laid;
The Indian knows his place of rest
Far in the cedar shade.
The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one,
He lies where pearls lie deep,
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are drest
Above the noble slain;
He wrapt his colours round his breast
On a blood-red field of Spain.
And one—o'er her the myrtle showers
Its leaves, by soft winds fanned;
She faded midst Italian flowers,
The last of that bright band.

And, parted thus, they rest—who played
Beneath the same green tree,
Whose voices mingled as they prayed
Around one parent knee!
They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheered with song the hearth,—
Alas for love, if thou wert all,
And nought beyond, oh earth!

Mrs. Hemans.



TO WILLIAM.

It seems but yesterday, my love, thy little heart beat high ;
And I had almost scorn'd the voice that told me thou must die.
I saw thee move with active bound, with spirits wild and free,
And infant grace and beauty gave their glorious charm to thee.

Far on the sunny plains, I saw thy sparkling footsteps fly,
Firm, light, and graceful, as the bird that cleaves the morning sky ;
And often, as the playful breeze waved back thy shining hair,
Thy cheek display'd the red rose tint that health had painted there.

TO WILLIAM.

And then, in all my thoughtfulness, I could not but rejoice,
To hear upon the morning wind the music of thy voice,—
Now echoing in the rapturous laugh, now sad almost to tears ;
'Twas like the sounds I used to hear in old and happier years.

Thanks for that memory to thee, my lovely little boy,—
That memory of my youthful bliss, which Time would fain destroy.
I listen'd, as the mariner suspends the out-bound oar,
To taste the farewell gale that breathes from off his native shore.

So gentle in thy loveliness!—alas! how could it be,
That Death would not forbear to lay his icy hand on thee?
Nor spare thee yet a little while, in childhood's opening bloom?
While many a sad and weary soul was longing for the tomb?

Was mine a happiness too pure for erring man to know?
Or why did Heaven so soon destroy my Paradise below?
Enchanting as the vision was, it sunk away as soon
As when, in quick and cold eclipse, the sun grows dark at noon.

I loved thee, and my heart was bless'd; but, ere that day was spent,
I saw thy light and graceful form in drooping illness bent,
And shudder'd as I cast a look upon thy fainting head ;
The mournful cloud was gathering there, and life was almost fled.

Days pass'd; and soon the seal of death made known that hope was
vain,
I knew the swiftly-wasting lamp would never burn again ;—
The cheek was pale, the snowy lips were gently thrown apart ;
And life, in every passing breath, seemed gushing from the heart.

I knew those marble lips to mine should never more be press'd,
And floods of feeling, undefined, rolled widely o'er my breast :
Low, stifled sounds, and dusky forms, seem'd moving in the gloom,
As if Death's dark array were come to bear thee to the tomb.

TO WILLIAM.

And when I could not keep the tear from gathering in my eye,
Thy little hand press'd gently mine, in token of reply ;
To ask one more exchange of love, thy look was upward cast,
And in that long and burning kiss thy happy spirit pass'd.

I never trusted to have lived to bid farewell to thee,
And almost said, in agony, it ought not so to be ;
I hoped that thou within the grave my weary head shouldst lay,
And live, beloved, when I was gone, for many a happy day.

With trembling hand I vainly tried thy dying eyes to close,
And almost envied, in that hour, thy calm and deep repose ;
For I was left in loneliness, with pain and grief oppress'd,
And thou wast with the sainted, where the weary are at rest.

Yes, I am sad and weary now ; but let me not repine,
Because a spirit, loved so well, is earlier bless'd than mine ;
My faith may darken as it will, I shall not much deplore,
Since thou art where the ills of life can never reach thee more.

Peabody.

THE ANGELS' WHISPER.

A BABY was sleeping, its mother was weeping,
For her husband was far on the wild raging sea ;
And the tempest was swelling, round the fisherman's dwelling,
And she cried, " Dermot darling, oh ! come back to me."

THE ANGELS' WHISPER.

Her beads while she numbered, the baby still slumbered,
And smiled in her face, while she bended her knee.
“Oh! bless'd be that warning, my child, thy sleep adorning,
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee.

“And while they are keeping bright watch o'er thy sleeping,
Oh! pray to them softly, my baby with me;
And say thou wouldst rather they'd watch'd o'er thy father,
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee.”

The dawn of the morning saw Dermot returning,
And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to see,
And closely caressing her child, with a blessing,
Said, “I knew that the angels were whispering with thee.”
Samuel Lover.

THE LITTLE WINTER GRAVE.

Our baby lies under the snow, sweet wife,
Our baby lies under the snow,
Out in the dark with the night,
While the winds so loudly blow.
As a dead saint thou art pale, sweet wife,
And the cross is on thy breast;
Oh, the snow no more can chill
That little dove in its nest!

Shall we shut the baby out, sweet wife,
While the chilling winds do blow?
Oh, the grave is now its bed,
And its coverlid is snow.



Oh, our merry bird is snared, sweet wife,
That a rain of music gave,
And the snow falls on our hearts,
And our hearts are each a grave.

Oh, it was the lamp of our life, sweet wife !
Blown out in a night of gloom ;
A leaf from our flower of love,
Nipped in its fresh spring bloom.
But the lamp will shine above, sweet wife,
And the leaf again shall grow,
Where there are no bitter winds,
And no dreary, dreary snow.

Sheldon Chadwick.

WHEN I COME HOME.

AROUND me Life's hell of fierce ardours burns,
When I come home, when I come home ;
Over me Heaven with her starry heart yearns,
When I come home, when I come home ;
For the feast of God's garnisht ;—the palace of Night
At a thousand star-windows is throbbing with light.
London makes mirth ! but I know God hears
The sobs in the dark and the dropping of tears.
For I feel that He listens, down Night's great dome,
When I come home, when I come home,
Home, home ; when I come home,
Far in the night when I come home.

I walk under Night's triumphal arch,
When I come home, when I come home,
Exulting with life, like a conqueror's march,
When I come home, when I come home.
I pass by the rich-chamber'd mansions that shine,
Overflowing with splendour like goblets with wine.
I have fought, I have vanquisht the dragon of Toil,
And before me my golden Hesperides smile !
And oh ! but Love's flowers make rich the gloam,
When I come home, when I come home.

O the sweet merry mouths upturn'd to be kist,
When I come home, when I come home !
How the younglings yearn from the hungry nest,
When I come home, when I come home !
My weary worn heart into sweetness is stirr'd,
And it dances and sings like a singing bird



On the brahch nighest heaven—a-top of my life ;
As I clasp thee, my winsome, wooing wife !

WHEN I COME HOME.

And thy pale cheek, with rich tender passion doth bloom,
When I come home, when I come home,
Home, home, when I come home,
Far in the night when I come home.

Clouds furl off the shining face of my life,
When I come home, when I come home ;
And leave heaven bare on thy bosom, sweet wife,
When I come home, when I come home.
With her smiling energies—faith, warm and bright—
With love glorified and serenely alight—
With her womanly beauty and queenly calm,
She steals to my heart with her blessing of balm ;
And oh, but the wine of Love sparkles with foam,
When I come home, when I come home !
Home, home, when I come home !
Far in the night when I come home.

Gerald Massey.

THE IRISH WIFE.¹

I WOULD not give my Irish wife
For all the dames of the Saxon land—
I would not give my Irish wife
For the Queen of France's hand ;

¹ In 1376 the statute of Kilkenny forbade the English settlers in Ireland to intermarry with the old Irish, under penalty of outlawry. James, Earl of Desmond, and Almaric, Baron Grace, were the first to violate this law. One married an O'Meagher, the other a M'Cormack. Earl Desmond, who was an accomplished poet, may have made a defence like the following for his marriage.—J. D. M.

THE IRISH WIFE.

For she to me is dearer
Than castles strong, or lands, or life,—
An outlaw—so I'm near her
To love till death, my Irish wife.

Oh, what would be this home of mine?
A ruined, hermit-haunted place,
But for the light that nightly shines
Upon its walls from Kathleen's face;
What comfort in a mine of gold?
What pleasure in a royal life?
If the heart within lay dead and cold—
If I could not wed my Irish wife?

I knew the law forbade the banns—
I knew my king abhor'd her race:—
Who never bent before their clans
Must bow before their ladies' grace.
Take all my forfeited domain—
I cannot wage with kinsmen, strife;
Take knightly gear and noble name,
And I will keep my Irish wife.

My Irish wife has clear blue eyes,
My heaven by day, my stars by night;
And twin-like truth and fondness lie
Within her swelling bosom white.
My Irish wife has golden hair,—
Apollo's harp had once such strings;
Apollo's self might pause to hear
Her bird-like carol when she sings.

I would not give my Irish wife
For all the dames of the Saxon land—
I would not give my Irish wife
For the Queen of France's hand.

THE IRISH WIFE.

For she to me is dearer
Than castles strong, or lands, or life ;
In death I would be near her,
And rise beside my Irish wife.

J. D. McGee.

LINES ON SEEING MY WIFE AND TWO CHILDREN SLEEPING IN
THE SAME CHAMBER.

AND has the earth lost its so spacious round,
The sky its blue circumference above,
That in this little chamber there is found
Both earth and heaven—my universe of Love ?
All that my God can give me or remove,
Here sleeping, save myself, in mimic death,
Sweet that in this small compass I behave
To live their living, and to breathe their breath !
Almost I wish that, with one common sigh,
We might resign all mundane care and strife ;
And seek together that transcendant sky,
Where Father, Mother, Children, Husband, Wife,
Together pant in everlasting life !

Thomas Hood.



THE JOYS OF HOME.

SWEET are the joys of home,
And pure as sweet ; for they,
Like dews of morn and evening, come
To wake and close the day.

The world hath its delights,
And its delusions too ;
But home to calmer bliss invites,
More tranquil and more true.

The mountain flood is strong,
But fearful in its pride ;
While gently rolls the stream, along
The peaceful valley's side.

THE JOYS OF HOME.

Life's charities, like light,
Spread smilingly afar ;
But stars approach'd, become more bright,
And home is life's own star.

The pilgrim's step in vain
Seeks Eden's sacred ground !
But in home's holy joys, again
An Eden may be found.

A glance of heaven to see,
To none on earth is given ;
And yet a happy family
Is but an earlier heaven.

John Bowring.

LADURLAD AND HIS DAUGHTER.

BEBOLD them wandering on their hopeless way,
Unknowing where they stray ;
Yet sure where'er they stop to find no rest.
The evening gale is blowing,
It plays among the trees,
Like plumes upon a warrior's crest,
They see yon cocoas tossing to the breeze ;
Ladurlad views them with impatient mind,—
Impatiently he hears
The gale of evening blowing,
The sound of waters flowing,
As if all sights and sounds combined



To mock his irremediable woe ;
For not for him the blessed waters flow,
For not for him the gales of evening blow ;
A fire is in his heart and brain,
And Nature hath no healing for his pain.

The Moon is up, still pale
Amid the lingering light ;
A cloud ascending in the eastern sky
Sails slowly o'er the vale,
And darkens round and closes in the night.
No hospitable house is nigh ;

LADURLAD AND HIS DAUGHTER.

No traveller's home the wanderers to invite ;
Forlorn, and with long watching over-worn,
The wretched father and the wretched child
Lie down amid the wild.

Before them, full in sight,
A white flag flapping to the winds of night
Marks where the tiger seized a human prey.
Far, far away, with natural dread,
Shunning the perilous spot,
At other times abhorrent had they fled ;
But now they heed it not.
Nothing they care ; the boding death-flag now
In vain for them may gleam and flutter there.
Despair and agony in him
Prevent all other thought ;
And Kailyal hath no heart or sense for aught
Save her dear father's strange and miserable lot.

There in the woodland shade,
Upon the lap of that unhappy maid,
His head Ladurlad laid,
And never word he spake,
Nor heaved he one complaining sigh,
Nor groaned he with his misery ;
But silently, for her dear sake,
Endured the raging pain.
And now the moon was hid on high,
No stars were glimmering in the sky ;
She could not see her father's eye
How red with burning agony.
Perhaps he may be cooler now,
She hoped, and longed to touch his brow
With gentle hand, yet did not dare
To lay the painful pressure there.
Now forward from the tree she bent,
And anxiously her head she leant,

LADURLAD AND HIS DAUGHTER.

And listened to his breath.
Ladurlad's breath was short and quick,—
Yet regular it came,—
And like the slumber of the sick,
In pantings still the same.
Oh, if he sleeps! Her lips unclosed,
Intently listening to the sound,—
That equal sound so like repose.
Still quietly the sufferer lies,
Bearing his torment now with resolute will;
He neither moves, nor groans, nor sighs.
Doth satiate cruelty bestow
This little respite to his woe,
She thought; or are there Gods who look below?

Perchance, thought Kailyal, willingly deceived,
Our Marriataly hath his pain relieved,
And she hath bade the blessed sleep assuage
His agony, despite the Rajah's rage!
That was a hope which fill'd her gushing eyes,
And bade her heart in silent yearnings rise
To bless the power divine, in thankfulness;
And, yielding to that joyful thought her mind,
Backward the maid her aching head reclined
Against the tree, and to her father's breath
In fear she hearken'd, still with earnest ear.
But soon forgetful fits the effort broke,
In starts of recollection then she woke;
Till now benignant Nature overcame
The virgin's weary and exhausted frame;
Nor able more her painful watch to keep,
She closed her heavy lids, and sank to sleep.

Robert Southey.

ADAM AND EVE LEAVING PARADISE.

HER voice ceased, drown'd
In failing utterance, and died away
As the air dies on banks of fainting flowers.
The voice of Adam, as a melody,
Flowing, and deep, and full, above it rose,
Raising and bearing on the expiring chaunt,
Ere failed its latest cadence.

“And all hail!
Ye gloomier regions opening afar,
Dark, waste, and wild, and gleamingly reveal'd
By lightnings, to inhabit you we come;
And we shall bring minds disciplined to mate
With your stern solitudes, till, indurate
By patience, hope, supporting fortitude,
The love that hues the brightest face of things,
And the intuitive faith to recognise
Good in apparent ill, we test our strength;
Power that may sublimate to mightier life,
If God approve us here.

“My Eve! droop not.
Behold, the mighty clouds are gathering round,
And the glad light withheld in their vast hearts,
Their shadows darken o'er us; the winds pass
Wailing, as if they shared our human grief,
Or caught from us despondent tones. Yon firs,
Their wild brows bent above the imminent steep,
Look mystery on us; and the sighing airs
Pass through their moaning boughs, as if they held
Some secret of the coming or the past
They shuddering told.

ADAM AND EVE LEAVING PARADISE.

“We will not, Eve, be driven
From these loved haunts, but willingly depart.
Henceforth our human joys are magnified :
Feeling their worth, our sorrows sweeter shared.”
She heard and was confirm’d, for the deep voice
Of truth from Adam’s heart, as from its throne,
In hers found deeper echo. She upraised
Her head from his large shoulder, gathering up
The cloud of golden hair that floated o’er it
In radiant threads of sunlight. Wistfully,
With a last gaze, she watch’d the wood, the stream,
Wherein heaven saw its face ; the banks whereon
She first awaked ; life’s infinite grief and joy
Rose on her eye renew’d, until the vision
Dimm’d, clouded o’er by thickly-coming tears.

She turn’d away, and felt that turning was
For ever. The flower-coronal she had wove
Lapsed from her fingers : the anemonè,
Emblem of love forsaken, droop’d : the rose
And the neglected myrtle from the ground
Looked with appealing beauty. One pale flower
She gather’d, and press’d silently to her heart—
The asphodel, the ineffaceable type
Of an immortal grief !

Then murmur’d forth
Audible words, or sighs that form’d themselves
In broken accents, as her hand, upraised,
Waved toward that fading land of Paradise :
“Farewell ! loved Eden—God, be thou our guide !”

John Edmund Reade.

CAIN AT THE GRAVE OF ADA.

AND is it here thou liest, Ada! wife,
Sharer of all my earliest hopes and thoughts,
When they were worthy thee, when I was like thee,
Oh, how I loved thee then! yea, now returns
That love, and I am all I should have been.
But thou hear'st not, nor seest, thine ear is closed,
Oppressive earth lies heavy on thy heart :
Oh that thou couldst behold me kneeling here,
Imploring thee to trust me yet again!
What art thou who wert here with me so late?
Thy cherished flowers droop o'er thee, thou art dead,
For they are withered! Ada! thou, mine own,
Thou liest beneath in stony lifelessness!

Open, great mother Earth! thy infinite womb,
Take to his last rest thy abandoned son.
Hide me from day, from God's eye looking in
My naked heart! let me in darkness dwell.
Mysterious and almighty Death! unseen
Thou com'st, thy presence felt but in thy stroke :
The life that breathed, thought, felt, for ever stilled :
The changeful voice, the eyes whose light was ours,
The countenance dwelt on till become as one
Passed flower-like, hidden in the wormy earth,
And we to follow—wonderful is death!

Yet will I see thee, Ada!—from thy grave
I will rend—hold—profane not thou the dead!
Thou didst pollute her living, thy hands stained
With Abel's blood, thou slewest her in spirit,

CAIN AT THE GRAVE OF ADA.

As him in body, ye are now unite,
Ye flew to God upon the wings of faith :
The spirits that He loved he will renew,
Re-opening Eden's gates unforfeited.
Oh that my soul's remorse atonement were
To purify my being !—calm lies on me
I have not felt since boyhood ; yet one more
Embrace, all senseless Earth !—now, to my father.

John Edmund Reade.

IF THOU WERT BY MY SIDE.

If thou wert by side, my love,
How fast would evening fail
In green Bengala's palmy grove,
List'ning the nightingale !

If thou, my love, wert by my side,
My babies at my knee,
How gaily would our pinnace glide
O'er Gunga's mimic sea !

I miss thee at the dawning gray,
When on our deck reclined,
In careless ease my limbs I lay,
And woo the cooler wind.

IF THOU WERT BY MY SIDE.

I miss thee when by Gunga's stream
My twilight steps I guide,
But most beneath the lamp's pale beam,
I miss thee from my side.

I spread my books, my pencil try,
The lingering noon to cheer,
But miss thy kind, approving eye,
Thy meek, attentive ear.

But when of morn or eve the star
Beholds me on my knee,
I feel, though thou art distant far,
Thy prayers ascend for me.

Then on! then on! where duty leads,
My course be onward still;
O'er broad Hindostan's sultry meads,
O'er bleak Almorah's hill.

That course, nor Delhi's kingly gates,
Nor mild Malwah detain;
For sweet the bliss us both awaits
By yonder western main.

Thy towers, Bombay, gleam bright, they say,
Across the dark-blue sea;
But ne'er were hearts so light and gay
As then shall meet in thee!

Reginald Heber.



ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

HITHER come at close of day,
And o'er this dust sweet mothers pray !

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

A little infant lies within
Who never knew the name of sin,
Beloved—bright—and all our own—
Like morning fair—and sooner flown!

No leaves or garlands wither here,
Like those in foreign lands,
No marble hides our dear one's bier,
The work of alien hands,
The months it lived, the name it bore,
The silence telleth—nothing more!

No more, yet Silence stalketh round
This vault so dim and deep,
And Death keeps watch without a sound
Where all lie pale and sleep;
But palest here and latest hid
Is he—beneath this coffin-lid.

How fair he was—how very fair,
What dreams we pondered o'er,
Making his life so long and clear,
His fortunes flowing o'er.
Our hopes (that he would happy be
When we ourselves were old),
The scenes we saw, or hoped to see,
They're soon and sadly told;
All was a dream—It came and fled,
And left us here among the dead!

Pray, Mothers, pray, at close of day,
While we, sad parents, weep alway!
Pray too (and softly be't and long),
That all *your* babes now fair and strong
May blossom like—not like the rose,
For that doth fade when Summer goes—

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

('Twas thus our pretty infant died
The summer's and its mother's pride !)
And like some stern enduring tree,
That reacheth its green century,
May grow, may flourish, then decay
After a long calm happy day,
Made happier by good deeds to men,
And hopes in heaven to meet again.
Pray ! from the happy prayer is due,
While we ('tis all we now can do)
Will check our tears, and pray for you.

Barry Cornwall

TO A DYING INFANT.

SLEEP, little baby, sleep !
Not in thy cradle bed,
Not on thy mother's breast.
Henceforth shall be thy rest.
But with the quiet dead !

Yes ! with the quiet dead,
Baby, thy rest shall be !
Oh ! many a weary wight,
Weary of life and light,
Would fain lie down with thee.

TO A DYING INFANT.

Flee, little tender nursling !
Flee to thy grassy nest ;
There the first flowers shall blow ;
The first pure flake of snow
Shall fall upon thy breast.

Peace ! peace ! the little bosom
Labours with shortening breath :---
Peace ! peace ! that tremulous sigh
Speaks his departure nigh !
Those are the damps of death.

I've seen thee in thy beauty,
A thing all health and glee ;
But never then wert thou
So beautiful as now,
Baby, thou seem'st to me !

Thine upturn'd eyes glazed over,
Like harebells wet with dew ;
Already veiled and hid
By the convulsed lid,
Their pupils, darkly blue.

Thy little mouth half open—
Thy soft lip quivering,
As if like summer-air,
Ruffling the rose-leaves, there,
Thy soul was fluttering.

Mount up, immortal essence !
Young spirit, haste, depart !—
And is this death ?—Dread thing !
If such thy visiting,
How beautiful thou art !

TO A DYING INFANT.

Oh ! I could gaze for ever
Upon thy waxen face ;
So passionless, so pure !
The little shrine was sure,
An angel's dwelling-place.

Thou weapest, childless Mother !
Aye, weep—'twill ease thine heart ;—
He was thy first-born son,
'Thy first, thine only one,
'Tis hard from him to part.

'Tis hard to lay thy darling
Deep in the damp cold earth,
His empty crib to see,
His silent nursery,
Once gladsome with his mirth.

To meet again in slumber,
His small mouth's rosy kiss ;
Then, waken'd with a start,
By thine own throbbing heart,
His twining arms to miss !

To feel (half conscious why)
A dull, heart-sinking weight,
Till memory on the soul
Flashes the painful whole,
That thou art desolate !

And then, to lie and weep,
And think the live-long night
(Feeding thine own distress
With accurate greediness)
Of every past delight ;

TO A DYING INFANT.

Of all his winning ways,
His pretty playful smiles,
His joy at sight of thee,
His tricks, his mimicry,
And all his little wiles !

Oh ! these are recollections
Round mothers' hearts that cling, -
That mingle with the tears
And smiles of after years,
With oft awakening.

But thou wilt then, fond Mother !
In after years look back,
(Time brings such wondrous easing),
With sadness not unpleasing,
E'en on this gloomy track.

Thou'lt say, " My first-born blessing,
It almost broke my heart,
When thou wert forced to go !
And yet for thee, I know,
'Twas better to depart.

" God took thee in his mercy,
A lamb, untask'd, untried :
He fought the fight for thee,
He won the victory,
And thou art sanctified !

" I look around, and see
The evil ways of men ;
And oh ! beloved child !
I'm more than reconciled
To thy departure then.

TO A DYING INFANT.

“ The little arms that clasp’d me,
The innocent lips that press’d—
Would they have been as pure
’Till now, as when of yore
I lull’d thee on my breast ?

“ Now, like a dew-drop shrined
Within a crystal stone,
Thou’rt safe in Heaven, my dove !
Safe with the Source of Love,
The Everlasting One !

“ And when the hour arrives,
From flesh that sets me free,
Thy spirit may await,
The first at Heaven’s gate,
To meet and welcome me !”

Caroline Bowles.

THREE YEARS SHE GREW IN SUN AND SHOWER.

THREE years she grew in sun and shower,
Then Nature said, “ A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown ;
This child I to myself will take,
She shall be mine, and I will make
A lady of my own.

THREE YEARS SHE GREW IN SUN AND SHOWER.

“ Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse, and with me
The girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power
To kindle or restrain.

“ She shall be sportive as the fawn,
That wild with glee across the lawn,
Or up the mountain springs ;
And hers shall be the breathing palm,
And hers the silence and the calm
Of mute, insensate things.

“ The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her—for her the willow bend ;
Nor shall she fail to see
Even in the motions of the storm,
Grace that shall mould the maiden’s form
By silent sympathy.

“ The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her, and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place ;
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound,
Shall pass into her face.

“ And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height ;
Her virgin bosom swell.
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give,
While she and I together live
Here in this happy dell.”



Thus Nature spake—the work was done—
How soon my Lucy's race was run !
She died, and left to me
This heath, this calm and quiet scene,
The memory of what has been,
And never more will be.

Wordsworth.

THE STORY OF DAVID BOOTH.

To David Booth, his fourth and last-born boy.
Allen his name, was more than common joy ;
And as the child grew up, there seem'd in him
A more than common life in every limb ;
A strong and handsome stripling he became,
And the gay spirit answer'd to the frame ;
A lighter, happier lad was never seen,
For ever easy, cheerful, or serene ;
His early love he fix'd upon a fair
And gentle maid ;—they were a handsome pair !

They at an infant-school together play'd,
Where the foundation of their love was laid :
The boyish champion would his choice attend
In every sport, in every fray defend.
As prospects open'd, and as life advanced,
They walk'd together, they together danced ;
On all occasions, from their early years,
They mix'd their joys and sorrows, hopes and fears ;
Each heart was anxious, till it could impart
Its daily feelings to its kindred heart.
As years increased, unnumbered petty wars
Broke out between them ; jealousies and jars ;
Causeless, indeed, and follow'd by a peace,
That gave to love growth, vigour, and increase.
Whilst yet a boy, when other minds are void,
Domestic thoughts young Allen's hours employ'd.
Judith in gaining hearts had no concern ;
Rather intent the matron's part to learn ;
Thus early prudent and sedate they grew,
While lovers, thoughtful—and, though children, true.



To either parents not a day appear'd
When with this love they might have interfered.
Childish at first, they cared not to restrain ;
And strong at last, they saw restriction vain ;
Nor knew they when that passion to reprove,
Now idle fondness, now resistless love.

So while the waters rise, the children tread
On the broad estuary's sandy bed ;

THE STORY OF DAVID BOOTH.

But soon the channel fills ; from side to side
Comes danger, rolling with the deep'ning tide ;
Yet none who saw the rapid current flow
Could the first instant of that danger know.

The lovers waited till the time should come
When they together could possess a home.
In either house were men and maids unwed,
Hopes to be soothed, and tempers to be led.
Then Allen's mother of his favourite maid
Spoke, from the feelings of a mind afraid :
" Dress and amusements were her sole employ,"
She said, " entangling her deluded boy ;"
And yet, in truth, a mother's jealous love
Had much imagined, and could little prove ;
Judith had beauty ; and, if vain, was kind,
Discreet and mild, and had a serious mind.

Dull was their prospect.—When the lovers met,
They said, " We must not, dare not, venture yet."
" Oh ! could I labour for thee," Allen cried,
" Why should our friends be thus dissatisfied ?
On my own arm I could depend, but they
Still urge obedience ;—must I yet obey ?"
Poor Judith felt the grief, but grieving, begg'd delay.

At length a prospect came that seem'd to smile,
And faintly woo them, from a western isle ;
A kinsman there a widow's hand had gain'd,
" Was old, was rich, and childless yet remain'd ;
Would some young Booth to his affairs attend,
And wait awhile ?—he might expect a friend."
The elder brothers, who were not in love,
Fear'd the false seas, unwilling to remove ;
But the young Allen, an enamour'd boy,
Eager an independence to enjoy,
Would through all perils seek it,—by the sea,—
Through labour, danger, pain, or slavery.
The faithful Judith his design approved,
For both were sanguine, they were young, and loved.

THE STORY OF DAVID BOOTH.

The mother's slow consent was then obtain'd ;
The time arrived, to part alone remain'd :
All things prepared, on the expected day
Was seen the vessel anchor'd in the bay.
From her would seamen in the evening come,
To take th' adventurous Allen from his home ;
With his own friends the final day he pass'd,
And every painful hour, except the last.
The grieving father urged the cheerful glass,
To make the moments with less sorrow pass ;
Intent the mother look'd upon her son,
And wish'd th' assent withdrawn, the deed undone ;
The younger sister, as he took his way,
Hung on his coat, and begg'd for more delay :
But his own Judith call'd him to the shore,
Whom he must meet, for they might meet no more ;—
And there he found her—faithful, mournful, true,
Weeping, and waiting for a last adieu !
The ebbing tide had left the sand, and there
Moved with slow steps the melancholy pair :
Sweet were the painful moments—but, how sweet,
And without pain, when they again should meet !
Now either spoke as hope and fear impress'd
Each their alternate triumph in the breast.

Distance alarm'd the maid—she cried, " 'T is far !"
And danger too—" it is a time of war :
Then in those countries are diseases strange,
And women gay, and men are prone to change :
What then may happen in a year, when things
Of vast importance every moment brings !
But hark ! an oar !" she cried, yet none appear'd—
'T was love's mistake, who fancied what it fear'd ;
And she continued—" Do, my Allen, keep
Thy heart from evil, let thy passions sleep ;
Believe it good, nay, glorious, to prevail,
And stand in safety where so many fail ;
And do not, Allen, or for shame, or pride,

THE STORY OF DAVID BOOTH.

Thy faith abjure, or thy profession hide ;
Can I believe *his* love will lasting prove,
Who has no rev'rence for the God I love ?
I know thee well ! how good thou art, and kind :
But strong the passions that invade thy mind—
Now, what to me hath Allen to commend ?”
“ Upon my mother,” said the youth, “ attend ;
Forget her spleen, and, in my place, appear :
Her love to me will make my Judith dear.
Oft I shall think (such comforts lovers seek),
Who speaks of me, and fancy what they speak ;
Then write on all occasions, always dwell
On hope's fair prospects, and be kind and well,
And ever choose the fondest, tenderest style.”
She answer'd “ No,” but answer'd with a smile.

“ And now, my Judith, at so sad a time,
Forgive my fear, and call it not my crime ;
When with our youthful neighbours 't is thy chance
To meet in walks, the visit, or the dance,
When every lad would on my lass attend,
Choose not a smooth designer for a friend :
That fawning Philip ! nay, be not severe,
A rival's hope must cause a lover's fear.”

Displeased she felt, and might in her reply
Have mix'd some anger, but the boat was nigh,
Now truly heard !—it soon was full in sight ;—
Now the sad farewell, and the long good-night ;
For see !—his friends come hast'ning to the beach,
And now the gunwale is within the reach :
“ Adieu !—farewell !—remember !”—and what more
Affection taught, was utter'd from the shore.
But Judith left them with a heavy heart,
Took a last view, and went to weep apart.
And now his friends went slowly from the place,
Where she stood still, the dashing oar to trace,
Till all were silent !—for the youth she pray'd,
And softly then return'd the weeping maid.

THE STORY OF DAVID BOOTH.

They parted, thus by hope and fortune led,
And Judith's hours in pensive pleasure fled ;
But when return'd the youth ?—the youth no more
Return'd exulting to his native shore ;
But forty years were past, and then there came
A worn-out man with wither'd limbs, and lame,
His mind oppress'd with woes, and bent with age his frame ;
Yes ! old and grieved, and trembling with decay,
Was Allen landing in his native bay,
Willing his breathless form should blend with kindred clay.
In an autumnal eve he left the beach,
In such an eve he chanced the port to reach :
He was alone ; he press'd the very place
Of the sad parting, of the last embrace :
There stood his parents, there retired the maid,
So fond, so tender, and so much afraid ;
And on that spot, through many years, his mind
Turn'd mournful back, half sinking, half resign'd.

No one was present ; of its crew bereft,
A single boat was in the billows left ;
Sent from some anchor'd vessel in the bay,
At the returning tide to sail away.
O'er the black stern the moonlight softly play'd,
The loosen'd foresail flapping in the shade ;
All silent else on shore ; but from the town
A drowsy peal of distant bells came down ;
From the tall houses, here and there, a light
Served some confused remembrance to excite :
“There,” he observed, and new emotions felt,
“Was my first home—and yonder Judith dwelt ;
Dead ! dead are all ! I long—I fear to know,”
He said, and walk'd impatient, and yet slow.

Sudden there broke upon his grief a noise
Of merry tumult and of vulgar joys :
Seamen returning to their ships, were come,
With idle numbers straying from their home :
Allen among them mix'd, and in the old

THE STORY OF DAVID BOOTH.

Strove some familiar features to behold ;
While fancy aided memory :—" Man ! what cheer ?"
A sailor cried ; " Art thou at anchor here ?"
Faintly he answer'd, and then tried to trace
Some youthful features in some aged face :
A swarthy matron he beheld, and thought
She might unfold the very truths he sought :
Confused and trembling, he the dame address'd :—
" The Booths ! yet live they ?" pausing and oppress'd ;
Then spake again :—" Is there no ancient man,
David his name ?—assist me, if you can.—
Flemings they were ; and Judith, doth she live ?"
The woman gazed, nor could an answer give ;
Yet, wond'ring, stood, and all were silent by,
Feeling a strange and solemn sympathy.
The woman, musing, said, " She knew full well
Where the old people came at last to dwell.
They had a married daughter, and a son,
But they were dead, and now remain'd not one."
" Yes," said an elder, who had paused, intent
On days long past, " there was a sad event ;—
One of these Booths—it was my mother's tale—
Here left his lass, I know not where to sail :
She saw their parting, and observed the pain ;
But never came th' unhappy man again."
" The ship was captured," Allen meekly said,
" And what became of the forsaken maid ?"
The woman answer'd : " I remember now,
She used to tell the lasses of her vow,
And of her lover's loss, and I have seen
The gayest hearts grow sad where she has been ;
Yet in her grief she married, and was made
Slave to a wretch, whom meekly she obey'd,
And early buried—but I know no more :
And hark ! our friends are hast'ning to the shore."

George Crabbe.



SONG OF THE PEASANT WIFE.

COME, Patrick, clear up the storms on your brow ;
You were kind to me once—will you frown on me now ?—
Shall the storm settle here, when from heaven it departs,
And the cold from without find its way to our hearts ?
No, Patrick, no ! sure the wintriest weather
Is easily borne when we bear it together.

SONG OF THE PEASANT WIFE.

Though the rain's dropping through, from the roof to the floor,
And the wind whistles free where there once was a door,
Can the rain, or the snow, or the storm wash away
All the warm vows we made in our love's early day !
No, Patrick, no ! sure the dark stormy weather
Is easily borne, if we bear it together.

When you stole out to woo me when labour was done,
And the day that was closing to us seemed begun,
Did we care if the sunset was bright on the flowers,
Or if we crept out amid darkness and showers ?
No, Patrick ! we talked, while we braved the wild weather,
Of all we could bear, if we bore it together.

Soon, soon, will these dark dreary days be gone by,
And our hearts be lit up with a beam from the sky !
Oh, let not our spirits, embittered with pain,
Be dead to the sunshine that came to us then !
Heart in heart, hand in hand, let us welcome the weather,
And, sunshine or storm, we will bear it together.

Hon. Mrs. Norton.

THE SHIPWRECK.

'T was twilight, and the sunless day went down
Over the waste of waters, like a veil,
Which, if withdrawn, would but disclose the frown
Of one whose hate is masked but to assail.
Thus to their hopeless eyes the night was shown,
And grimly darkled o'er the faces pale,
And the dim desolate deep ; twelve days had Fear
Been their familiar, and now Death was here.



Some trial had been making at a raft,
With little hope in such a rolling sea,

THE SHIPWRECK.

A sort of thing at which one would have laugh'd,
If any laughter at such times could be,
Unless with people who too much have quaff'd,
And have a kind of wild and horrid glee,
Half epileptical, and half hysterical :—
Their preservation would have been a miracle.

At half-past eight o'clock, booms, hencoops, spars,
And all things, for a chance, had been cast loose,
'That still could keep afloat the struggling tars,
For yet they strove, although of no great use :
There was no light in heaven but a few stars,
The boats put off o'ercrowded with their crews ;
She gave a heel, and then a lurch to port,
And, going down head foremost—sunk, in short.

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell—
Then shriek'd the timid, and stood still the brave,—
Then some leap'd overboard with dreadful yell,
As eager to anticipate their grave ;
And the sea yawn'd round her like a hell,
And down she suck'd with her the whirling wave,
Like one who grapples with his enemy,
And strives to strangle him before he die.

And first one universal shriek there rush'd,
Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash
Of echoing thunder ; and then all was hush'd,
Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash
Of billows ; but at intervals there gush'd,
Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

* * * * *

There were two fathers in this ghastly crew,
And with them their two sons, of whom the one

THE SHIPWRECK.

Was more robust and hardy to the view,
But he died early ; and when he was gone,
His nearest messmate told his sire, who threw
One glance at him, and said, " Heaven's will be done ;
I can do nothing," and he saw him thrown
Into the deep without a tear or groan.

The other father had a weaklier child,
Of a soft cheek, and aspect delicate ;
But the boy bore up long, and with a mild
And patient spirit held aloof his fate ;
Little he said, and now and then he smiled,
As if to win a part from off the weight
He saw increasing on his father's heart,
With the deep deadly thought, that they must part.

And o'er him bent his sire, and never raised
His eyes from off his face, but wiped the foam
From his pale lips, and ever on him gazed ;
And when the wish'd-for shower at length was come,
And the boy's eyes, which the dull film half glazed,
Brighten'd, and for a moment seem'd to roam,
He squeezed from out a rag some drops of rain
Into his dying child's mouth—but in vain.

The boy expired—the father held the clay,
And look'd upon it long ; and when at last
Death left no doubt, and the dead burthen lay
Stiff on his heart, and pulse and hope were past,
He watch'd it wistfully, until away
'T was borne by the rude wave wherein 't was cast ;
Then he himself sunk down, all dumb and shivering,
And gave no sign of life, save his limbs quivering.

Now overhead a rainbow, bursting through
The scattering clouds, shone, spanning the dark sea,

THE SHIPWRECK.

Resting its bright base on the quivering blue ;
And all within its arch appear'd to be
Clearer than that without, and its wide hue
Wax'd broad and waving, like a banner free,
Then changed like to a bow that's bent, and then
Forsook the dim eyes of these shipwreck'd men.

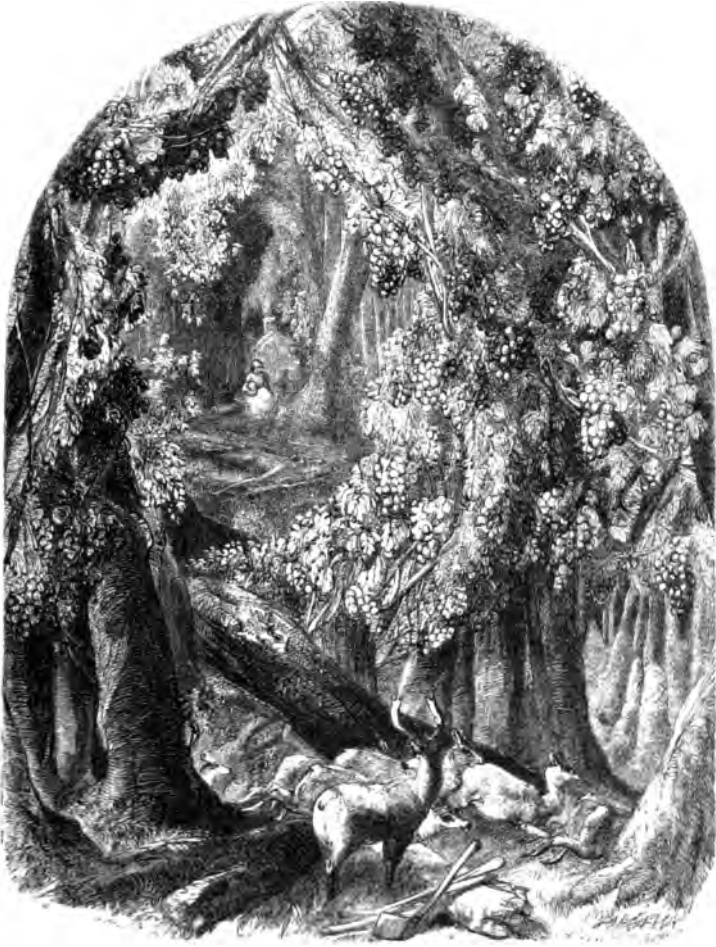
It changed, of course ; a heavenly chameleou,
The airy child of vapour and the sun,
Brought forth in purple, cradled in vermilion,
Baptized in molten gold, and swathed in dun,
Glittering like crescents o'er a Turk's pavilion,
And blending every colour into one.

* * * * *

As morning broke, the light wind died away ;
When he who had the watch sung out and swore,
If 'twas not land that rose with the sun's ray,
He wish'd that land he never might see more :
And the rest rubb'd their eyes, and saw a bay,
Or thought they saw, and shaped their course for shore ;
For shore it was, and gradually grew
Distinct, and high, and palpable to view.

And then of these some part burst into tears,
And others, looking with a stupid stare,
Could not yet separate their hopes from fears,
And seem'd as if they had no further care ;
While a few pray'd—(the first time for some years)—
And at the bottom of the boat three were
Asleep : they shook them by the hand and head,
And tried to awaken them, but found them dead.

Byron.



VIRGINIA DARE.

'T WAS lovely in the deep greenwood
Of old Virginia's glade,
Ere the sharp axe amid its boughs
A fearful chasm had made ;
Long spikes of rich catalpa flowers
Hung pendent from the tree,

VIRGINIA DARE.

And the magnolia's ample cup
O'erflowed with fragrance free :

And through the shades the antlered deer
Like fairy visions flew,
And mighty vines from tree to tree
Their wealth of clusters threw ;
While winged odours from the hills
Reviving welcome bore,
To greet the stranger bands that came
From Albion's distant shore.

Up rose their roofs in copse and dell,
Outpealed the labourer's horn,
And graceful through the broken mould
Peered forth their tasseled corn ;
While from one rose-encircled bower,
Hid in the nested grove,
Came, blending with the robin's lay,
The lullaby of love.

There sang a mother to her babe—
A mother young and fair—
“ No flower like thee adorns the vale,
O sweet Virginia Dare !
Thou art the lily of our love,
The forest's sylph-like queen,
The first-born bud from Saxon stem
That this New World hath seen !

“ Thy father's axe in thicket rings,
To fell the kingly tree ;
Thy grandsire sails o'er ocean-brine—
A gallant man is he !
And when once more, from England's realm,
He comes with bounty rare,
A thousand gifts to thee he'll bring,
Mine own Virginia Dare !”

VIRGINIA DARE.

As sweet that mother's loving tones
Their warbled music shed ;
As though in proud baronial hall,
O'er silken cradle-bed,
No more the pomps and gauds of life
Maintained their strong control,
For holy love's new gift had shed
Fresh greenness o'er her soul.

And when the husband from his toil
Returned at closing day,
How dear to him the lowly home
Where all his treasures lay.
" O Ellinor ! 't is nought to me,
The hardship or the storm,
While thus thy blessed smile I see,
And clasp our infant's form."

No secret sigh o'er pleasures lost
Convulsed their tranquil breast,
For where the pure affections dwell
The heart hath perfect rest.
So fled the Summer's balmy prime,
The Autumn's golden wing,
And Winter laid his hoary head
Upon the lap of Spring.

Yet oft, with wily, wary step,
The red-browed Indian crept
Close round his pale-faced neighbour's home,
And listened while they slept ;
But fierce Wingina, lofty chief,
Aloof, their movements eyed,
Nor courteous bowed his plumed head,
Nor checked his haughty stride.

VIRGINIA DARE.

John White leaped from his vessel's prow,
He had braved the boisterous sea,
And boldly rode the mountain-wave—
A stalwart man was he.
John White leaped from his vessel's prow,
And joy was in his eye ;
For his daughter's smile had lured him on
Amid the stormiest sky.

Where were the roofs that flecked the green ?
The smoke-wreaths curling high ?
He calls—he shouts—the cherished names,
But Echo makes reply.
“ Where art thou, Ellinor ! my child !
And sweet Virginia Dare !
O, silver cloud, that cleaves the blue
Like angel's wing—say where ?

“ Where is the glorious Saxon vine
We set so strong and fair ? ”
The stern grey rocks in mockery smiled,
And coldly answered, “ Where ! ”
“ Ho ! flitting savage ! stay thy step,
And tell ”—but, light as air,
He vanished, and the falling stream,
Responsive, murmured—“ Where ! ”

So, o'er the ruined palisade,
The blackened threshold-stone,
The funeral of colonial hope,
That old man wept—alone !
And mournful rose his wild lament,
In accents of despair,
For the lost daughter of his love.
And young Virginia Dare. *Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.*

THE POET'S SONG TO HIS WIFE.

How many summers, love,
Have I been thine ?
How many days, thou dove,
Hast thou been mine ?
'Time, like the winged wind,
When 't bends the flowers,
Hath left no mark behind,
To count the hours !

Some weight of thought, though loth,
On thee he leaves ;
Some lines of care round both
Perhaps he weaves ;
Some fears—a soft regret
For joys scarce known—
Sweet looks we half forget ;—
All else is flown !

Ah, with what thankless heart
I mourn and sing !
Look, where our children start,
Like sudden spring !
With tongues all sweet and low,
Like a pleasant rhyme,
They tell how much I owe
To thee and Time.

Barry Cornwall.

A PARENT'S PRAYER.

SEND down thy winged Angel, God!
Amidst this night so wild,
And bid him come where now we watch,
And breathe upon our child.

She lies upon her pillow, pale,
And moans within her sleep,
Or wakeneth with a patient smile,
And striveth *not* to weep!

How gentle and how good a child
She is, we know too well,
And dearer to her parents' hearts
Than our weak words can tell.

We love—we watch throughout the night,
To aid, when need may be ;
We hope—and have despair'd at times,
But *now* we turn to Thee.

Send down thy sweet-soul'd Angel, God!
Amidst the darkness wild,
And bid him soothe our souls to-night,
And heal our gentle child!

Barry Cornwall.



THE TWO ANGELS.

Two angels, one of Life and one of Death,
Pass'd o'er the village as the morning broke ;

THE TWO ANGELS.

The dawn was on their faces, and beneath,
The sombre houses hearsed with plumes of smoke.

Their attitude and aspect were the same,
Alike their features and their robes of white ;
But one was crown'd with amaranth, as with flame,
And one with asphodels, like flakes of light.

I saw them pause on their celestial way ;
Then said I, with deep fear and doubt oppress'd :
“ But not so loud, my heart, lest thou betray
The place where thy beloved are at rest ! ”

And he who wore the crown of asphodels,
Descending, at my door began to knock,
And my soul sank within me, as in wells
The waters sink before an earthquake's shock.

I recognised the nameless agony,
The terror, and the tremor, and the pain,
That oft before had fill'd and haunted me,
And now return'd with threefold strength again.

The door I open'd to my heavenly guest,
And listen'd, for I thought I heard God's voice ;
And, knowing whatsoe'er He sent was best,
Dared neither to lament nor to rejoice.

Then with a smile, that fill'd the house with light,
“ My errand is not Death, but Life,” he said ;
And ere I answer'd, passing out of sight,
On his celestial embassy he sped.

'Twas at thy door, O friend ! and not at mine,
The angel with the amaranthine wreath
Pausing descended, and with voice divine,
Whisper'd a word that had a sound like Death.

THE TWO ANGELS.

Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom,
A shadow on those features fair and thin ;
And softly, from that hush'd and darken'd room,
Two angels issued, where but one went in.

All is of God ! if He but wave his hand
The mists collect, the rain falls thick and loud,
Till with a smile of light on sea and land,
Lo ! He looks back from the departing cloud.

Angels of Life and Death alike are His ;
Without His leave they pass no threshold o'er ;
Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,
Against His messengers to shut the door ?

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

A MOTHER TO HER NEW-BORN CHILD.

SWEET cry ! as sacred as the blessed Hymn
Sung at Christ's birth by joyful Seraphim !
Exhausted nigh to death by that dread pain,
That voice salutes me to dear life again.
Ah, God ! my child ! my first, my living child !
I have been dreaming of a thing like thee
Ere since, a babe, upon the mountains wild
I nursed my mimic babe upon my knee.
In girlhood I had visions of thee ; love
Came to my riper youth, and still I clove

A MOTHER TO HER NEW-BORN CHILD.

Unto thine image, born within my brain
So like! as even there thy germ had lain!
My blood! my voice! my thought! my dream achieved!
Oh, till this double life, I have not lived!

Thomas Wade.

WHEN LAST WE PARTED.

WHEN last we parted, thou wert young and fair,
How beautiful, let fond remembrance say!
Alas! since then old Time has stolen away
Full thirty years, leaving my temples bare:
So hath it perished like a thing of air
That dream of love and youth. My locks are grey,
Yet still remembering Hope's enchanting lay,
Though Time has changed my look and blanch'd my hair.
Though I remember one dark hour with pain,
And never thought as long as I might live,
Parted for years, to hear that voice again,
I can a sad but cordial greeting give,
And for thy welfare breathe as warm a prayer,
Lady! as when I loved thee young and fair.

William Lisle Bowles.



THE LIGHT OF HOME.

My boy, thou wilt dream the world is fair,
And thy spirit will sigh to roam,
And thou must go, but never when there
Forget the light of Home.

Though pleasure may smile with a ray more bright,
It dazzles to lead astray ;
Like the meteor's flash 't will deepen the night,
When thou treadest the lonely way.

THE LIGHT OF HOME.

But the hearth of Home has a constant flame,
And pure as vestal fire ;
'T will burn, 't will burn for ever the same,
For nature feeds the pyre.

The sea of ambition is tempest-tost,
And thy hopes may vanish like foam ;
But when sails are shivered, and rudder lost,
Then look to the light of Home :—

And then like a star through the midnight cloud,
Thou shalt see the beacon bright,
For never, till shining on thy shroud,
Can be quenched its holy light.

The sun of fame ?—'t will gild the name,
But the heart ne'er felt its ray ;
And fashion's smiles that rich ones claim,
Are but beams of a wintry day.

And how cold and dim these beams must be,
Should life's wretched wanderer come !
But my boy, when the world is dark to thee,
Then turn to the light of Home.

Sarah Hale.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

HAST thou sounded the depths of yonder sea,
And counted the sands that under it be ?
Hast thou measured the height of heaven above ?
Then mayst thou mete out a mother's love.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

Hast thou talk'd with the bless'd of leading on
To the throne of God some wandering son?
Hast thou witness'd the angels' bright employ?
Then mayst thou speak of a mother's joy.

Evening and Morn hast thou watch'd the bee
Go forth on her errand of industry?
The bee for himself hath gather'd and toil'd,
But the mother's cares are all for her child.

Hast thou gone with the traveller Thought afar—
From pole to pole, and from star to star?
Thou hast—but on ocean, earth, and sea,
The heart of a mother has gone with thee.

There is not a grand, inspiring thought,
There is not a truth by wisdom taught,
There is not a feeling pure and high,
That may not be read in a mother's eye.

And ever, since Earth began, that look
Has been to the wise an open book,
To win them back from the lore they prize
To the holier love that edifies.

There are teachings in earth, and sea, and air;
The heavens' the glory of God declare;
But louder than voice beneath or above,
He is heard to speak through a mother's love.

Emily Taylor.

THE CHANGELING.

I HAD a little daughter,
And she was given to me,
To lead me gently backward
To the heavenly Father's knee,
That I, by the force of nature,
Might in some dim wise divine
The depth of His infinite patience
To this wayward soul of mine.

I know not how others saw her,
But to me she was wholly fair,
And the light of the Heaven she came from
Still linger'd and gleam'd in her hair ;
For it was as wavy and golden,
And as many changes took,
As the shadows of sun-gilt ripples
On the yellow bed of a brook.

To what can I liken her smiling
Upon me, her kneeling lover ?
How it leap'd from her lips to her eyelids,
And dimpled her wholly over,
Till her outstretch'd hands smiled also,
And I almost seem'd to see
The very heart of her mother
Sending sun through her veins to me !

She had been with us scarce a twelvemonth,
And it hardly seem'd a day,
When a troop of wandering angels
Stole my little daughter away ;

THE CHANGELING.

Or perhaps those heavenly Zincali
But loosed the hampering strings ;
And when they had open'd her cage-door,
My little bird used her wings.

But they left in her stead a changeling,
A little angel child,
That seems like her bud in full blossom,
And smiles as she never smiled ;
When I wake in the morning, I see it
Where she always used to lie,
And I feel as weak as a violet
Alone 'neath the awful sky :

As weak, yet as trustful also ;
For the whole year long I see
All the wonders of faithful Nature
Still work'd for the love of me ;
Winds wander, and dews drip earthward,
Rain falls, suns rise and set,
Earth whirls, and all but to prosper
A poor little violet.

This child is not mine as the first was—
I cannot sing it to rest,
I cannot lift it up fatherly
And bless it upon my breast ;
Yet it lies in my little one's cradle,
And sits in my little one's chair,
And the light of the heaven she's gone to
Transfigures its golden hair.

J. R. Lowell.

FAMILIAR LOVE.

WE read together, reading the same book,
Our heads bent forward in a half embrace,
So that each shade that either spirit took
Was straight reflected in the other's face :
We read, not silent, nor aloud, but each
Followed the eye that passed the page along,
With a low murmuring sound, that was not speech,
Yet with so much monotony,
In its half slumbering harmony,
You might not call it song ;
More like a bee, that in the noon rejoices,
Than any customed mood of human voices.
Then if some wayward or disputed sense
Made cease awhile that music, and brought on
A strife of gracious-worded difference,
Too light to hurt our souls' dear unison,
We had experience of a blissful state,
In which our powers of thought stood separate,
Each, in its own high freedom, set apart,
But both close folded in one loving heart ;
So that we seem'd, without conceit, to be
Both one and two in our identity.

We pray'd together, praying the same prayer,
But each that pray'd did seem to be alone,
And saw the other in a golden air
Poised far away, beneath a vacant throne,
Beckoning the kneeler to arise and sit
Within the glory which encompassed it :
And when obeyed, the vision stood beside,
And led the way through the' upper hyaline,



Smiling in beauty tenfold glorified,
Which, while on earth, had seem'd enough divine,

FAMILIAR LOVE.

The beauty of the Spirit-Bride,
Who guided the rapt Florentine.
The depth of human reason must become
As deep as is the holy human heart,
Ere aught in written phrases can impart
The might and meaning of that ecstasy
To those low souls, who hold the mystery
Of the unseen universe for dark and dumb.

But we were mortal still, and when again
We raised our bended knees, I do not say
That our descending spirits felt no pain
To meet the dimness of an earthly day ;
Yet not as those disheartened, and the more
Debased, the higher that they rose before,
But, from the exaltation of that hour,
Out of God's choicest treasury, bringing down
New virtue to sustain all ill,—new power
To braid life's thorns into a regal crown,—
We pass'd into the outer world, to prove
The strength miraculous of united Love.

Richard Monckton Milnes.

A WIFE'S APPEAL TO HER HUSBAND.

You took me, Henry, when a girl, into your home and heart,
To bear in all your after-fate a fond and faithful part ;
And tell me, have I ever tried that duty to forego,
Or pined there was not joy for me when you were sunk in woe ?

A WIFE'S APPEAL TO HER HUSBAND.

No, I would rather share your grief than other people's glee ;
For though you're nothing to the world, you're all the world to me.
You make a palace of my shed, this rough-hewn bench a throne ;
There's sunlight for me in your smile, and music in your tone.

I look upon you when you sleep—my eyes with tears grow dim ;
I cry, "O ! Parent of the poor, look down from heaven on him !
Behold him toil, from day to day, exhausting strength and soul ;
Look down in mercy on him, Lord, for Thou canst make him whole !"

And when, at last, relieving sleep has on my eyelids smiled,
How oft are they forbid to close in slumber by my child !
I take the little murmurer that spoils my span of rest,
And feel it is a part of thee I hold upon my breast.

There's only one return I crave—I may not need it long—
And it may soothe thee when I'm where the wretched feel no wrong.
I ask not for a kinder tone, for thou wert ever kind ;
I ask not for less frugal fare—my fare I do not mind.

I ask not for more gay attire—if such as I have got
Suffice to make me fair to thee, for more I murmur not ;
But I would ask some share of hours that you in toil bestow ;
Of knowledge that you prize so much, may I not something know ?

Subtract from meetings amongst men each eve an hour for me ;
Make me companion for your soul, as I may surely be ;
If you will read, I'll sit and work ; then think, when you're away,
Less tedious I shall find the time, dear Henry, of your stay.

A meet companion soon I'll be for e'en your studious hours,
And teacher of those little ones you call your cottage-flowers :
And if we be not rich and great, we may be wise and kind ;
And as my heart can warm your heart, so may my mind your mind.

Anonymous.

THE DYING MOTHER TO HER INFANT.

My baby! my poor little one: thou'rt come a winter flower,—
A pale and tender blossom, in a cold, unkindly hour:
Thou comest with the snowdrop, and, like that pretty thing,
The Power that call'd my bud to life will shield its blossoming.

The snowdrop hath no guardian leaves to fold her safe and warm,
Yet well she bides the bitter blast, and weathers out the storm;
I shall not long enfold thee thus—not long—but well I know,
The Everlasting Arms, my babe, will never let thee go.

The snowdrop—how it haunts me still!—hangs down her fair young
head;
So thine may droop in days to come, when I have long been dead;
And yet the little snowdrop's safe! from her instruction seek,
For who would crush the motherless, the lowly and the meek?

Yet motherless thou'lt not be long—not long in name, my life!
Thy father soon will bring him home another, fairer wife:
Be loving, dutiful to her—find favour in her sight—
But never, O my child, forget thine own poor mother quite.

But who will speak to thee of her? the gravestone at her head
Will only tell the name, and age, and lineage of the dead!
But not a word of all the love—the mighty love for thee—
That crowded years into an hour of brief maternity.

They'll put my picture from its place, to fix another there—
That picture that was thought so like, and yet so passing fair;
Some chamber in thy father's house, they'll let thee call thine own—
O! take it there, to look upon when thou art all alone!

THE DYING MOTHER TO HER INFANT.

To breathe thine early griefs unto, if such assail my child—
To turn to, from less loving looks, from faces not so mild :
Alas ! unconscious little one ! thou'lt never know that best,
That holiest home of all the earth, a living mother's breast.

I do repent me now too late, of each impatient thought,
That would not let me tarry out God's leisure as I ought ;
I've been too hasty, peevish, proud—I long'd to go away—
And, now I'd fain live on for thee, God will not let me stay.

Thou'lt have thy father's eyes, my child—oh ! once how kind they
were !
His long black lashes, his own smile, and just such raven hair :
But here's a mark—poor innocent—he'll love thee for 't the less,
Like that upon thy mother's cheek his lips were wont to press.

And yet, perhaps, I do him wrong—perhaps, when all's forgot
But our young loves, in memory's mind—he'll kiss this very spot ;
Oh, then, my dearest ! clasp thine arms about his neck full fast,
And whisper that I bless'd him now, and loved him to the last.

I've heard that little infants converse by smile and sign
With the guardian band of angels that round about them shine,
Unseen by grosser senses—Beloved one ! dost thou
Smile so upon thy heavenly friends, and commune with them now ?

Oh ! when I think of what I was, and what I might have been—
A bride last year—and now to die ; and I am scarce nineteen—
And just, just opening in my heart a fount of love so new,
So deep ! could that have run to waste ? could that have fail'd me too ?

The bliss it would have been to see my daughter at my side,
My prime of life scarce overblown, and hers in all its pride ;
To deck her with my finest things—with all I've rich and rare—
To hear it said, "How beautiful ! and good as she is fair !"

THE DYING MOTHER TO HER INFANT.

And then to place the marriage crown upon that bright young brow;
Oh no! not that—'tis full of thorns: alas! I'm wandering now:
This weak, weak head! this foolish heart! they'll cheat me to the
last—

I've been a dreamer all my life, and now that life is past.

And hast thou not one look for me? those little restless eyes
Are wandering, wandering everywhere, the while thy mother dies:
And yet, perhaps, thou'rt seeking me—expecting me, mine own!
Come, Death, and make me to my child at least in spirit known.

Caroline Bowles.

SONG.

THE stars are with the voyager,
Wherever he may sail;
The moon is constant to her time,
The sun will never fail,
But follow, follow round the world,
The green earth and the sea;
So love is with the lover's heart,
Wherever he may be.

Wherever he may be, the stars
Must daily lose their light,
The moon will veil her in the shade,
The sun will set at night;
The sun may set, but constant love
Will shine when he's away;
So that dull night is never night,
And day is brighter day.

Thomas Hood.



THE MOTHER.

A SOFTENING thought of other years,
A feeling link'd to hours
When Life was all too bright for tears,—
And Hope sang, wreath'd with flowers!
A memory of affections fled—
Of voices—heard no more!—
Stirred in my spirit when I read
That name of fondness o'er!

THE MOTHER.

Oh Mother!—in that early word
What loves and joys combine ;
What hopes—too oft, alas!—deferr'd ;
What vigils—griefs—are thine!—
Yet, never, till the hour we roam,
By worldly thralls opprest,
Learn we to prize that truest home—
A watchful mother's breast!

The thousand prayers at midnight pour'd,
Beside our couch of woes ;
The wasting weariness endured
To soften our repose!—
Whilst never murmur mark'd thy tongue—
Nor toils relax'd thy care :—
How, Mother, is thy heart so strong
To pity and forbear?

What filial fondness e'er repaid,
Or could repay, the past?—
Alas! for gratitude decay'd!
Regrets—that rarely last!—
'Tis only when the dust is thrown
Thy lifeless bosom o'er,
We muse upon thy kindness shown—
And wish we'd loved thee more!

'Tis only when thy lips are cold,
We mourn with late regret,
'Mid myriad memories of old,
The days for ever set!
And not an act—nor look—nor thought—
Against thy meek control,
But with a sad remembrance fraught
Wakes anguish in the soul!

THE MOTHER.

On every land—in every clime—
True to her sacred cause,
Fill'd by that effluence sublime
From which her strength she draws,
Still is the Mother's heart the same—
The Mother's lot as tried :—
Then, oh ! may Nations guard that name
With filial power and pride !

Charles Swain.

MARY, SINCE FIRST I KNEW THEE.

MARY, since first I knew thee, to this hour,
My love hath deepened, with my wiser sense
Of what in woman is to reverence ;
Thy clear heart, fresh as e'er was forest-flower,
Still opens more to me its beauteous dower ;—
But let praise hush,—Love asks no evidence
To prove itself well-placed ; we know not whence
It gleans the straws that thatch its humble bower :
We can but say we found it in the heart,
Spring of all sweetest thoughts, arch foe of blame,
Sower of flowers in the dusty mart,
Pure vestal of the poet's holy flame,—
This is enough, and we have done our part
If we but keep it spotless as it came.

J. R. Lowell.

SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT.

SHE was a phantom of delight,
When first she gleamed upon my sight ;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament.
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair,
Like Twilight's too her dusky hair ;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time, and the cheerful Dawn,
A dancing shape, an image gay
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view
A spirit, yet a woman too !
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty ;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet ;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food :
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene,
The very pulse of the machine ;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death.
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill,
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort and command,
And yet a spirit still and bright,
With something of angelic light.

William Wordsworth.



TO MY WIFE.

AND said I that my days of joy were past,
While thou, my Constance, like the faithful flower
That fondly clings around the hoary tower,
Veiling its ruins from the keen rude blast ;
Yes, thou art mine ; where'er our lot be cast,
Thy love, thy loveliness, with gentle power,
Shall soothe me though dark storms of fortune lower,

TO MY WIFE.

And Hope here anchors her frail bark at last.
So when Aleyone, with azure breast,
Sings to the seas her sweetly-mournful strain,
And charms the troubled waters into rest,
How soon, beneath her calm and silent reign,
Brightly the waves, in countless dimples drest,
Glide with soft murmurs o'er the glassy main.

William Henry Whitworth.

THE INDIAN WITH HIS DEAD CHILD.

In the silence of the midnight
I journey with my dead ;
In the darkness of the forest-boughs,
A lonely path I tread.

But my heart is high and fearless,
As by mighty wings upborne ;
The mountain eagle hath not plumes
So strong as love and scorn.

I have raised thee from the grave-sod,
By the white man's path defiled ;
On to th' ancestral wilderness,
I bear thy dust, my child !

I have ask'd the ancient deserts
To give my dead a place,
Where the stately footsteps of the free
Alone should leave a trace.



And the tossing pines made answer—
 “Go, bring us back thine own !”
And the streams from all the hunters' hills
 Rush'd with an echoing tone.

Thou shalt rest by sounding waters
 That yet untamed may roll ;
The voices of that chainless host
 With joy shall fill thy soul.

THE INDIAN WITH HIS DEAD CHILD.

In the silence of the midnight
I journey with the dead,
Where the arrows of my father's bow
Their falcon flight have sped.

I have left the spoilers' dwellings
For evermore behind ;
Unmingled with their household sounds,
For me shall sweep the wind.

Alone, amidst their hearth-fires,
I watch'd my child's decay ;
Uncheer'd, I saw the spirit-light
From his young eyes fade away.

When his head sank on my bosom,
When the death-sleep o'er him fell,
Was there one to say, "A friend is near?"
There was none!—pale race, farewell!

To the forests, to the cedars,
To the warrior and his bow,
Back, back!—I bore thee laughing thence,
I bear thee slumbering now!

I bear thee unto burial
With the mighty hunters gone ;
I shall hear thee in the forest-breeze,
Thou wilt speak of joy, my son!

In the silence of the midnight
I journey with the dead ;
But my heart is strong, my step is fleet,
My father's path I tread.

Mrs. Hemans.

NINA TO RIENZI.

LEAVE thee, Rienzi! Speak not thus,
Why should I quit thy side?
Say, shall I shrink with craven fear,
Thine own, and freedom's bride?
Whence comes the sternness on thy lip—
Needs Nina to be tried?

I leave thee! didst thou win and wed
A fond, weak girl—to twine
Her arms around thee in thy joy—
To press her lips to thine,
And breathe a love born of the heart,
But not the soul divine!

To thrill with childish awe, whene'er
Thy brow grew dark with thought,
And when the threat'ning lightnings gleamed
Thy dark'ning sky athwart,
Shrink from the crash, and leave thee lone,
Amid the wrecks it wrought!

Am I not thine—wedded to thee
In heart, and soul, and mind—
Thou, and free Rome, within my breast
As on one altar shrined—
My destiny, my very life,
Closely with thine entwined!

Thou calledst me thine, when freemen flung
Fame's laurel on thy brow;

NINA TO RIENZI.

And am I less thine own—my love
Less fondly cherished now,
When Rome-dishonouring miscreants dare
That name to disavow!

Look in mine eyes! thou know'st thy love
Has been to me a heaven,
In which my soul has floated, like
The one pure star of even—
Proud in the lofty consciousness
Of glory gained and given.

Nay, strive not to look coldly, love;
Thou reck'st not of the power
With which my heart will cling to thine
In mad misfortune's hour—
Glowing more bright its changeless truth,
As darker storms shall lower.

And oh, Rienzi! should Heaven deem
Thy sacred mission done,
How glorious 't were to die with thee,
My own, my worshipped one—
As, bathed in living light, the day
Dies with the setting sun!

Anna H. Phillips.



LOVE GREW IN THOSE CALM SHADOWS.

LOVE grew in those calm shadows, silently ;
It could not choose but grow, thou wert so dear—
The darling of all hearts, for, far and near,
All loved thee, high and low. I used to see
Rough peasant faces wrinkle into glee.
When thy fresh, happy face and smile of cheer
Met theirs, and honey-sweet upon their ear
Fell thy low-whispered words of sympathy.

LOVE GREW IN THOSE CALM SHADOWS.

All loved thee. I, a dweller in the towns,
Used to coarse faces, common souls, and worn
And fretted with inclement Fortune's frown,
A weary man, love-famished, and forlorn,
How could I choose, but own thee sweetest, best,
And give my poor, sad heart up like the rest?

Thomas Westwood.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

Do you remember how we used to pace
Under the lindens, by the garden wall?
It was a homely but secluded place,
Safe sheltered from the prying gaze of all.
Deep in the azure distance, loomed the tall
Grand, heathery hills, and one bluff headland nigh
Rose, rain-crown'd against the golden sky. . . .
How lovingly around you seem'd to fall
Those linden-shadows—when you laid aside
Your hat, in the hot noon, and let the air
Kiss cheek and forehead, while I fetched you rare
Red-coated peaches, or the purple pride
Of grapes, still glowing with the autumn sun! . . .
And we sipped other fruit too, little one.

Thomas Westwood.

COME HOME.

COME home.

Would I could send my spirit o'er the deep,
Would I could wing it like a bird to thee,
To commune with thy thoughts, to fill thy sleep
With these unwearying words of melody,
Brother, come home.

Come home.

Come to the hearts that love thee, to the eyes
That beam in brightness but to gladden thine ;
Come where fond thoughts like holiest incense rise,
Where cherish'd Memory rears her altar's shrine.
Brother, come home.

Come home.

Come to the hearth-stone of thy earlier days,
Come to the ark, like the o'erwearied dove,
Come with the sunlight of thy heart's warm rays,
Come to the fire-side circle of thy love.
Brother, come home.

Come home.

It is not home without thee ; the lone seat
Is still unclaim'd where thou wert wont to be ;
In every echo of returning feet
In vain we list for what should herald thee.
Brother, come home.

COME HOME.

Come home.

We've nursed for thee the sunny buds of spring,
Watch'd every germ a full-blown flow'ret rear,
Saw o'er their bloom the chilly winter bring
Its icy garlands, and thou art not here.

Brother, come home.

Come home.

Would I could send my spirit o'er the deep,
Would I could wing it like a bird to thee,
To commune with thy thoughts, to fill thy sleep
With these unwearying words of melody,

Brother, come home.

Mrs. Hemans.

TEN YEARS AGO.

TEN years ago, ten years ago,
Life was to us a fairy scene,
And the keen blasts of worldly woe
Had sere'd not then its pathway green ;—
Youth and its thousand dreams were ours,—
Feelings we ne'er can know again,—
Unwither'd hopes, unwasted powers,
And frames unworn by mortal pain :
Such was the bright and genial flow
Of life with us—ten years ago !

Time has not blanch'd a single hair
That clusters round thy forehead now ;
Nor hath the cankering touch of Care
Left even one furrow on thy brow.

TEN YEARS AGO.

Thine eyes are bright as when we met,
In love's deep truth, in earlier years ;
Thy rosy cheek is blooming yet,
Though sometimes stained by secret tears ;—
But where, oh where's the spirit's glow
That shone through all—ten years ago !

I, too, am changed, I scarce know why ;
I feel each flagging pulse decay ;
And youth, and health, and visions high,
Melt like a wreath of snow away !
Time cannot sure have wrought the ill ;
Though worn in this world's sickening strife,
In soul and form, I linger still
In the first summer month of life ;
Yet journey on my path below,—
Oh, how unlike—ten years ago !

But look not thus ; I would not give
The wreck of hopes that thou must share,
To bid those joyous hours revive,
When all around me seemed so fair :
We've wandered on in sunny weather,
When winds were low and flowers in bloom ;
And hand in hand have kept together,
And still will keep, 'mid storm and gloom ;
Endeared by ties we could not know,
When life was young—ten years ago !

Has Fortune frowned ?—Her frowns were vain,
For hearts like ours she could not chill.
Have friends proved false ?—Their love might wane,
But ours grew fonder, firmer still !
Twin barks on this world's changing wave,
Steadfast in calms, in tempests tried,
In concert still our fate we'll brave,
Together cleave life's fitful tide ;

TEN YEARS AGO.

Nor mourn, whatever blasts may blow,
Youth's first wild dreams—ten years ago!

Have we not knelt beside his bed,
And watch'd our first-born blossom die;
Hoped, till the shade of hope had fled,
Then wept till feeling's fount was dry!
Was it not sweet, in that sad hour,
To think, 'mid mutual tears and sighs,
Our bud had left its earthly bower,
And burst to bloom in Paradise:—
What, to the thought that sooth'd that woe,
Were heartless joys—ten years ago!

Yes, it is sweet, when heaven is bright,
To share its sunny beams with thee!
But even more sweet, 'mid clouds and blight,
To have thee near to weep with me:
Then dry those tears, though somewhat changed
From what we were in earlier youth,—
Time, that hath hopes and friends estranged,
Hath left us love in all its truth;—
Sweet feelings we would not forego,
For life's best joys—ten years ago!

Alaric A. Watts.



AN EPISODE FROM LIFE.

I.

An episode from my life,
I sung it four years ago,
In a little song to my wife,
Of a baby under the snow.

AN EPISODE FROM LIFE.

One said it was very sweet,
A Poet of some renown,
But here is the tale complete,
To a riper blossom blown.

II.

'Twas morn when we sallied forth
From Guisborough's swarded square,
For Scarborough's town of mirth
Over miles of moorland bare ;
We seemed like the twain exiled
From the Eden-bowers of old,
And we gloated over our child,
Like a miser over his gold.

III.

Out on the rugged moor
Our tenderling babe fell ill,
But there was no mercy-door
Anear those snow-mountains chill ;
'Twas nursed by my angel bride
As none but a mother can,
And we were refused a ride
On the passing prison van.

IV.

Hovered the Frost-fiend round,
Sharpening his icy dart,
Our fledgeling birdie he found,
And shot it into its heart.
Death, like a spectre grim,
From his sword the death-drop shed ;
We knew in the dark 'twas him,
For our cherub child was dead.

AN EPISODE FROM LIFE

v.

Was it want, disease, or cold,
That our little firstling killed?
Or was sorrow over it rolled
With its mother's milk distilled?
We knew not—its wings were furled
When the night struck on the moor,
And I never dare tell the world
The thoughts that my bosom tore.

vi.

Oh, was it a world of love.
The work of the Perfect Mind;
Did God look down from above,
To human misery blind?
Or was it a howling hell.
Which the rich escaped by gold,
While the poor were doomed to yell,
In its flames of torment rolled?

vii.

From the moors we now looked down
On Scarborough grand and still;
'Twas night when we reached the town,
Which lay at the foot of the hill.
We saw churches with gilded domes,
Where the golden cross was set,
And balconied marble homes,
Where the joyous circles met.

viii.

Oh! was it a City of Gold,
Like Aladdin's garden fair,
Empalaced where Ocean rolled
His music on fragrant air?

AN EPISODE FROM LIFE.

" 'Tis too fine for work like ours,"
To my wife I, sighing, said ;
" And where, 'mong its halls and bowers,
Shall we lay our baby dead ?"

IX.

While the faint moon sadly glowed
O'er the sea-side rocky tops,
A river of people flowed
In the light of lamps and shops.
I stared in each passing face
With a feeling of anguish wild,
As if on some brow to trace
The thought of a dear dead child.

X.

We knocked at many a door
In Scarborough's lordly town,
For a place of rest, before
The midnight in snow came down ;
But all were "full," and we wept ;
A dead lamb no fold could find.
Oh ! our little darling slept,
And heard not the word unkind.

XI.

My wife sat down by the gate
Of a mansion, ill and tired ;
She had not seemed so desolate
Since our only Joy expired ;
She rocked on her frozen breast
Our bird with a lullaby,
As if it had stirred in its nest,
With its well-known moaning cry.

AN EPISODE FROM LIFE.

XII.

Still silently fell the snow ;
From theatres carriages sped,
And my wife rocked to and fro
In grief o'er our baby dead.
Just as she reeled in a faint,
With sickness, a form came past,
With the tender soul of a saint,
And found us shelter at last.

XIII.

Oh ! agony parched my lip,
Despair did my bosom whelm,
My brain staggered like a ship
With Misery at the helm ;
While wandering by the strand,
I thought of a watery shroud,
But Mercy's benignant hand
Was stretched through Misfortune's cloud.

XIV.

Our babe in its quiet sleep
Lay shrouded as soft as balm,
And the children came to peep
At its beauty, marbly calm ;
'Twas touched with diviner grace
Than when it had lived and smiled,
And hunger would leave its trace
No more on our darling child.

XV.

O'er its beauty infantile
A nimbus of glory fell :
There lingered a rose-bud smile,
A beautiful, peaceful spell ;

AN EPISODE FROM LIFE.

The fingers of Nature wove
Its ringlets, which clustered free ;
And pure was its breast of love,
As the wild young swans may be.

XVI.

In a plain deal box we shrined
Its delicate little form,
'Twas not with soft satin lined,
Its icy repose to warm.
From suffering it was freed,
Released was the prisoned dove,
There was one mouth less to feed,
And one angel more above.

XVII.

The funeral day came on,
Two mourners went hand in hand,
And laid it beneath the stone
In a hole filled up with sand ;
And when I've a pound to spare,
And bright are the summer skies,
I will take my children there,
To see where their brother lies.

Sheldon Chadwick.



PLEASANT TEVIOTDALE.

O GENTLE wind, ('tis thus she sings,)
 That blowest to the west,

PLEASANT TEVIOTDALE.

Oh, couldst thou waft me on thy wings
To the land that I love best,
How swiftly o'er the ocean foam
Like a sea-bird I would sail,
And lead my loved one blithely home,
To pleasant Teviotdale !

From spicy groves of Malabar
Thou greet'st me, fragrant breeze,
What time the bright-eyed evening star
Gleams o'er the orange-trees ;
Thou com'st to whisper of the rose,
And love-sick nightingale—
But my heart is where the hawthorn grows,
In pleasant Teviotdale.

Oh that I were by Teviot side,
As, when in Springwood bowers,
I bounded, in my virgin pride,
Like fawn among the flowers ;
When the beauty of the budding trees,
And the cuckoo's vernal tale,
Awoke the young heart's ecstasies,
In pleasant Teviotdale !

Oh that I were where blue-bells grow
On Roxburgh's ferny lea !
Where gowans glent and crow-flowers blow
Beneath the trysting tree ;
Where blooms the birk upon the hill,
And the wild rose down the vale,
And the primrose peeps by every rill,
In pleasant Teviotdale.

Oh that I were where Cheviot-fells
Rise o'er the uplands grey,

PLEASANT TEVIOTDALE.

Where moors are bright with heather-bells,
And broom waves o'er each brae ;
Where larks are singing in the sky,
And milkmaids o'er the pail,
And shepherd swains pipe merrily,
In pleasant Teviotdale !

Oh ! listen to my lay, kind love—
Say, when shall we return
Again to rove by Maxwell grove.
And the links of Wooden-burn ?
Nay, plight thy vow unto me now,
Or my sinking heart will fail—
When I gaze upon thy pallid brow,
Far, far from Teviotdale !

Oh haste aboard ! the favouring wind
Blows briskly from the shore ;
Leave India's dear-bought dross behind
To such as prize it more :
Ah ! what can India's lacs of gold
To withered hearts avail ?
Then haste thee, love, ere hope wax cold,
And hie to Teviotdale !

Thomas Pringle.

THE VAUDOIS WIFE.

THY voice is in mine ear. beloved !
Thy look is in my heart,
Thy bosom is my resting-place,
And yet I must depart.
Earth on my soul is strong—too strong—
Too precious is its chain,
All woven of thy love, dear friend,
Yet vain—though mighty—vain !

Thou see'st mine eye grow dim, beloved !
Thou see'st my life-blood flow,—
Bow to the chastener silently,
And calmly let me go !
A little while between our hearts
The shadowy gulf must lie,
Yet have we for their communing
Still, still Eternity !

Alas ! thy tears are on my cheek,
My spirit they detain ;
I know that from thine agony
Is wrung that burning rain.
Best, kindest, weep not ;—make the pang.
The bitter conflict, less—
Oh ! sad it is, and yet a joy,
To feel thy love's excess !

But calm thee ! Let the thought of death
A solemn peace restore !
The voice that must be silent soon
Would speak to thee once more,

THE VAUDOIS WIFE.

That thou mayst bear its blessing on
Through years of after life—
A token of consoling love,
Even from this hour of strife.

I bless thee for the noble heart,
The tender, and the true,
Where mine hath found the happiest rest
That e'er fond woman's knew ;
I bless thee, faithful friend and guide,
For my own, my treasured share,
In the mournful secrets of thy soul,
In thy sorrow, in thy prayer.

I bless thee for kind looks and words
Showered on my path like dew,
For all the love in those deep eyes,
A gladness ever new ;
For the voice which ne'er to mine replied
But in kindly tones of cheer ;
For every spring of happiness
My soul hath tasted here !

I bless thee for the last rich boon
Won from affection tried,
The right to gaze on death with thee,
To perish by thy side !
And yet more for the glorious hope
Even to these moments given—
Did not thy spirit ever lift
The trust of mine to Heaven ?

Now, be thou strong ! Oh, knew we not
Our path must lead to this ?
A shadow and a trembling still
Were mingled with our bliss !

THE VAUDOIS WIFE.

We plighted our young hearts when storms
Were dark upon the sky,
In full, deep knowledge of their task,
To suffer and to die !

Be strong ! I leave the living voice
Of this, my martyr'd blood,
With the thousand echoes of the hills,
With the torrent's foaming flood,—
A spirit 'midst the caves to dwell,
A token on the air,
To rouse the valiant from repose,
The fainting from despair.

Hear it, and bear thou on, my love !
Ay, joyously endure !
Our mountains must be altars yet,
Inviolat and pure ;
There must our God be worshipp'd still,
With the worship of the free :
Farewell !—there's but *one* pang in death,
One only,—leaving thee !

Mrs. Hemans.



MY OWN FIRESIDE.

LET others seek for empty joys,
At ball, or concert, rout or play ;
Whilst, far from Fashion's idle noise,
Her gilded domes and trappings gay,
I while the wintry eve away,
'Twixt book and lute the hours divide ;
And marvel how I e'er could stray
From thee—my own fireside !

MY OWN FIRESIDE.

My own fireside! Those simple words
Can bid the sweetest dreams arise;
Awaken feeling's tenderest chords,
And fill with tears of joy mine eyes.
What is there my wild heart can prize,
That doth not in thy sphere abide;
Haunt of my home-bred sympathies,
My own—my own fireside!

A gentle form is near me now;
A small, white hand is clasped in mine;
I gaze upon her placid brow,
And ask, what joys can equal thine?
A babe, whose beauty's half divine,
In sleep his mother's eyes doth hide;
Where may Love seek a fitter shrine
Than thou—my own fireside!

What care I for the sullen roar
Of winds without, that ravage earth;
It doth but bid me prize the more
The shelter of thy hallowed hearth:—
To thoughts of quiet bliss give birth;
Then let the churlish tempest chide,
It cannot check the blameless mirth
That glads my own fireside!

My refuge ever from the storm
Of this world's passion, strife, and care;
Though thunder-clouds the skies deform,
Their fury cannot reach me there;
There all is cheerful, calm, and fair;
Wrath, Envy, Malice, Strife, or Pride,
Hath never made its hated lair
By thee—my own fireside!

MY OWN FIRESIDE.

Thy precincts are a charmed ring,
Where no harsh feeling dares intrude ;
Where life's vexations lose their sting ;
Where even grief is half subdued ;
And Peace, the halcyon, loves to brood.
Then let the world's proud fool deride ;
I'll pay my debt of gratitude
To thee—my own fireside !

Shrine of my household deities ;
Bright scene of home's unsullied joys ;
To thee my burdened spirit flies,
When Fortune frowns, or Care annoys !
Thine is the bliss that never cloy ;
The smile whose truth hath oft been tried ;—
What, then, are this world's tinsel toys,
To thee—my own fireside !

Oh, may the yearnings, fond and sweet,
That bid my thoughts be all of thee,
Thus ever guide my wandering feet
To thy heart-soothing sanctuary !
Whate'er my future years may be,
Let joy or grief my fate betide ;
Be still an Eden bright to me,
My own—my own fireside !

Alaric A. Watts.

THE LITTLE COMFORTERS.

My noble Margaret, as this morn I lay
Alone, within my still and shadowed room,
Counting the dull flow of the weary time
By the slow throbbing of my languid brain,
I felt all hopes, all energies, give o'er—
I had no strength to struggle more with life,
But let its dark waves, like a wintry flood,
Close o'er my drowning heart. I heard no voice
Of any love, in hope or comforting—
I found no joy in all my lonely soul—
I saw no light in all the world of God!
When soft, on tiptoe, to my bedside came
My two fast friends, your blue-eyed youngest boys,
I thought the gloom that darkened so my brow
For the accustomed smile would frown them off—
I thought the tear-drops of my sullen mood,
Drowning the laughing light they loved to meet,
Would flash them back. But no—they came and stood
Beside my pillow quietly, and slid
Their small hands into mine, and gently kissed
My fevered forehead and my quivering lips,
And laid their faces down amid the tears,
Till shone their rose-cheeks with that bitter dew.
They lit the darkness folding all my soul
With the pure brightness of their loving eyes,
The tender reflex of the mother-light.
But simplest words, breathed soft in liquid tones,
Dripped healing balsam on my pained heart,
And made Love's childish miracle complete :—
“We want you well again—we miss you so—
Indeed we love you!”



Rills of freshening life,
Half joy, half hope, seemed flowing through my veins !
Such sweet prophetic gladness as we feel
When first we find, beneath the bare spring hills,
So lately circled by the whirling snows,
The crocus peeping from the withered leaves ;
When first we see the lingering day of flowers
Dawning in violets blue ; for with those words
Came all the gathered tones of all the hearts
I love and live for !

THE LITTLE COMFORTERS.

Soon my roused soul
Took up its old, courageous strain—my heart
Grew strong enough to beat life's billows back
With its own throbbings; then God smiled once more,
And love went singing through a brightened world!

Such comfort sweet, such joy, such faith I drank
From the pure fountains of those childish hearts!

O happy, happy mother! I will cry,
Nor take the tears that spring to thy soft eyes
As thy rebuking. I do not forget
How 't was but yesterday, from those soul-flowers
Which hold the dew of love's fair morning still,
And like a wreath of heavenly lilies crown
Thy perfect womanhood, thou didst behold
The tenderest, sweetest, purest bud of all,
Borne heavenward in an envying angel's breast.
And yet the hand that reft the bud away
Crushed out new fragrance from the other flowers,
And shook their piteous dew upon thy brow.
Yes, happy, happy mother—who canst feel
Yet other precious burdens on the heart
Death-lightened of the sweetest weight in life;
With fond child-loves and close embrace canst warm
The chill place at thy bosom, where hath lain
The nursling's tender head—who not alone
Shall weep thy tears and plant thy violets
Over the little grave where sleeps thy babe!
And down the shining ladder of whose dreams
Shall the relenting angel oft-times come,
Bearing thy lost one to thy yearning arms.
The babe shall nestle close against thy side,
And softly fold his cherub wings away,
And lay his little hands upon thy breast,
And sleep a brief earth-slumber on thy heart.

Sara J. Clarke [Grace Greenwood].

A DAY DREAM.

My eyes make pictures when they're shut :—

I see a fountain large and fair,
A willow and a ruin'd hut,
And thee, and me, and Mary there.
O Mary ! make thy gentle lap our pillow !
Bend o'er us like a bower, my beautiful green willow !

A wild rose roofs the ruin'd shed,
And that and summer well agree ;
And lo ! where Mary leans her head,
Two dear names carved upon the tree !
And Mary's tears, they are not tears of sorrow :
Our sister and our friends will both be here to-morrow.

'T was day ! But now, few, large and bright,
The stars are round the crescent moon !
And now it is a dark, warm night,
The balmiest of the month of June.
A glow-worm fallen, and on the marge remounting
Shines, and its shadow shines, fit stars for our sweet fountain !

Oh, ever, ever be thou blest !
For dearly, Nora ! love I thee !
This brooding warmth across my breast,
This depth of tranquil bliss—ah, me !
Fount, tree, and shed are gone—I know not whither ;
But in one quiet room, we three are still together.

A DAY DREAM.

The shadows dance upon the wall,
By the still-dancing fire-flames made ;
And now they slumber, moveless all !
And now they melt to one deep shade !
But not from me shall this mild darkness steal thee :
I dream thee with mine eyes, and at my heart I feel thee.

Thine eyelash on my cheek doth play ;
'Tis Mary's hand upon my brow !
But let me check this tender lay
Which none may hear but she and thou !
Like the still hive at quiet midnight humming,
Murmur it to yourselves, ye two beloved women !
Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

BURIAL OF A CHILD AT SEA.

No flowers to lay upon his little breast,
No passing bell, to call his spirit home ;
But gliding gently to his place of rest,
Parting 'mid tears, at eve, the ocean foam.

No turf was round him—but the lifting surge
Entombed those lids that closed so calm and slow ;
While solemn winds, like a cathedral dirge,
Sighed o'er his form a requiem sad and low.

Ah, who shall tell the maddening grief of love,
That swept her heart-strings, in that hour of woe !
Weep, childless mother, but, oh look above
For aid that only Heaven can now bestow !

BURIAL OF A CHILD AT SEA.

Gaze, blue-eyed mourner, on that silken hair—
Weep, but remember that thy God will stand
Beside thee here in all this wild despair.
As on the green mounds of thy Fatherland!

James T. Fields.

HOME—A DUET.

HE. Dost thou love wandering? whither wouldst thou go?
Dreamest thou, sweet daughter, of a land more fair?
Dost thou not love these aye-blue streams that flow?
These spicy forests? and this golden air?

SHE. Oh, yes! I love the woods and streams so gay,
And more than all, O father! I love *thee*;
Yet would I fain be wandering far away,
Where such things never were, nor e'er shall be.

HE. Speak, mine own daughter, with the sun-bright locks,
To what pale banished nation wouldst thou roam?

SHE. O father, let us find our frozen rocks!
Let's seek that country of all countries—Home!

HE. See'st thou these orange flowers! this palm that rears
Its head up tow'rds Heaven's blue and cloudless dome?

SHE. I dream, I dream, mine eyes are hid in tears,
My heart is wandering round our ancient home.

HE. Why, then, we'll go. Farewell, ye tender skies,
Who shelter'd us when we were forced to roam.

SHE. On, on! Let's pass the swallow as he flies!
Farewell, kind land! Now, father, *now* for Home!

Barry Cornwall.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

AH me, my babe, my blossom, ah, my child,
My one sweet child, whom I shall see no more !
For now will cruel Ida keep her back,
And either she will die from want of care,
Or sicken with ill usage, when they say
The child is hers,—for every little fault
The child is hers ; and they will beat my girl,
Remembering her mother ; O my flower !
Or they will take her, they will make her hard,
And she will pass me by in after-life
With some cold reverence, worse than were she dead.
Ill mother that I was to leave her there
To lag behind, scared by the cry they made,
The horror of the shame among them all ;
But I will go and sit beside the doors,
And make a wild petition night and day,
Until they hate to hear me like a wind
Wailing for ever, till they open to me,
And lay my little blossom at my feet—
My babe, my sweet Aglaia, my one child ;
And I will take her up and go my way,
And satisfy my soul with kissing her.
Ah ! what might that man not deserve of me,
Who gave me back my child ? “ Be comforted,”
Said Cyril, “ you shall have it : ” but again
She veil'd her brows, and prone she sank, and so
Like tender things that, being caught, feign death,
Spoke not, nor stirred.

Alfred Tennyson.



A DREAM OF HARVEST.

I DREAMED it was the harvest time :
I dreamed—oh, wild and vain !—
It was the golden harvest time,
And thou wert come again ;
Come from thy far-off Indian grave,
Beyond the cruel main.

A DREAM OF HARVEST.

This hand in hand of thine was clasped,
As never, never more !
God's sun upon the threshold burned
As, mute, we crossed it o'er ;
The lusty reapers lay athirst,
Proue on the stubble floor.

Though drowsy noon was at his full,
We heard no watch-dog's call ;
For silent as a dream of love,
We passed amidst them all ;
We passed, it seemed, as spirits pass,
Whose footsteps have no fall.

Like spirits, too, we both inhaled
The air of peace and faith ;
Of joy too deep for mortal speech,
We drew the living breath,
And proved the everlasting truth,
How Love may conquer Death.

The dreamer's soul is wisdom-born,
And what it loves, believes ;
The teeming earth had not a grave,
There were no withered leaves ;
There was no winter in the world
As we leaned among the sheaves.

The parching ground no dew-drop bore,
To bring back thoughts of tears ;
The tenderest breath love ever drew
Shook soft the golden ears,
That we in one full sheaf might glean
The scattered hopes of years.

The soaring lark sprung high for joy
To other, higher goals ;

A DREAM OF HARVEST.

We were content to drink the light—
The light that earthward rolls ;
To stand amid the sheaves, and feed
The hunger of our souls.

The autumn shadows fell apace,
But we were in our June :
We tarried till the rustic pipe
Made music 'neath the moon ;
Our hearts amid the reapers danced,
But to another tune.

We long outstayed the festive feet,
Till not a sound fell near ;
A trance so full and deep was ours,
That we might almost hear,
Amid the rapturous hush of night,
The grain drop from the ear.

We tarried, till a ripper glow
The glowing sheaves did take,
When warm o'er all the crested hills
We saw the red dawn break ;
And, silent still, clasped hand to hand,
We watched the world awake !

My dream was done ; black night came back,
And back came death and pain :
Hot tears, that blotted heaven's face,
Swept down like autumn rain.—
O God, when in Thy harvest-field
Shall we two stand again ?

Eleonora Louisa Hervey.

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

A CLOUD is on my heart and brow,
The tears are in my eyes,
And wishes fond, all idle now,
Are stifled into sighs ;—
As, musing on thy early doom,
Thou bud of beauty, snatched to bloom,
So soon, 'neath milder skies,
I turn, thy painful struggle past,
From what thou art to what thou wast !

I think of all thy winning ways,
Thy frank but boisterous glee,
Thy arch, sweet smiles, thy coy delays,
Thy step, so light and free ;
Thy sparkling glance, and hasty run,
Thy gladness when the task was done
And gained thy mother's knee ;—
Thy gay, good-humoured, childish ease,
And all thy thousand arts to please !

Where are they now, and where, oh where !
The eager, fond caress,
The blooming cheek, so fresh and fair,
The lips all sought to press ?
The open brow, and laughing eye,
The heart that leaped so joyously ?
Ah ! had we loved them less !
Yet there are thoughts can bring relief,
And sweeten even this cup of grief.

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

Thou hast escaped a thorny scene,
A wilderness of woe,
Where many a blast of anguish keen
Had taught thy tears to flow ;
Perchance some wild and withering grief
Had sered thy summer's earliest leaf,
In these dark bowers below,
Or sickening thrills of hope deferred,
To strife thy gentlest thoughts had stirred !

Thou hast escaped life's fitful sea,
Before the storm arose,
Whilst yet its gliding waves were free
From aught that marred repose ;
Safe from the thousand throes of pain,
Ere sin or sorrow breathed a stain
Upon thine opening rose ;—
And who can calmly think of this,
Nor envy thee thy doom of bliss ?

I culled from home's beloved bowers
To deck thy last long sleep,
The brightest-hued, most fragrant flowers
That summer's dews may steep :
The rosebud, emblem meet, was there,
The violet blue, and jasmine fair,
That drooping seemed to weep ;—
And now I add this lowlier spell :—
Sweets to the passing sweet, farewell !

Alaric A. Watts.

THE BORDER WIDOW.

My love he built me a bonny bower,
And clad it all with lily flower ;
A braver bower ye ne'er did see,
Than my true love he built for me.

There came a man at mid-day hour,
He heard my song and saw my bower,
And he brought armed men that night,
Who brake my bower, and slew my knight ;

He slew my knight to me so dear,
And burnt my bower and drove my gear ;
My servants all for life did flee,
And left me in extremity.

I sewed his sheet and made my moan,
I watched his corpse, myself alone ;
I watched by night, I watched by day,
No living creature came that way.

I bore his body on my back,
And whyles I went, and whyles I sat,
I digg'd a grave and laid him in,
And happ'd him with the sod so green.



But think na ye my heart was sair
When I laid the mould on his yellow hair ;
Oh, think na ye, my heart was woe
When I turned about, away to go ?

The man lives not I'll love again,
Since that my comely knight is slain ;
With one lock of his yellow hair,
I'll bind my heart for evermair.

Anonymous.

LOVE STRONG IN DEATH.

WE watch'd him, while the moonlight,
Beneath the shadow'd hill,
Seem'd dreaming of good angels,
And all the woods were still.
The brother of two sisters
Drew painfully his breath :
A strange fear had come o'er him,
For love was strong in death.
The fire of fatal fever
Burn'd darkly on his cheek,
And often to his mother
He spoke, or tried to speak :
"I felt, as if from slumber
I never could awake :
Oh, Mother, give me something
To cherish for your sake !
A cold, dead weight is on me—
A heavy weight, like lead :
My hands and feet seem sinking
Quite through my little bed :
I am so tired, so weary—
With weariness I ache :
Oh, Mother, give me something
To cherish for your sake !
Some little token give me,
Which I may kiss in sleep—
To make me feel I'm near you,
And bless you though I weep.
My sisters say I'm better—
But, then, their heads they shake :
Oh, Mother, give me something
To cherish for your sake !

LOVE STRONG IN DEATH.

Why can't I see the poplar,
The moonlit stream and hill,
Where, Fanny says, good angels
Dream, when the woods are still?
Why can't I see you, Mother?
I surely am awake:
Oh, haste! and give me something
To cherish for your sake!"
His little bosom heaves not;
The fire hath left his cheek:
The fine chord—is it broken?
The strong chord—could it break?
Ah, yes! the loving spirit
Hath wing'd his flight away:
A mother and two sisters
Look down on lifeless clay.

Ebenezer Elliott.

ANGEL VISITS.

I.

"THOU'RT old, grandfather, old and blind,
But ever cheerful, good and kind.
I love, when early Summer blooms,
And meads are lavish of perfumes,
To see thee in thy garden chair,
With silvery locks and forehead bare,
And face upturned, as thou hadst striven
To look through darkness into Heaven.

II.

"And oft, when o'er the frozen wold
The wintry tempests whistle cold,

ANGEL VISITS.

When strolling gusts, in sport or ire,
Howl down our chimney at the fire ;
When crickets chirrup on the hearth,
As if they shared the children's mirth,
My last day's lesson I repeat,
Or read the Bible at thy feet.

III.

" But now the Summer days have come,
With song of birds and insect-hum ;
The earth is bright with flowers and leaves ;
And swallows dart from cottage eaves ;
The shadows through the foliage fall,
Like network on the garden wall ;
And ship-like clouds go sailing by,
In the calm ocean of the sky.

IV.

" Around our porch the tendrils twine,
And bind-weeds clasp the eglantine.
The summer day is fair and mild ;
Come, lean upon thy little child,
And let me guide thee to thy seat ;
I'll do my knitting at thy feet,
And should the time be dull or long,
I'll read, or sing my last new song.

V.

" But far more happy I should be
To sit, and hear, and learn from thee.
Oft when thou'rt musing all alone,
No eye upon thee but my own,
I hear half-spoken words that seem
Replies to questions in a dream,
And watch, observant, from my place,
The placid rapture on thy face.



VI.

“ And it would please me wouldst thou tell
Thine own, thy little Rosabel,

ANGEL VISITS.

What thoughts amid thy sight's eclipse
Can bring the smiles upon thy lips.
Old age, I've heard, is full of care,
But thou art happy, thine is fair ;
So fair—and yet it cannot be—
I think that Angels visit thee."

VII.

" Dear Rosabel, 'tis even so !
There are more Angels than we know.
Lend me thy hand, my seat prepare,
Let me inhale the morning air,
Receive the sunlight on my check,
And feel thy presence as I speak,
And I will tell of Angels three,
Who daily come and visit me.

VIII.

" Though I am frail, and old, and blind,
God sends His sunshine to my mind.
'Twas He bestowed the visual ray,
'Twas He who took the gift away ;
But when His chastening hand withdrew
Earth's outward forms from sensuous view,
He opened to my mental sight
The inner spirit infinite.

IX.

" And self-communion, calm and long—
Deep musings upon right and wrong,
And conflicts with the pride and sin
That ever surged and swoll within,
Cleared from my soul some mists obscure,
And filled it with revealings pure ;
I knew myself, and humbled low,
Drew comfort in my deepest woe.

ANGEL VISITS.

X.

“ I see no more the fields and bowers,
Nor endless beauty of the flowers ;
I see no more the rivers run,
Nor hill-tops gilded by the sun ;
I see no more Creation's grace ;
I see no more thy gentle face ;
And all the glory of the skies
Is hidden from my withered eyes.

XI.

“ But when I hear the wild wind call
To forest-boughs that answer all—
The sedges rustling in the lake—
The black-bird singing in the brake—
The far-off murmurs of the shore—
Deep-throated ocean's moan and roar—
Remembrance wakens in my mind,
And paints the pictures of the blind.

XII.

“ 'Tis then an Angel, one of three,
Descends to bear me company.
Sweet are the accents of his tongue,
He keeps my heart for ever young ;
In his companionship I stray
Back to my childhood's early day,
And live again a wondering boy,
Heir of a world of life and joy.

XIII.

“ With him I hold communion fit ;
His voice makes music where I sit.
I listen, and before me pass
World-shadows in a mystic glass ;

ANGEL VISITS.

The torrent falls, the landscape spreads,
The steadfast forests nod their heads,
And the eternal oceans roll,
In the clear mirror of my soul.

XIV.

“ Whene’er the early cuckoo’s voice
Bids thee and all the meads rejoice ;
Whene’er I find a new delight,
In opening day, or closing night ;
Whene’er I sit in sun or shade,
And bless the world and Him who made,
And feel the joys I cannot see,
I know this Angel visits me.

XV.

“ And evermore, when he departs,
Another cheers my heart of hearts,
With soft blue eyes—two azure spheres,
Bright with the luxury of tears.
Sweet is the song of early birds,
Yet sweeter far are human words—
This Angel loves them, so do I ;
He links me to Humanity.

XVI.

“ Whene’er thy father, pleased with home,
Has smiles for all who go and come ;
Whene’er his daily labour done,
He breathes his evening orison ;
Whene’er thy mother, good and mild,
Sings lullaby to soothe her child ;
I feel a sympathy sincere,
And know this Angel hovers near.

ANGEL VISITS.

XVII.

“ Whene’er I hear the children play,
With many a chaunt and roundelay ;
Whene’er the trample of their feet
Makes music round my lonely seat ;
Whene’er I hear thee sing thy song,
In happy innocence of wrong,
And love all children, thee, the best ;
I know that Angel is my guest.

XVIII.

“ Whene’er I hear of generous thought,
Of noble deeds by manhood wrought,
Of Patience long and sorely tried,
Walking with Virtue side by side,
Of Love supreme amid distress,
Of courage great in gentleness,
And feel the tears suffuse mine eyes,
I share angelic sympathies.

XIX.

“ Whene’er I hear of sin and guilt,
Of human blood in warfare spilt,
Of wrong and suffering unrelieved,
Of tender innocence aggrieved,
Of harsh oppression, hate, and scorn,
Yet feel not utterly forlorn,
But hopeful of a time to be,
I’m sure that Angel visits me.

XX.

“ And, Rosabel, dear Rosabel,
Another Angel, mark me well,
Sits at my side by night, by day,
And teaches me to hope and pray ;

ANGEL VISITS.

He bids all doubt and sorrow cease,
He fills my soul with heavenly peace,
And sings me the eternal hymn
Of the adoring seraphim.

XXI.

“ And oft when sleep forsakes mine eyes,
He lifts a veil of mysteries,
And shows me, strong in humble faith,
Life-shadows, and the things of death ;
He takes the terror from the tomb,
And strews rich germs of heavenly bloom
Upon the dark sepulchral clod—
That Angel is the Love of God.

XXII.

“ O Angel ! heavenly Angel mine !
His words are harmonies divine ;
In his companionship serene,
All earthly joys are poor and mean :—
The world hath come—the world must go—
The immortal longings throb and glow—
I feel no more the primal curse,
I clasp the boundless universe.

XXIII.

“ And yet I doubt, O daughter dear,
If all these Angels hover here—
So similar is each to each,
So like in feature, form, and speech,
So linked in one celestial plan,
Are Love of Nature, God, and Man,
I cannot think that they are three,—
’Tis but *one* Angel visits me.”

Charles Mackay.



THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

I'm wearing awa, Jean,
Like snaw when it's thaw, Jean ;
I'm wearing awa, Jean,
 To the land o' the leal.
There's nae sorrow there, Jean ;
There's nae cauld there, Jean ;
The day's aye fair, Jean,
 In the land o' the leal.

THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

Ye were aye leal and true, Jean ;
Your task's ended now, Jean,
And I'll welcome you
 To the land o' the leal.
Our bonnie bairn's there, Jean ;
She was baith guid and fair, Jean,
And we grudged her right sair
 To the land o' the leal.

Then dry that tearfu' ee, Jean ;
My soul longs to be free, Jean,
And angels wait on me
 To the land o' the leal.
Now fare ye well, my ain Jean,
This world's care is vain, Jean ;
We'll meet, and aye be fain
 In the land o' the leal.

Lady Nairne.

THE KEEN.

I NURSED you at this wither'd breast,
 This hand baked your marriage cake ;
The mother that sung to your childhood's rest,
 Now keens at your manhood's wake—
 Ullagone !

I fed you with my heart's best blood,
 And your own flows red before me ;
By yours, and your children's cradle I stood,
 The plumes of your hearse must wave o'er me—
 Ullagone !

THE KEEN.

I remember thee in thy manly youth,
When thy face like the sun's was beaming ;
And brightly it shone out in joy or in ruth,
Like a ray o'er my darkness gleaming—
Ullagone !

I saw your form bound through the dance :
Your arm gather victory ;
And I cast on those days a sorrowful glance,
For my son was the world to me—
Ullagone !

And none was like him to his own Aileen,
The wife to his bosom given ;
In the glance of his blue-eyed babes is seen
The image of her in heaven.
Ullagone !

And many a suitor strove to wed
Aileen with the yellow tresses ;
But she left her wealth for thy lowly bed,
And gave thee the love that blesses—
Ullagone !

Aileen was beautiful and good—
One love in your souls was burning ;
And my old heart laughed in a mother's mood,
By her son's bright hearth sojourning—
Ullagone !

Pleasantly passed your youthful days,
Till the dark destroyer's coming ;
Then the light of joy left your gloomy gaze,
And sorrow your youth was o'ercoming—
Ullagone !

THE KEEN.

I laughed no more, for the dismal cloud
Of ruin above ye hovered ;
It hung on your hearts, till an early shroud
Your wife in her coffin covered.

Ullagone !

You see her again—your own Aileen,
In the bright place where she's staying ;
And tell her the words of the sorrowing Keen,
Your desolate mother is saying—

Ullagone !

Tell her your mother loves her well,
Left alone to her bitter wailing ;
And her fatherless babes, if they could, would tell
How their orphan hearts are ailing.

Ullagone !

I nursed you at this wither'd breast,
I kneaded your bridal bread ;
And she that rocked you, a babe, to rest,
Now sits at your corpse's head.

Ullagone !

E. Hayes.



JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

JOHN ANDERSON, my jo, John,
When we were first acquaint,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent ;
But now your brow is bald, John,
Your locks are like the snaw ;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither :
And monie a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither :
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.

Robert Burns.

THRENODY.

THE South-wind brings
Life, sunshine, and desire,
And on every mount and meadow
Breathes aromatic fire.
But o'er the dead he has no power :
The lost, the lost, he cannot restore.
And, looking o'er the hills, I mourn
The darling who shall not return.

I see my empty house,—
I see my trees repair their boughs ;
And he, the wondrous child,
Whose silver warble wild
Outvalued every pulsing sound
Within the air's cerulean round.
The hyacinthine boy, for whom
Morn well might break, and April bloom ;
The gracious boy who did adorn
The world whereinto he was born,
And by his countenance repay
The favour of the loving Day,
Has disappeared from the Day's eye.



Far and wide, she cannot find him,—
My hopes pursue, they cannot bind him ;
Returned the day, this south-wind searches,
And finds young trees and budding birches,

THRENODY.

But finds not the budding man.
Nature, who lost him, cannot remake him ;
Fate let him fall, Fate cannot retake him ;
Nature, Fate, men, him seek in vain.
And whither now, my truant, wise and sweet,
O, whither tend thy feet ?
I had the right, few days ago,
Thy steps to watch, thy place to know ;
How have I forfeited the right ?
Hast thou forgot me in a new delight ?
I hearken for thy household cheer.
O eloquent child !
Whose voice, an equal messenger,
Convey'd thy meaning mild.
What though the pains and joys,
Whereof it spoke, were toys,
Fitting his age and ken ;
Yet fairest dames and bearded men,
Who heard the sweet request,
So gentle, wise, and grave,
Bended with joy to his behest,—
And let the world's affairs go by,
Awhile to share his cordial game,
Or mend his wicker wagon frame,
Still plotting how their hungry ear
That winsome voice again might hear :
For his lips could well pronounce
Words that were persuasions.

Gentlest guardians marked serene
His early hope, his liberal mien ;
Took counsel from his guiding eyes,
To make this wisdom earthly wise.
Ah ! vainly do these eyes recal
The school-march, each day's festival ;
When every morn my bosom glow'd,
To watch the convoy on the road :

THRENODY.

The babe in willow wagon closed,
With rolling eyes and face composed,—
With children forward and behind,
Like Cupids studiously inclined.
And he, the Chieftain, paced beside,
The centre of the troop allied,
With sunny face of sweet repose,
To guard the babe from fancied foes.
The little Captain innocent
Took the eye with him as he went.
Each village senior paused to scan,
And speak the lovely caravan.

From the window I look out,
To mark thy beautiful parade ;
Stately marching in cap and coat,
To some tune by fairies played ;
A music heard by thee alone,
To works as noble led thee on.
Now Love and Pride, alas ! in vain,
Up and down their glances strain.
The painted sled stands where it stood,
The kennel by the corded wood ;
The gathered sticks to staunch the wall
Of the snow tower, when snow should fall ;
The ominous hole he dug in the sand,
And childhood's castles, built or planned ;
His daily haunts I well discern,
The poultry yard, the shed, the barn,
And every inch of garden ground,
Paced by the blessed feet around ;
From the road-side to the brook,
Whereinto he loved to look.
Step the meek birds where erst they ranged,
The wintry garden lies unchanged ;
The brook into the stream runs on,
But the deep-eyed Boy is gone !—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*



THE MOTHER'S LAMENT.

My darling, my darling, while silence is on the moor,
And love in the sunshine, I sit by our cabin-door ;
When evening falls quiet and calm over land and sea,
My darling, my darling, I think of past times and thee !

Here, while on this cold shore I wear out my lonely hours,
My child in the heavens is spreading my bed with flowers ;
All weary my bosom is grown of this friendless clime,
But I long not to leave it, for that were a shame and crime.

THE MOTHER'S LAMENT.

They bear to the churchyard the youth in their health away—
I know where a fruit hangs more ripe for the grave than they ;
But I wish not for death, for my spirit is all resigned,
And the hope that stays with me gives peace to my aged mind.

My darling, my darling, God gave to my feeble age
A prop for my faint heart, a stay in my pilgrimage.
My darling, my darling, God takes back his gift again,
And my heart may be broken, but ne'er shall my will complain.
Gerald Griffin.

TOMMY'S DEAD.

You may give over plough, boys,
You may take the gear to the stead ;
All the sweat o' your brow, boys,
Will never get beer and bread.
The seed's waste, I know, boys ;
There's not a blade will grow, boys ;
'Tis cropped out, I trow, boys,
And Tommy's dead.

Send the colt to the fair, boys—
He's going blind, as I said,
My old eyes can't bear, boys,
To see him in the shed ;
The cow's dry and spare, boys,
She's neither here nor there, boys,
I doubt she's badly bred ;
Stop the mill to-morn, boys,

TOMMY'S DEAD.

There'll be no more corn, boys,
Neither white nor red ;
There's no sign of grass, boys,
You may sell the goat and the ass, boys,
The land's not what it was, boys,
And the beasts must be fed :
You may turn Peg away, boys,
You may pay off old Ned,
We've had a dull day, boys,
And Tommy's dead.

Move my chair on the floor, boys,
Let me turn my head :
She's standing there in the door, boys,
Your sister Winifred !
Take her away from me, boys,
Your sister Winifred !
Move me round in my place, boys,
Let me turn my head,
Take her away from me, boys,
As she lay on her death-bed—
The bones of her thin face, boys,
As she lay on her death-bed !
I don't know how it be, boys,
When all's done and said,
But I see her looking at me, boys,
Wherever I turn my head ;
Out of the big oak-tree, boys,
Out of the garden-bed,
And the lily as pale as she, boys,
And the rose that used to be red.

There's something not right, boys,
But I think it's not in my head ;
I've kept my precious sight, boys—
The Lord be hallowed.

TOMMY'S DEAD.

Outside and in
The ground is cold to my tread,
The hills are wizen and thin,
The sky is shrivelled and shred ;
The hedges down by the loan
I can count them bone by bone,
The leaves are open and spread.
But I see the teeth of the land,
And hands like a dead man's hand,
And the eyes of a dead man's head.
There's nothing but cinders and sand,
The rat and the mouse have fed,
And the summer's empty and cold ;
Over valley and wold,
Wherever I turn my head,
There's a mildew and a mould ;
The sun's going out over head,
And I'm very old,
And Tommy's dead.

What am I staying for, boys ?
You're all born and bred—
'Tis fifty years and more, boys,
Since wife and I were wed ;
And she's gone before, boys,
And Tommy's dead.

She was always sweet, boys,
Upon his curly head,
She knew she'd never see't, boys,
And she stole off to bed ;
I've been sitting up alone, boys,
For he'd come home, he said,
But it's time I was gone, boys,
For Tommy's dead.

TOMMY'S DEAD.

Put the shutters up, boys,
Bring out the beer and bread,
Make haste and sup, boys,
For my eyes are heavy as lead ;
There's something wrong i' the cup, boys,
There's something ill wi' the bread ;
I don't care to sup, boys,
And Tommy's dead.

I'm not right, I doubt, boys,
I've such a sleepy head ;
I shall never more be stout, boys,
You may carry me to bed.
What are you about, boys ?
The prayers are all said,
The fire's raked out, boys,
And Tommy's dead.

The stairs are too steep, boys,
You may carry me to the head,
The night's dark and deep, boys,
Your mother's long in bed ;
'Tis time to go to sleep, boys,
And Tommy's dead.

I'm not used to kiss, boys ;
You may shake my hand instead.
All things go amiss, boys,
You may lay me where she is, boys,
And I'll rest my old head ;
'Tis a poor world, this, boys,
And Tommy's dead.

Sidney Dobell.



HOW'S MY BOY ?

“ Ho, sailor of the sea !
How's my boy—my boy ? ”
“ What's your boy's name, good wife,
And in what good ship sail'd he ? ”

“ My boy John,
He that went to sea—
What care I for the ship, sailor ?
My boy's my boy to me.

“ You come back from sea,
And not know my John ?

HOW'S MY BOY?

I might as well have asked some landsman
Yonder down in the town.
There's not an ass in all the parish
But he knows my John.

"How's my boy—my boy?
And, unless you let me know,
I'll swear you are no sailor,
Blue jacket or no,
Brass buttons or no, sailor,
Anchor and crown, or no!
Sure his ship was the *Jolly Briton*—"
"Speak low, woman, speak low!"

"And why should I speak low, -sailor,
About my own boy John?
If I was loud as I am proud,
I'd sing him over the town!
Why should I speak low, sailor?"
"That good ship went down."

"How's my boy—my boy?
What care I for the ship, sailor?
I was never aboard her.
Be she afloat, or be she aground,
Sinking or swimming, I'll be bound,
Her owners can afford her!
I say, how's my John?"
"Every man on board went down,
Every man aboard her."

"How's my boy—my boy?
What care I for the men, sailor?
I'm not their mother—
How's my boy—my boy?
Tell me of him, and no other!
How's my boy—my boy?"

Sidney Dobell.

THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

I LOVED a love once, fairest among women ;
Closed all her doors on me, I must not see her—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man ;
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly ;
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

I have had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful schooldays—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like, I paced round the haunts of my childhood ;
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert thou not born in my father's dwelling ?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces.

How some they have died, and some they have left me ;
And some are taken from me ; all are departed ;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

Charles Lamb.

TAKE ME, MOTHER EARTH.

TAKE me, Mother Earth, to thy cold breast,
And fold me there in everlasting rest !

The long day is o'er :
I'm weary, I would sleep ;
But deep, deep,
Never to waken more !

I have had joy and sorrow, I have proved
What life could give, have loved and been beloved ;

I am sick, and heartsore,
And weary ; let me sleep ;
But deep, deep,
Never to waken more !

To thy dark chamber, Mother Earth, I come ;
Prepare thy dreamless bed in my last home ;

Shut down the marble door,
And leave me ! Let me sleep ;
But deep, deep,
Never to waken more !

Mrs. Jameson.

OH ! DISTANT STARS.

On ! distant stars, whose tranquil light
Looks down on all the world at rest,
From new-born babes, whose welcome night
Is cradled on the mother's breast,

OH ! DISTANT STARS.

To many a long-neglected grave
In many a churchyard's narrow bound,
And many a ship on trackless waves
Whose course by that sweet light is found ;
Clear gleaming stars, clear gleaming stars,
Emblem of God's protecting love,
Ye watch us from your realms above.

Your light is on the Northern snow
Where never trod the foot of man ;
Ye shine where lonely rivers flow
On white wings of the sleeping swan.
Ye guide (with trembling rays and dim)
The beggar who dejected roams
Past fires that glow, but not for him
The household smile of happy homes.
Oh, steadfast stars, oh, steadfast stars,
Emblem of God's all-seeing eye,
Ye watch him from your world on high.

Oh, stars! memorial of the night,
When first to simple shepherds beam'd
That glory, past your common light,
The portent of a world redeem'd.
Still watch our living and our dead,
And link the thoughts of sinful Earth
With that sweet light whose radiance shed
A halo round the Saviour's birth.
Pure, holy stars! Pure, holy stars!
Emblem of hope and sins forgiven,
Still watch us from your distant Heaven !

Hon. Mrs. Norton.

THE ANGELS OF BUENA VISTA.

"SPEAK, and tell us, our Ximena, looking northward far away,
O'er the camp of the invaders, o'er the Mexican array,
Who is losing? who is winning?—are they far, or come they near?
Look abroad, and tell us, sister, whither rolls the storm we hear."

"Down the hills of Angostura still the storm of battle rolls;
Blood is flowing, men are dying; God, have mercy on their souls!"
"Who is losing? who is winning?"—"Over hill and over plain,
I see but smoke of cannon clouding through the mountain rain."

"Holy mother! keep our brothers! Look, Ximena, look once more!"
"Still I see the fearful whirlwind rolling darkly as before,
Bearing on, in strange confusion, friend and foeman, foot and horse,
Like some wild and troubled torrent sweeping down its mountain
course."

"Look forth once more, Ximena!" "Ah! the smoke has rolled away;
And I see the northern rifles gleaming down the ranks of grey.
Hark! that sudden blast of bugles! there the troop of Minon wheels;
There the northern horses thunder, with the cannon at their heels."

"Jesu, pity! how it thickens! now retreat and now advance!
Right against the blazing cannon shivers Puebla's charging lance!
Down they go, the brave young riders; horse and foot together fall;
Like a ploughshare in the fallow, through them ploughs the northern
ball."

Nearer came the storm, and nearer, rolling fast and frightful on:
"Speak, Ximena, speak and tell us, who has lost, and who has won?"
"Alas! alas! I know not; friend and foe together fall,
O'er the dying rush the living: pray, my sisters, for them all!"

THE ANGELS OF BUENA VISTA.

"Lo! the wind the smoke is lifting: Blessed Mother, save my brain!
I can see the wounded crawling slowly out from heaps of slain.
Now they stagger, blind and bleeding; now they fall, and strive to rise;
Hasten, sisters, haste and save them, lest they die before our eyes!

"Oh, my heart's love! oh, my dear one! lay thy poor head on my
knee;
Dost thou know the lips that kiss thee? canst thou hear me? canst
thou see?
Oh, my husband, brave and gentle! oh, my Bernal, look once more
On the blessed cross before thee! Mercy! mercy! all is o'er!"

Dry thy tears, my poor Ximena; lay thy dear one down to rest;
Let his hands be meekly folded, lay the cross upon his breast;
Let his dirge be sung hereafter, and his funeral masses said;
To-day, thou poor bereaved one! the living ask thy aid.

Close beside her, faintly moaning, fair and young, a soldier lay,
Torn with shot, and pierced with lances, bleeding slow his life away;
But, as tenderly before him the lorn Ximena knelt,
She saw the northern eagle shining on his pistol belt.

With a stifled cry of horror straight she turned away her head;
With a sad and bitter feeling looked she back upon her dead;
But she heard the youth's low moaning, and his struggling breath of
pain,
And she raised the cooling water to his parching lips again.

Whispered low the dying soldier, pressed her hand, and faintly smiled:
Was that pitying face his mother's? did she watch beside her child?
All his stranger words with meaning her woman's heart supplied;
With her kiss upon his forehead, "Mother!" murmured he, and died!

"A bitter curse upon them, poor boy, who led thee forth,
From some gentle, sad-eyed mother, weeping lonely in the North!"
Spake the mournful Mexic woman, as she laid him with her dead,
And turned to soothe the living, and bind the wounds which bled.

THE ANGELS OF BUENA VISTA.

"Look forth once more, Ximena!" "Like a cloud before the wind
Rolls the battle down the mountains, leaving blood and death behind;
Ah! they plead in vain for mercy; in the dust the wounded strive;
Hide your faces, holy angels! oh, thou Christ of God, forgive!"

Sink, oh Night, among thy mountains! let the cool grey shadows
fall;

Dying brothers, fighting demons, drop thy curtain over all!
Through the thickening winter twilight, wide apart the battle roll'd,
In its sheath the sabre rested, and the cannon's lips grew cold.

But the noble Mexic women still their holy task pursued,
Through that long, dark night of sorrow, worn and faint, and lacking
food;

Over weak and suffering brothers, with a tender care they hung,
And the dying foeman bless'd them in a strange and northern tongue.

Not wholly lost, O Father! is this evil world of ours:
Upward, through its blood and ashes, spring afresh the Eden flowers;
From its smoking hell of battle, Love and Pity send their prayer,
And still thy white-winged angels hover dimly in our air!

J. G. Whittier.



THE POET'S HOPES.

WHAT though I leave this dull and earthly mould ;
Yet shall my spirit lofty converse hold
With after-times. The patriot shall feel
My stern alarum, and unsheathe his steel,
Or in the senate thunder out my numbers,
To startle princes from their easy slumbers.
The sage will mingle with each moral theme
My happy thoughts sententious ; he will teem
With lofty periods when my verses fire him,
And then I'll stoop from heaven to inspire him.
Lays have I left, of such a dear delight,
That maids will sing them on their bridal-night.

THE POET'S HOPES.

Gay villagers, upon a morn in May
When they have tired their gentle limbs with play,
And formed a snowy circle on the grass,
And placed in midst of all that lovely lass,
Who chosen is their queen—with her fine head
Crowned with flowers, purple, white, and red :
For there the lily and the musk-rose, sighing,
Are emblems true of hapless lovers dying ;
Between her breasts that never yet felt trouble,
A bunch of violets full blown and double
Serenely sleep :—she from a casket takes
A little book,—and then a joy awakes
About each youthful heart,—with stifled cries,
And rubbing of white hands and sparkling eyes,
For she's to read a tale of hopes and fears—
One that I fostered in my youthful years.
The pearls that on each glistening circlet sleep
Gush ever and anon with silent creep,
Lured by the innocent dimples. To sweet rest
Shall the dear babe upon its mother's breast
Be lulled with songs of mine. Fair world, adieu !
Thy dales and hills are fading from my view :
Swiftly I mount upon wide-spreading pinions,
Far from the narrow bounds of thy dominions ;
Full joy I feel while thus I cleave the air,
That my soft verse will charm thy daughters fair,
And warm thy sons !—

John Keats.









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